WEEK
ENDING
DEC. 5, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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PIRATE'S
GOLD
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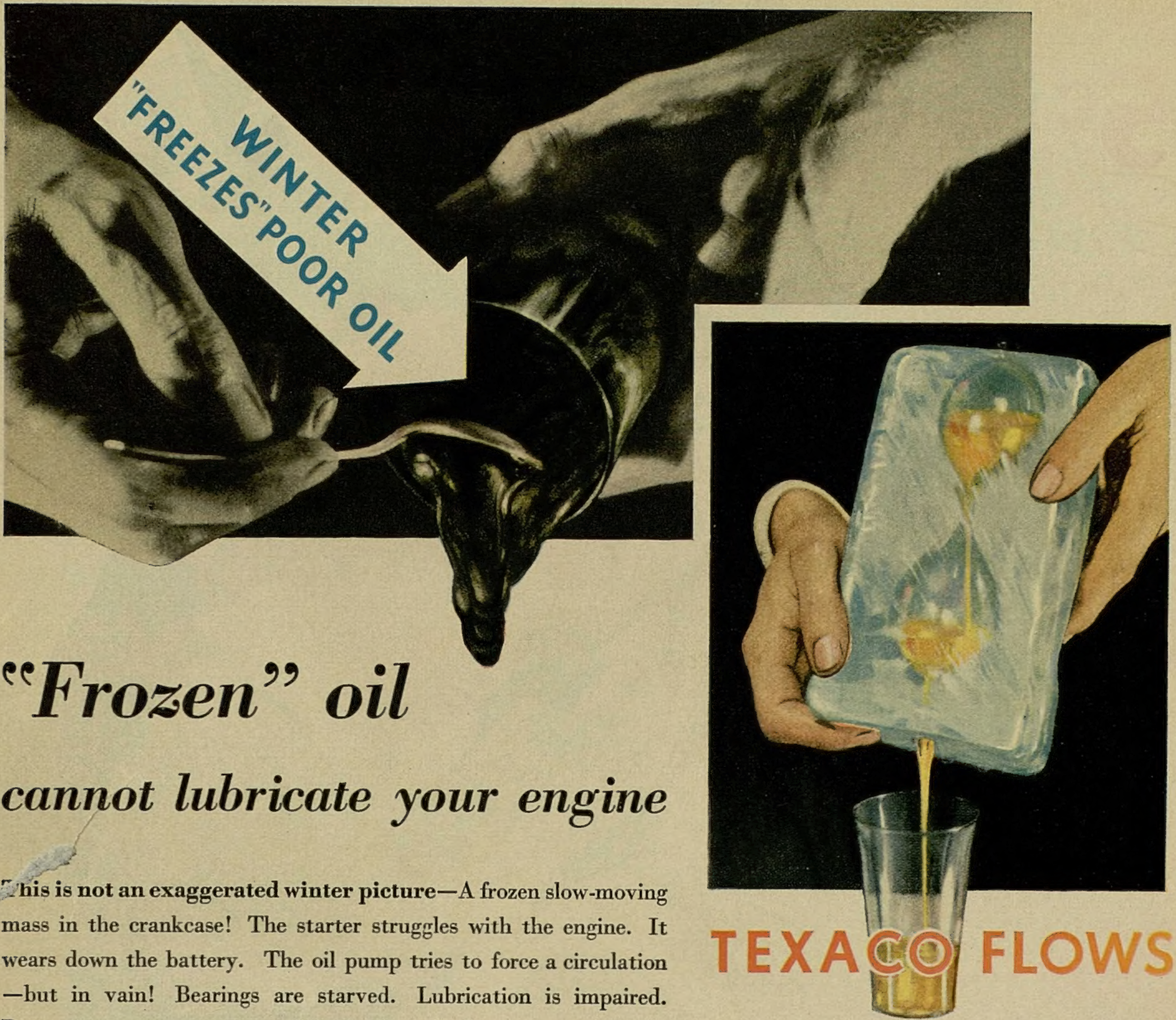
LLEWELLYN **HUGHES** ~ COL. JAMES C. **FITZMAURICE** ~ NINA WILCOX **PUTNAM** ~ WALTER **WINCHELL** ~ GRAND DUCHESS **MARIE**



"Frozen" oil

cannot lubricate your engine

This is not an exaggerated winter picture—A frozen slow-moving mass in the crankcase! The starter struggles with the engine. It wears down the battery. The oil pump tries to force a circulation —but in vain! Bearings are starved. Lubrication is impaired. Damaging wear occurs, especially in the cylinders.

Many car owners do not realize how expensive a cheap oil really is. For with oil channels less than two-tenths of an inch in diameter and bearing clearances of a few thousandths of an inch, an oil must flow instantly on the coldest day or wear occurs.

Texaco flows when frozen in a cake of ice—and even at zero! Free from the paraffin wax that causes less carefully refined oils to thicken like molasses, crack-proof Texaco protects every moving surface—from the first whirr of the starter.

Be sure of your oil and grease this winter and you can be sure that your car will still be running smoothly and efficiently next spring. Crack-proof Texaco, the golden oil that flows at zero, is best for your engine. Texaco Greases, Texaco Lubricants and Texaco Lubrication Service will best protect your car.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

The "HOUR-GLASS" TEST

Here is a simple test that can be made in any home refrigerator. An "hour-glass," filled with Texaco, was frozen in a cake of ice. Texaco flows freely at this low temperature. It flows even at zero—very much below the freezing point of water.

In the average engine there are twenty or more fine oil channels no thicker than the waist of the "hour-glass" shown here. Through these narrow channels oil must flow quickly.

Many oils hesitate until they are thoroughly warmed up by engine action. Then it is too late. More wear has occurred than during miles of warmed-up driving. Texaco protects from the start.

TEXACO

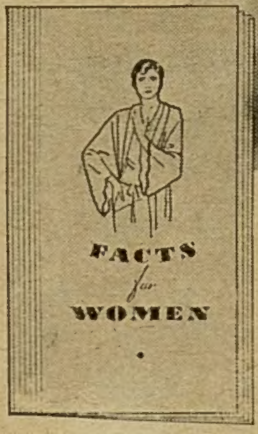
©1931, The Texas Company.

save with TEXACO MOTOR OIL

"CRACK-PROOF"... LASTS LONGER

The Most Truly FEMININE WOMAN

is often the one who knows more than her sisters



All women should read this new booklet . . . "Facts for Women"

YOU meet this type occasionally—the sweet, demure, very feminine woman. She is so calm, so composed. Other women watch her with a little envy, a little wonder. Can it be that *this* young wife is not perturbed by any perplexing question about feminine hygiene? All married women must worry about this question, unless they know the answer. Perhaps she *does* know the answer.

Strange though it may seem in these modern days, there are still many people who are not fully informed on the subject of feminine hygiene. They actually still believe that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are the only germicides strong enough for the purpose. And they naturally fear to use them.

Grave dangers in poisons

The practice of feminine hygiene is very important to women. It provides an antiseptic cleanliness which is necessary for their health and peace of mind. Doctors will verify this, of course. But they will warn you that grave dangers attend the use of such poisonous antiseptics as carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury, and their various compounds. Doctors know—and women should know—that mercurial poisoning is often caused by the use of bichloride of mercury. The effects of carbolic acid are no less deadly. Fearful injuries can result from the employment of carbolic acid for feminine hygiene.

Turn to Zonite—for safety

To what antiseptic, then, *can* women turn for safety? The answer is *Zonite*. In this remarkable discovery, women have an antiseptic that completely solves their most pressing and intimate problem.

Imagine an antiseptic far stronger germicidally than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body—yet absolutely harmless to delicate tissues! That is actually what Zonite is. Zonite will never harden sensitive membranes, it will not desensitize the vaginal tract, it cannot cause mercurial poisoning. *Zonite is positively non-caustic and non-poisonous!*

In countless homes, Zonite has forever supplanted the old poisonous germicides that were a real menace, not only in active use but in the constant risk of accidental swallowing. Power and safety—this is the extraordinary combination that is Zonite!

Get free book "Facts for Women"

Send coupon for the fearless booklet, "Facts for Women." It is frank—but there can be no truth without frankness. This is a true book written for women, on a subject of the deepest interest. It is free. All you need do is mail the coupon below. In the meantime, you can buy Zonite at any drug store. In bottles, at 30c, 60c and $1. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION LI-112-X
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name...
(*Please print name*)
Address...
City................................State...................
(In Canada: 389 St Paul St. West, Montreal)

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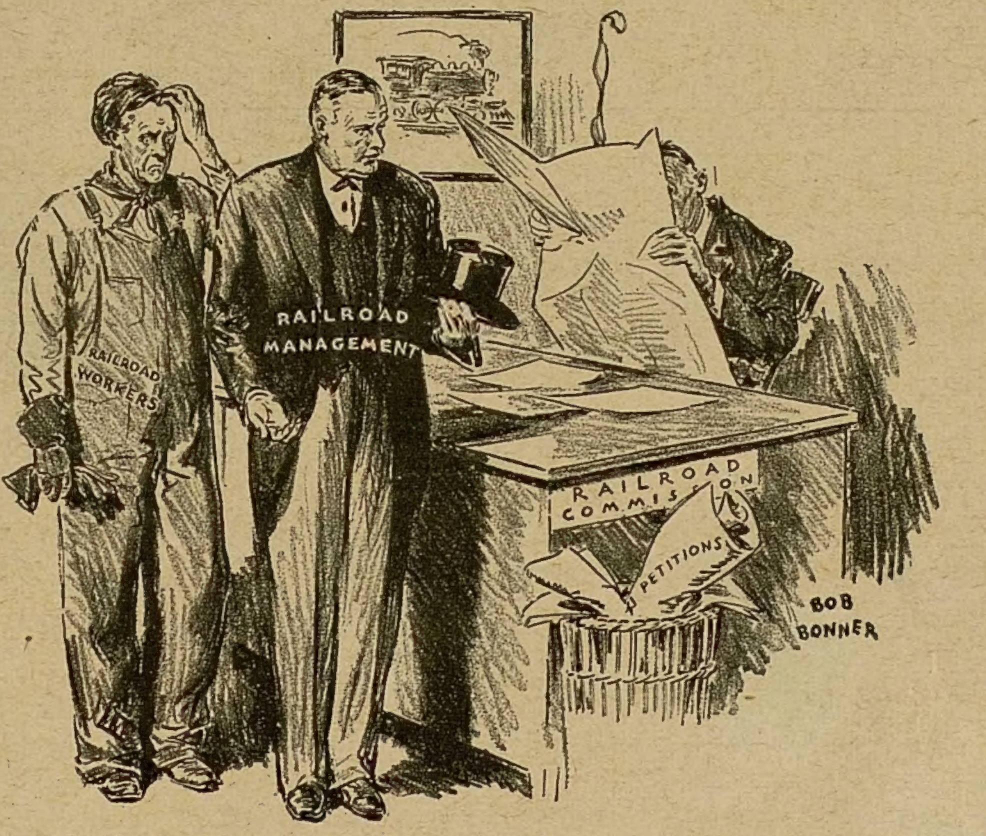
"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

MAY GOD HELP THE RAILROADS!

Government regulation of business with a view to guaranteeing that it is honestly conducted is doubtless commendable. But when government assumes a managerial rôle and dictates business policies, may God help such a business, for there will be no help from any other source. It will go down to ruin with just as much certainty as tomorrow's sun will rise.



Such a business has small chance of saving itself. And that is exactly the situation that the railroads of this country are facing at this time.

There are nearly 1,000,000 stockholders in our various railroads. There are approximately 1,300,000 railroad employees. Most of these employees have families. Therefore it may be reasonably stated that the number of citizens directly interested in railroad management totals about 6,000,000.

And practically all of these victims of governmental bungling now have to stand by and see their property values deteriorate through lessened earnings; their jobs jeopardized by competition which railroad management has not a free hand to meet. And these victims can do nothing about it.

As a matter of fact, government has managed the railroads for forty-two years. By a series of laws spawned in Populist days, and by a thousand regulations which a government bureau has set up to carry out these laws, the real management of our railroads has been circumscribed by a wall of prohibitions. Managers cannot fix the price of the only thing the railroads have to sell—transportation. The government—which simply means citizens like you and me—through an Interstate Commerce Commission, passes upon the raising of money by stock and bond issues.

The same commission tells the railroads what kind of and how many safety appliances they must carry. The government fixes the hours of service of employees. It tells railroad management what new lines can or cannot be built; what old lines can or cannot be extended or abandoned. It even orders railroad management to build new lines and to add to their equipment.

The government has attempted to find the value of the railroads, at a cost of millions of dollars to taxpayers who, in the last analysis, are shippers and users of the railroads, and at a still greater cost in millions to the railroads themselves. The government makes them keep their accounts in uniform manner. The government will not let them keep all their profits if in any year they exceed six per cent. We have been told that the government guarantees the railroads an income, but this is fallacious. The railroads are allowed to earn so much—which is quite a different thing.

This management of railroads by the government is a peculiar kind of management. It tells the railroads what to do, but if its management ideas do not work out, it never apologizes and accepts the responsibility. Nor can the owners of the railroads—the stockholders—fire its government manager and get another.

Railroads now pay in taxes $1,250,000 each day of the year. Of course, these taxes come from shippers and those of us who use the goods the shippers bring to us.

When competition came, in the way of bus, truck, airplane, and government-operated waterways—competition which was flexible because, as yet, there was no super-government management—the railroads found themselves in a governmental strait-jacket and were unable to meet this competition.

As a result, rail men lost their jobs; rail stocks and bonds slumped, jeopardizing insurance policies.

The railroad companies in despair applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the privilege of raising their freight rates. They asked for bread for employees and stockholders, and got not a stone but something less than half a loaf. The I. C. C. granted them five and six per cent increases on some commodities, but the gift had a string to it. Whatever the prosperous roads got as a result of this gift must be handed over to their brethren whose pocketbooks were empty.

This picture is not reassuring. Perhaps the railroads should have asked for less government management and a chance for the real railroad managers—the Willards and Atterburys and Sargents and Shoups—to give their competition a real tussle.

But, again, perhaps the reason they didn't ask for this was the knowledge that when government gets its camel's nose into the tent of business, it never withdraws, but gradually the camel, smell and all, follows its nose.

BECAUSE OF THIS SPIRIT

THE biggest thing about your telephone is the spirit of the hundreds of thousands of people who make up the Bell System. No matter what their particular jobs may be, they are first of all telephone men and women.

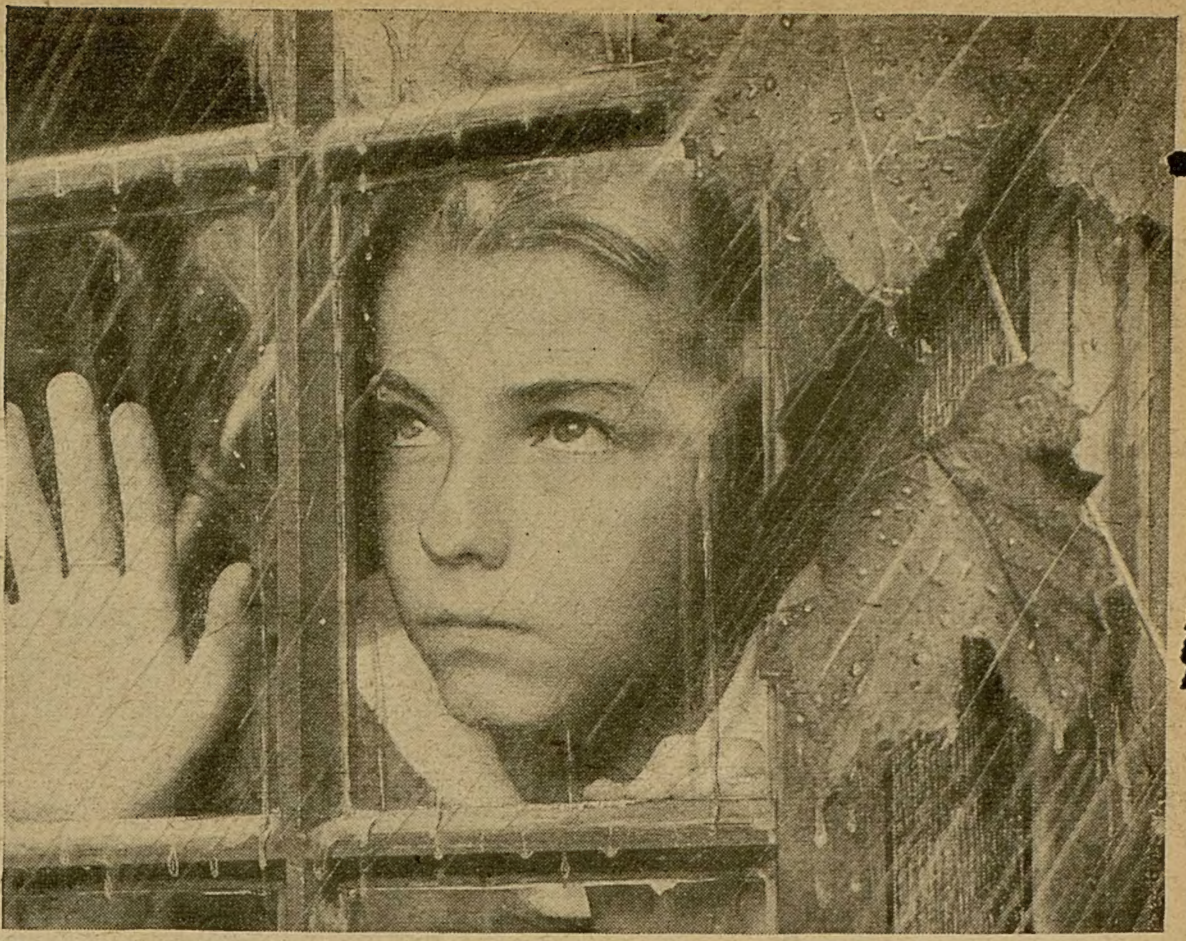
The loyalty of these people to the ideals of their work is reflected in every phase of your telephone service. It shows in the increasing speed with which your local and long distance calls are completed. It shows in the greater accuracy with which they are handled. It shows in the wider and more convenient facilities which are placed at your command—extension telephones, intercommunicating systems for home and office, small and large switchboards, teletypewriters and many others.

Because of this spirit, your needs for fast, complete and inexpensive telephone service are more fully met each year. Men and women of the Bell System are constantly explaining the varied telephone services to more and more users. They prepare the way for the new plant and equipment put at your disposal every year. Through their efforts, you receive better and wider service at a cost made possible only by an organization of this character.

Although it does not appear on the balance sheet, the greatest asset of the Bell System lies in the skill, energy and purpose of the people who carry on its work. Every time you telephone, you get the advantage of this—in better and better service at the lowest possible cost.

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

WHAT'S the Boy to Do... *on Rainy Days?*



BILLIARDS ANSWERS THIS QUESTION

If you want your boy to be happy and contented when bad weather keeps him home, it is obvious you must provide him with a means of amusing himself and his friends. For this purpose Billiards is just "made to order."

He will be enthusiastically interested in the game from the day you get him a Table. He will not tire of Billiards as he does of other games nor will his playmates. On the contrary, they will want to come to your home, and you will be glad to have them. They will not trouble you a bit. Billiards will hold them hour after hour. While they are playing, they will be developing traits you want your boy to have—unselfishness, sportsmanship and fairness.

In the evenings Billiards becomes a real family game. For then, a Father can and will play with his boy—that is good for both of them. And there are so few games an adult can play with a youngster on an equal footing, without being "all in" afterward. You can get your boy a Genuine, strong, sturdy, lasting Brunswick Billiard Table, Junior Playmate Model, for as little as $6.50, or as much as $100.00.

Each item of playing equipment is built with the utmost care and with the same regard for quality as the Table itself.

Billiards fascinates adults — just as it does youngsters — whether it is played in the home, at the club or in one of the modern recreation centers. It is the most interesting and healthful of indoor games and provides enough but not too much exercise for those of us who lead, by inclination or necessity, somewhat inactive lives physically.

Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Tables are available in six sizes at $6.50, $12.50, $17.50, $25.00, $60.00 and $100.00. Leading department, hardware, furniture and sporting goods stores sell them.

Look for the gold and black Brunswick trademark on the rail (shown below). It is your guarantee that your money is buying not a cheap imitation, but a genuine Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Table, built and backed by Brunswick, the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of Billiard Tables.

Mail the coupon for "The Home Magnet," a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. *Also the name and address of the nearest authorized Brunswick dealer.*

priced from $6.50 up

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MF'D BY
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The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 7-D, Chicago

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet," a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name ____________

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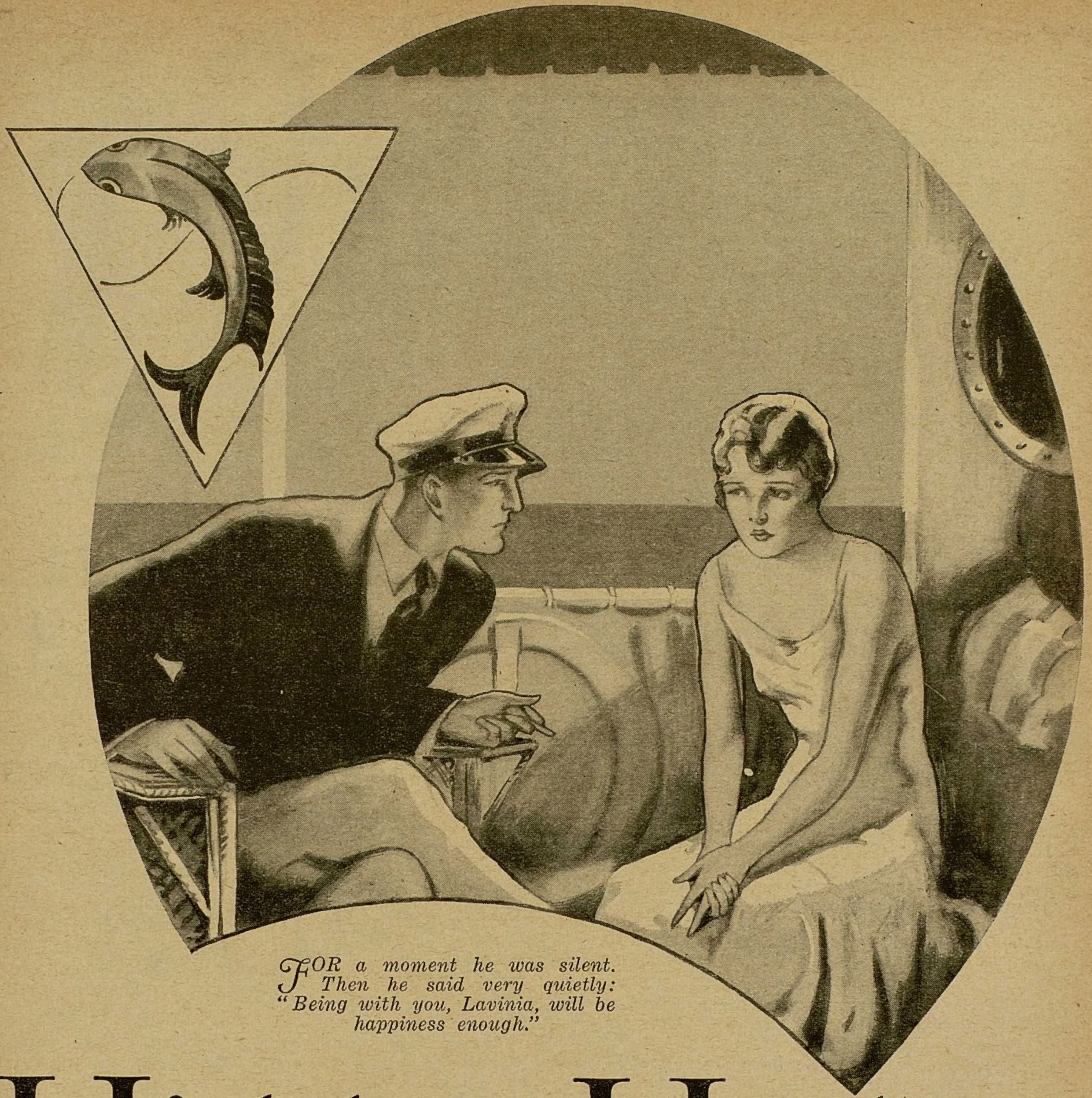


FOR a moment he was silent. Then he said very quietly: "Being with you, Lavinia, will be happiness enough."

Hidden Harbor

In Which a Woman Chooses Between a Husband and a Sweetheart

By LLEWELLYN HUGHES

Pictures by OWEN PAUL SYLOS

(Reading time: 29 minutes 35 seconds.)

RALEIGH wanted to greet her cordially, but as she stepped off the train the plans he had so carefully prepared suddenly seemed underhanded, invidious.

"Nice of you to come," he managed.

Her eyes were uplifted in a swift survey of his tanned appearance, his reefer jacket and yachting cap.

"It was nice of you to—to be so insistent," she replied.

Her voice had always enthralled him. It was a tone lower than that of the average woman, threnody of her past. She was, at most, twenty-seven.

His chauffeur took her luggage—two suitcases, a traveling case and hatbox, on each of which in neat gold lettering were the initials L. B.

"I hope I've brought the proper things," she said.

Raleigh laughed. He was both happy and unhappy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HIDDEN HARBOR
Continued from page seven]

"Mostly we lounge around in pyjamas. It's pretty warm below Manzanillo."

She stepped into the car. "I've never been on a yachting cruise before."

This was a surprise. Her father had been a well known yachtsman in the East and Edmund Raleigh reminded her of it.

"Yes," she said in her low voice, "but I was in school then. Before I had a chance to take a trip with him—"

He nodded. He was fully aware of the drastic changes caused by the death of her father. She had been left penniless. He knew how she had gone to New York, worked in a department store, lived in a hall bedroom, friendless, alone.

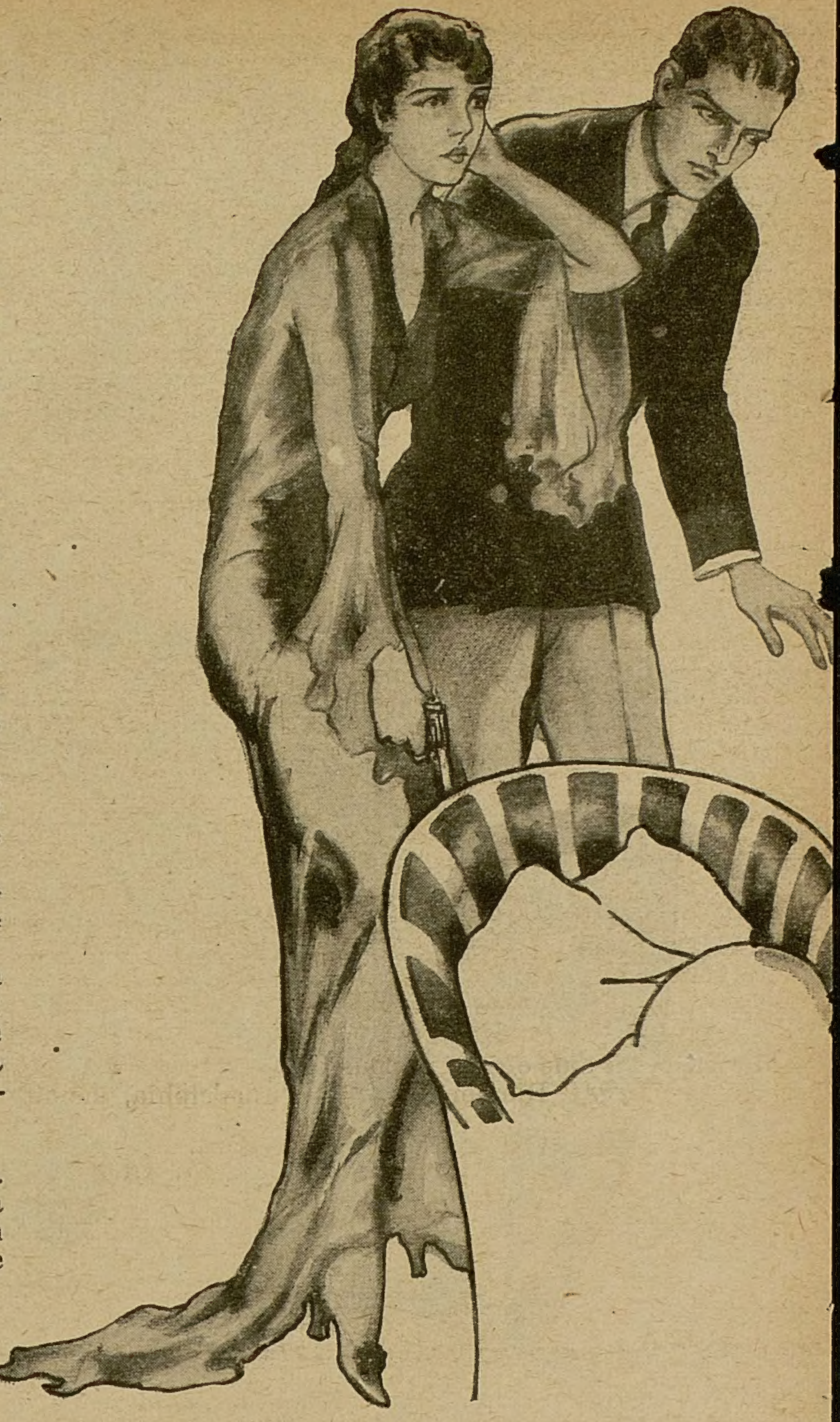
He knew, also, how by her own efforts she had gradually climbed out of that environment, gained the position she now held as buyer for one of the most fashionable stores on Fifth Avenue. He heard she earned as much as ten thousand a year.

The boards of the pier rattled under them. Seated beside her in the limousine, Raleigh closed his eyes for a moment. Her presence evoked with all its haunting memories the strains of a waltz. That was the night he had asked her to marry him. The occasion of his first and only proposal to any woman.

There was, she had answered him, another man. Since then a friend of hers—a woman—had told him far more than he wanted to know. And yet deplorably, despite all, Raleigh knew that he still loved her.

Rousing himself, he instructed her about the people she would meet on board the yacht, Hilary and Claire Sedgewick, Jerome and Frances Thayer.

He helped her into the starboard launch. A sailor in white duck and middy blouse was standing in the bow; another in reefer jacket and cap stood at the wheel. The launch picked up speed in an instant and behind it a cataract of foam ruffled the blue serenity of the harbor.



THE Lorelei, the size of a small liner, lay at anchor. But Lavinia Bishop was gazing at the Santa Barbara hills, luxuriant in their April green, crazy-quilted with flaming eucalyptus, purple wistaria, the bloom of orange and lemon trees, the whole dotted with the white and terra cotta of estates.

"How perfectly beautiful!" she said quietly.

He agreed with her. "But wait till you see Sihuatanejo."

She tried to repeat the name after him: "Sihuatanejo—what does it mean?"

"It means Hidden Harbor."

He glanced at her. Santa Barbara, the blue of sea and sky, the contemplation of Sihuatanejo, all were lost to him in meditation of her esoteric personality and loveliness.

On board, he led her directly to the after deck. Stretched on a lounge, a woman of thirty was dozing, the slight wind ruffling her fluffy yellow hair. She wore black-and-gold pyjamas.

"Claire," he said, "this is Miss Bishop."

Claire, opening sleepy blue eyes, evinced no surprise. "Of course," she smiled. "Who else could it be?"

He completed the introduction. "Where's Hilary?" he asked.

"Monkeying about down in the engine room. My husband," she explained to Lavinia, "has a perfect mania for engines. Engines, fish, and polo."

A short, stubby little man waddled out from the lounge. He wore golf trousers and an open leather jacket over a coarse gray shirt. One of his stockings had slipped down and with it the trouser leg, the buckle of which was undone.

"Mr. Jerome Thayer," said Raleigh.

Lavinia had heard of him. The financier was staring at her in unabashed admiration. "I knew your father," he said, "Colonel George Bishop of Philadelphia."

"Did you?"

Her low voice immediately doubled the interest in Claire Sedgewick's examining eyes.

Frances Thayer appeared. She was a plain woman in her late thirties, as trim, capable-looking, and free-jointed as her husband was otherwise.

"Hello, Miss Bishop," she said informally. "Dam' glad you finally showed up."

Raleigh took Lavinia's arm. "Let me show you your quarters—and around the ship."

Accommodation for eight guests lay between the bridge and the after deck. They were the most sumptuous staterooms Lavinia had ever seen. Her own comprised drawing-room, bedroom, and bath. The dining room, forward, was in silver, pearl-gray, and mahogany; the lounge and smokeroom also as beautifully appointed.

He showed her the tackle room, where the fishing rods were stacked in racks like billiard cues, the hooks, spoons, and other fishing paraphernalia neatly arranged. They visited the wireless room, the kitchen, the bridge—where she was introduced to Captain Jast—and finally they looked down into the engine room.

Here Hilary Sedgewick materialized, a man at least six feet five inches in height, whose long, lanky legs appeared woefully unstable, ready to give way under him at every step. He wore dungarees and polo shirt, the latter liberally stained with grease.

He, rather than Raleigh, seemed to own the yacht. "Fifteen-hundred-horsepower twin Krupp Diesels," he pointed out proudly. "With those engines she can cruise eight thousand miles without refueling. She carries a crew of twenty-seven, she's two hundred and eighteen feet over all, and she's around ten thousand tons. Isn't she, Ted?"

"Around that."

Lavinia looked at him. She had no idea that Edmund Raleigh was so rich.

Down below a bell sounded. The great motors began to purr, the sound developing into a roar. The yacht was moving.

Raleigh led the way back to her stateroom. "Dinner's at seven," he said. "I'll send Frances Thayer down to help you, and your room steward will attend to anything you may need." He gazed at her in silence for a moment. "I'm glad you came," he said quietly. "I want it to be an eventful trip for you—because your happiness, Lavinia, means much to me."

He could see that his tone, manner, were puzzling her. Conscious of holding the advantage, he felt awkward, ashamed of himself. Bowing, he left her and went out on deck.

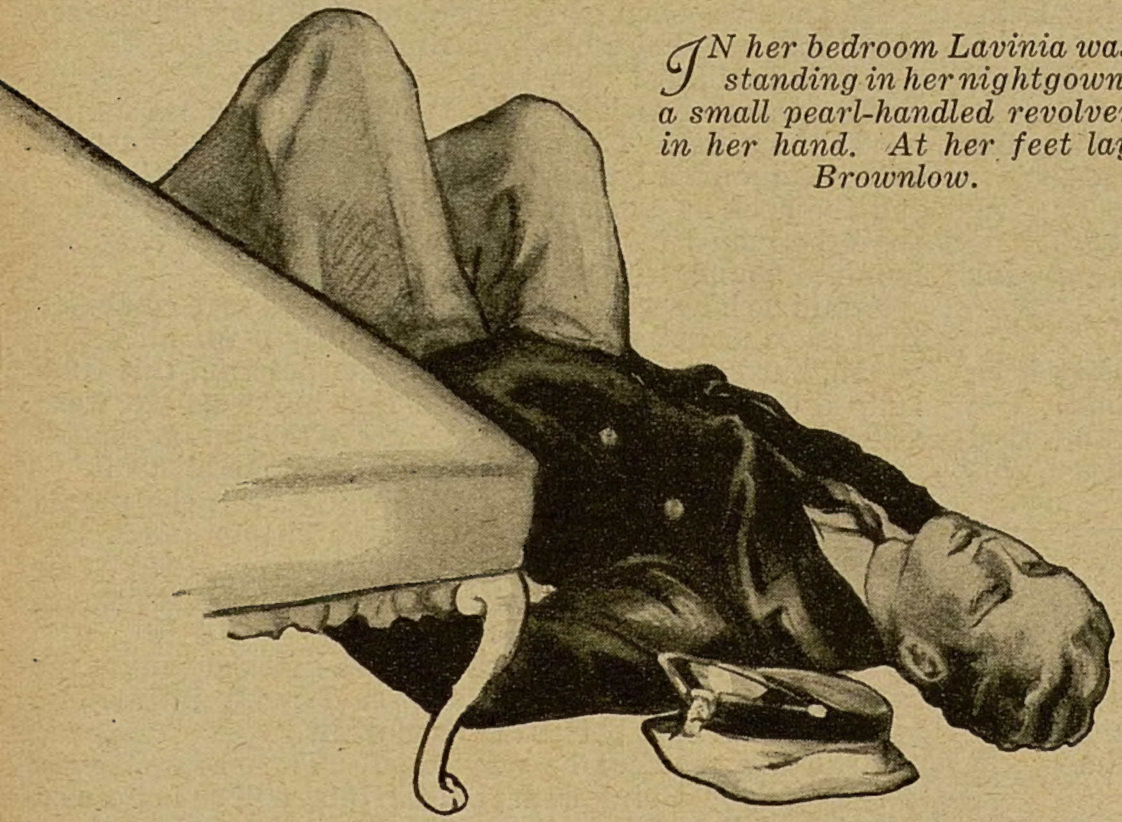
On the second day out they were lounging on the after deck watching the gorgeous disintegration of a crimson sky. Raleigh was more than usually silent, and stealing a glance at him Lavinia felt that since coming aboard he had slightly avoided her.

She also realized that Claire Sedgewick had more than a passing interest in him, and that Raleigh was either completely unaware of it or, in his way, gave her no encouragement. Claire continually tried to hold him in conversation; but her compliments, obvious as they were, seemed wasted. She now suddenly told him that in the matter of good looks he had a rival on board.

"Who's that?" he asked incuriously.

"The first officer."

"Lord, yes!" agreed Frances Thayer. "Dam' good-looking. What's the gentleman's name, Ted?"



IN her bedroom Lavinia was standing in her nightgown, a small pearl-handled revolver in her hand. At her feet lay Brownlow.

Raleigh took his time in replying. He appeared to be trying to remember.

"Brownlow," he said.

Instantly a cold shiver ran through Lavinia. At once all her hesitation in accepting Raleigh's invitation—some intuitive force that had told her not to go—was vividly reawakened.

THE officers and crew kept strictly to their own quarters up forward. Even on her trips to the bridge with the instructive Hilary Sedgewick, Lavinia had seen little or nothing of any officers other than the captain. Raleigh's guests lived on the after deck or in the lounge or their staterooms. Only the stewards appeared among them.

She tried to calm herself. The name Brownlow might be a coincidence. But her agitation, her fears, wouldn't down. He had been a first officer on a boat sailing between New York and South America. He might easily have left that service. It was quite possible for him to be on board. Instinctively she felt he was, and shortly after dinner that night she saw him on the bridge!

Excusing herself, she went to her stateroom. Once there, she sat paralyzed on the edge of her bed.

One thing was certain. She must leave the yacht. She would ask Raleigh to put her ashore at the first stop—anywhere. She racked her brains for an excuse—any excuse that would sound plausible.

The wireless! Could she send a wireless to her school friend, Hilda Clode, in New York? Could she word it so that Hilda would understand and send a return message which she might show to Raleigh? No; it was Hilda who had introduced them. That wouldn't do. Besides, for some strange reason, Hilda's attitude had not been so friendly lately.

ABSENTLY she undressed, went to bed. It was not until early morning that a vague reflection brought her some comfort. Owing to the discipline exercised on board, Brownlow would find little opportunity to speak to her, particularly if she kept to the after deck. The situation, however, was mortifying.

Lying awake, she heard somebody walk past her open window and, just beyond it, come to a stop. For a while she listened to the low sound of his whistling. Then, rising, she stole to the window and looked out. The moonlight revealed a man, his back toward her, leaning over the rail. The tune he was whistling she had good cause to remember vividly. She knew then it was Edmund Raleigh.

The first stop was at Manzanillo. Mexican officials came on board to examine papers. Permission to land was given; but when Raleigh learned that there had been a slight epidemic in the town he gave orders that nobody leave the ship. This was hardest on Lavinia. She had planned to send a telegram to Hilda Clode anyway, and another to her firm.

They lay at anchor that afternoon and night, and put out in the morning as soon as the port authorities had cleared them.

Sihuatanejo—or Hidden Harbor—was one of nature's unspoiled anchorages. They reached there that evening, going round a huge black rock about a mile outside the entrance and escorted in by a school of porpoises. A village nestled on the north shore, and the harbor, clear green water, Black Rock and White Friars Rocks—the latter covered with frigate birds, gulls of all kinds, macaws, and buzzards—presented a beautiful sight. A pearler from La Paz was down in one of the little coves, and Claire Sedgewick was very excited at the thought of a bargain. She had last year at La Paz bought two pearls for very little money from bootlegger pearlers. She was hoping to duplicate the purchase.

The promise of good fishing had all of them by the ears. The natives paddling around the ship in their dugouts reported marlin, cravelle, and rooster fish in abundance. A dolphin played clearly alongside them before they went down to dinner.

Raleigh's enthusiasm was contagious. Lavinia envied him his freedom from worry, his boyish laugh, his bright, eager eyes. He planned to be off early in the morning, seven o'clock, and Claire and Frances Thayer were for starting even earlier. Lavinia, completely outside these activities, was quietly amazed. Such excitement over a mere matter of catching fish!

There were three launches, one for Mr. and Mrs. Thayer, another for the Sedgewicks, and the third for Raleigh. Lavinia had fully expected to accompany him, but to her surprise he didn't ask her. For the first day he thought she had better watch the operations from the yacht.

Under the circumstances, she kept to her stateroom. It

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIDDEN HARBOR
Continued from page nine

was noon before she appeared on deck, and all she saw of a sport that had absorbed them since the day they left Santa Barbara were three tiny specks lazing on the green waters of the harbor—all of them too far away for her to recognize.

Separately they returned in time for luncheon, their enthusiasm greater than ever. They could barely wait in order to be off again.

“ You simply must try it,” Frances told Lavinia. “ Why don't you go out with Ted this afternoon? ”

“ I haven't the proper things.”

“ Oh, borrow any dam' old thing. Dungarees, overalls, anything. Come down to my cabin and I'll see what I can dish out for you.”

But since Raleigh still gave no sign of asking her, Lavinia looked dubiously at Frances Thayer's capable hands.

“ Perhaps tomorrow,” she said.

After they had gone she again sought the security of her stateroom. But the temperature was too much for her. With her book she came out to the after deck. And there—like the corporeal ghost of her past that he was—First Officer Brownlow found her.

In a half-apologetic manner he began by saluting her. “ Hello, Lavinia,” he said quietly.

She rose instantly, her book falling to the deck.

“ Don't go,” he begged. “ I only want to talk to you for a moment.”

She turned and faced him. “ I think you realize that anything you would have to say to me would be offensive.”

He shifted. “ I suppose,” he went on, “ it's a bit of a shock to you—seeing me here.” He spoke laboredly, as though he were short of breath. “ But I've known you were on board ever since the start.”

For all his apparent nervousness, his faltering looks and tone, the mere sight of the man repelled her.

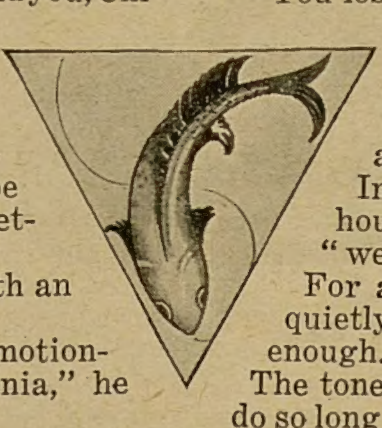
“ I know I did you a grave injustice, Lavinia. I don't blame you for leaving me. I tried my best to find you. At the end of each trip I spent all my time looking for you. I wanted,” he said weakly, “ to make amends.”

“ Amends? ”

“ My wife,” he explained, “ died two years ago.”

“ Stop! ” she said, closing her eyes. “ Please—for God's sake—”

“ LAVINIA,” he said heavily, “ I swear I've never been able to forget you. Not for a single instant. I've looked everywhere for you. At your apartment they said you'd gone abroad. I went to Boston trying to find you, Chicago, Philadelphia—even over to London. I didn't know you were going to be on this yacht. I nearly dropped dead when I saw you. We were bound to meet sooner or later. I accidentally heard that Mr. Raleigh was looking for a first officer—that's how I happen to be here. It was a better job than the one I had, better pay—”



He gulped, trying to moisten his dry lips with an equally dry tongue.

“ You can't doubt that I loved you,” he said emotionally. “ I still do—more than ever. Lavinia,” he begged, “ can't I make amends? ”

Amends! Silently she thanked God that he knew nothing of her sufferings, the humiliation and anguish of the hospital, her child! Somebody called from the harbor, and Lavinia drew in a breath. The return of Hilary and Claire Sedgewick put a temporary end to her agony.

“ I've got to talk to you—see you,” whispered Brownlow, moving away. “ Tonight—here—when nobody is around.” He looked at her with hungry, desperate eyes. “ You'll come—I know you will.”

At dinner her pallor attracted the attention of Frances Thayer. “ My dear child,” she said impulsively, “ you must get about more. It's simply too brutal of us to leave you alone on the dam' ship all day.”

The brutality of it Claire Sedgewick—with an eye on Raleigh—was inclined to doubt. “ I don't think Miss Bishop finds it so lonely,” she said. “ Don't forget there's a very handsome officer on board.”

Raleigh took her to task for the insinuation. “ Brownlow,” he said, “ is a fine chap. Well informed, traveled, cultivated. It's a pleasure to talk to him.”

“ I never said it wasn't,” retaliated Claire. “ I'm merely pointing out that Miss Bishop finds it a pleasure to talk to him.”

“ Now we're on the subject,” said Thayer, “ what was the trouble with the man you had last year? I thought he was an all-round, capable first officer. Reynolds, I think his name was.”

“ Not to be trusted,” said Raleigh.

“ Last year? ” argued Sedgewick possessively. “ We had Reynolds three years.”

“ Still,” pursued Claire, “ you must admit this one is better-looking.”

“ My God! Looks aren't everything,” Frances Thayer informed her. “ Look at this husband of mine. He looks like a bullfrog, but I wouldn't swap him for any man in the world.”

GRADUALLY the conversation returned to the usual topic, fishing, the day's catch, plans for the morrow. Later the married couples fell to their evarlasting bridge game, Claire watching the departure of Raleigh with a hostile, jealous eye.

Lavinia sat for a while with him on deck. Avoiding all references to the dinner conversation, he described the various places he expected to visit after leaving Hidden Harbor.

Quite suddenly he said: “ Would you like to come fishing with me in the morning? ”

“ I'd love to.”

“ That's settled, then.” He laughed boyishly. “ I had a bit of hard luck this afternoon,” he said. “ On the way to the rocks a black marlin hit a feather of mine—a teaser, as we call it.”

He hadn't spoken of the incident at dinner, but something told her that a black marlin was unusual.

“ How thrilling! ” she said.

“ He was well tickled by it, too—for he jumped a mile out of the water. Then he ran off very fast, and I struck after he'd gone a hundred and fifty feet or so. When he felt the hook he again came clear of the water. Larsen, the fisherman I take with me, guessed him at five to six hundred pounds! ”

Again he laughed. “ A black marlin is a rare customer in these waters,” he said. “ I played him for all I was worth, but he was on his way for another run, this time fully a quarter of a mile. The line broke as we were following him—and there was no sag in the line, at that! ”

“ You lost him? ” Lavinia felt quite sorry about it.

“ I lost him. He'd have been the record for this ship—and given Thayer and Sedgewick something to ponder over. Still ”—he sighed good-naturedly—“ the biggest fish are always the lost ones.”

In this mood she could have listened to him for hours. “ Perhaps,” she said more intimately, “ we'll have better luck tomorrow.”

For a moment he was silent. Then he said very quietly: “ Being with you, Lavinia, will be happiness enough.”

The tone of his voice affected her keenly; continued to do so long after she had gone to her stateroom. The temperature was around eighty-seven, and at midnight the stillness of the harbor made the jumping of fish, the cry of birds, and every slight noise discernible.

Suddenly, just as she was about to sleep, Lavinia heard the soft yet unmistakable trying of her stateroom door. In fear that she had forgotten to lock it, she sprang out of bed, searched frantically in the dark for her hand bag, and closed her fingers about the handle of a small revolver. But Brownlow, finding his entrance barred, went away.

She was up for breakfast at seven and, despite a sleepless night, in the launch with Raleigh at seven thirty. They steered for White Friars.

The Sedgewicks passed them, going back in the direction of Black Rock, Claire's eyes a little resentful. Shortly afterward Larsen pointed out a sperm whale on the beach in by the pearlers. “ Scratching the barnacles off his tummy,” he said.

For the next hour or more Lavinia had no luck. Raleigh and Larsen were after yellowtail, from which they cut bait to be used for the bigger fish.

Raleigh baited Lavinia's hook with a slice of yellowtail and a marlin took it almost immediately. He was off like a torpedo, and Raleigh, closing his hands over Lavinia's wrists, was lucky enough to hook!

The fight was on. Larsen reckoned him at 160 pounds; but he proceeded to give them a battle commensurate with twice that size. After half an hour's struggle that left Lavinia on the point of exhaustion, she slowly brought him alongside the launch, where he was a victim to Larsen's gaff.

SHE sat paralyzed on the edge of her bed.

The following four days were divided between fishing and bathing. To her great relief Lavinia saw nothing of Brownlow, and she slept with less apprehension each night.

The pearler was a trifle too much for sensitive nostrils. But the men went over there, and found that rumors of a black pearl had not been exaggerated. "It's the finest black pearl I've ever seen," said Thayer.

He and Raleigh were rivals for it, and they made the yacht's wireless the medium of their bidding between Hidden Harbor and La Paz, where the pearler was owned. Raleigh got it for eleven thousand, and when it was brought on board the unusuality of it, in addition to its high cost, provoked so much excitement that even the crew had the privilege of viewing it.

It was really a very gorgeous thing. Twelve carats, without a blemish, not black exactly, but the shade so eagerly sought, a dark greenish black. Claire Sedgewick went into ecstasies over it. At dinner her jealousy reached the bounds where she openly accused her husband of indifference and threatened to divorce him.

That night Lavinia had been walking up and down the deck with Raleigh when he was called to the bridge. From somewhere in the shadows Brownlow appeared.

"You keep your door unlocked tonight," he warned her quietly, "or Raleigh is liable to hear something he won't appreciate."

She tried to pass by, but he prevented her.

"I won't compromise you," he promised. "I'll take care nobody sees me. But we've got to have an understanding between us. You're not going to ignore me like this—not after what happened. At one time," he taunted her bitterly, "you said you loved me."

She winced at the reminder. "You beast!" she said. "I can't for the very life of me understand how I ever—"

RALEIGH came down from the bridge. He was somewhat surprised to see Brownlow and in the dark almost collided with him. "Oh, hello, Brownlow," he said.

"Good evening, sir."

When the first officer had disappeared, Raleigh said: "I hope I didn't interrupt you. Brownlow's a damned fine fellow and has my full permission to join us at any time, if he wishes to do so."

Lavinia said not a word. She went in the direction of the after deck, Raleigh following her.

It was a heavenly night. The yacht seemed embedded in a silver sea. Black Rock, the village and distant hills and cañons were clearly bathed in the light of a full moon.

Lavinia went aft as far as she could, leaned against the starboard rail. There Raleigh joined her and for a long time neither of them spoke.

"Well," he prompted her finally, "you'd better tell me all about it. Silence is not always good for one, and perhaps I can help you."

She didn't stir. In the moonlight her face was white, expressionless.

"Something is troubling you. Is there anything I can do?" he asked her tenderly.

She spoke then—spoke in a flat, toneless voice without even looking at him. "I want you to put me ashore first thing in the morning."

"Why?"

She evaded the question. "If you'll only put me ashore," she said, "I'll be eternally grateful to you."

"But why?" he demanded.

"I want to go back to New York."

"You can't go anywhere from a place like Sihuatanejo. It's just one of those isolated Mexican villages."

"I'll get a conveyance of some kind—anything. They can take me to the nearest railway station."

"But that's hundreds and hundreds of miles from here." His voice betrayed anxiety and bewilderment. "Now, why, Lavinia?" he urged gently. "Can't you tell me? There must be a reason."

"I'm so out of it here," she said equivocally. "So in the way—spoiling all your fun. I should never have come."

THE unhappy tone of her voice crushed him. "Lavinia," he said, "you know there isn't anything in the world I wouldn't do for you."

"Then please put me ashore," she begged tearfully.

He longed to take her in his arms, comfort her, and, in turn, plead with her to explain. But he could only stand there, his arms at his sides, his head bowed.

"I'll give orders to return to Manzanillo right away," he said. "We'll be there by morning."

"Thank you," she murmured, crossing the deck and hurrying to her stateroom.

Outside her door Raleigh detained her a moment. "Lavinia," he said hoarsely, "when I asked you to marry me—was it *only* because of another man?"

"Yes."

"And is he the cause of your wanting to return to New York?"

"Yes."

It remained a complete enigma to him. In common decency he realized he shouldn't question her further. Like his defeat in New York, he'd have to take the frustration of his plans here and stand up to it. He said: "I wish, Lavinia, you had been able to care for me instead."

She was closing her door. For a second she looked up at him. Her eyes were sad, unhappy.

"I'd die for you," she said.

In a daze Raleigh went to the bridge and gave orders for an immediate return to Manzanillo. He explained to the Sedgewicks and Thayers that certain business matters made this necessary. But the trip, he promised them, would in no way be canceled. They would return to Sihuatanejo the next day.

Lavinia Bishop was not the only one who lay awake that night. In his master's cabin Raleigh tried desperately to figure things out. The steady rhythm of the twin Diesels was a concomitant of his thoughts which roared through his brain. After avoiding the simplest explanation of it for hours, he finally came back to it and accepted the theory that she was no longer in love with the man.

And as if waiting until that very moment to confirm it, a shot rang out.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIDDEN HARBOR
Continued from page eleven

In that second Raleigh saw everything clearly. He wasted not a moment. From a drawer he took a small case into which that afternoon he had placed the black pearl. With this in his hand, he ran to Lavinia's stateroom.

The door was shut but not locked. In her bedroom Lavinia was standing in her nightgown, a small pearl-handled revolver in her hand. At her feet lay Brownlow.

“Say nothing,” he cautioned her. “Not a word to anybody until I return! I'll call the captain. Don't worry. Everything's going to be all right.”

When he came back the stateroom was crowded with stewards and members of the crew. Raleigh ordered all of them out. He, the captain, Lavinia, and the Sedgewicks and Thayers remained. Captain Jast had just risen from an examination of the first officer.

“Brownlow,” he said, “is dead.”

Raleigh nodded. “You'd better take charge,” he told him.

The captain turned to Lavinia, around whose trembling body Frances Thayer had placed a blanket. “I think, Miss Bishop, we need a statement from you,” he said.

She shuddered. “He came in here and— He must have forced the door. I always keep it locked.”

Jerome Thayer said: “You mean that he tried to—to—?”

Lavinia was looking at Raleigh. She saw him shake his head. Again she shuddered, closing her eyes.

“Why didn't you call for help?” the captain asked her.

“I tried to. He prevented me. I was half asleep. I broke away from him—ran to my bureau. I warned him—but he wouldn't pay any attention.”

Captain Jast went to the outer door. “The lock,” he announced, “most certainly has been tampered with.”

The meaning of Brownlow's death seemed obvious. The only doubt cast on it came from Claire Sedgewick. “But surely,” she intimated, “the first officer on a yacht like this couldn't have—wouldn't have dared to—” She came to a stop.

Raleigh, however, encouraged her. “Yes, Claire, you were about to say that you doubted if Brownlow—”

“I mean,” she continued, “it hardly seems possible that he would have entered Miss Bishop's room without some sort of—encouragement.”

“The door,” Captain Jast informed her coldly, “was locked.”

Her much maligned husband came to her rescue. “Claire means,” he said, “that Brownlow might have had some other motive.”

On this suggestion Raleigh seized rather eagerly. “Search him,” he said to the captain.

The captain did so. From the man's right-hand pocket he produced a small jewelry case. Inside, lying in a bed of cotton wool, was the black pearl.

All eyes were instantly focused on Lavinia. She was staring dumfoundedly at what the captain had discovered.

“But how”—again it was Claire Sedgewick's interrogation—“how did the pearl happen to be in Miss Bishop's room?”

“I think I can answer that,” said Raleigh. “This evening Miss Bishop promised to marry me. The pearl was my gift to her.”

THIS, startling and sudden as the announcement was, seemed a satisfactory solution of the whole thing. Claire, on the verge of hysterics, ran to her room. Captain Jast ordered the body removed. And Frances Thayer took Lavinia over to one of the unoccupied staterooms and did her best to make her comfortable.

Later, when they were alone, Raleigh took her hand. “It was the better way,” he said in explanation of what he had done. “I want to protect you. As it is, nobody need ever know.”

She looked at him.

“It wasn't your fault, Lavinia. It was mine. Unknown to Brownlow, I placed him aboard this yacht for a very definite reason. That done, I went to all sorts of maneuvering to get you here—”

He tightened his arm about her. “I know everything,” he said. “So you don't have to tell me. I've known it for months—since the night I last saw you in New York. A supposedly kind friend of yours—Hilda Clode—told me all about it. She said she wanted to do me a good turn.”

Lavinia didn't move. “Did she tell you about my child?”

“Everything,” he repeated.

She clenched her hands. “No,” she said; “no, you don't know everything about me. Nobody does. Nobody except myself and—” Again she shuddered. “I didn't tell even Hilda Clode—everything.”

“Tell *me*,” said Raleigh.

“It's so wretched—so horribly sordid.”

He waited.

“His family and ours were next-door neighbors,” she faltered. “I'd known him for years before I went out with him—alone. That night he took me to a road house—the first time I'd ever—

“He was terribly upset over something. We'd all expected him to return to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He told me he wasn't going back there because his mother couldn't afford to keep him there—the career of a naval officer, uniforms, and so on.

“I believed him. I felt sorry for him. We both drank liquor. He cried and I cried. He asked me to wait until he had made good in another field. I promised.

“I DIDN'T tell my father. Dad had received news from Annapolis—news that stated that Pat Brownlow was no longer considered eligible there. Father never told me about that—but he had already told Pat that he didn't want him around any more.

“Well—for years we corresponded. At the end of his trips—first he was an officer on one of the liners to Europe, then on boats sailing between New York and South America—I used to meet him secretly in New York and elsewhere.

“I was impulsive. I thought I loved him. One day, in a moment of complete madness, I agreed to run away with him—marry him. I had no suspicions of any kind then. It never entered my head that the reason we were married in an upstate obscure little village was only because he wanted to avoid—

“My first awakening came the following day. He drank to excess. It was horrible. Then—I've almost forgotten how it came about—letters, a photograph—I found out that he had a wife in South America somewhere—an English girl. He—admitted it. He had to admit it. He begged me to ignore it—said he'd get a divorce—implored me to stay with him . . .”

As her voice merged into silence Raleigh could hear his heart throbbing.

“That's all,” she ended quietly. “That's all.”

Raleigh moistened his lips. “No,” he said, “I didn't know that. God help me, Lavinia. I thought you still loved him. That was the impression I gained from you yourself when I first asked you to marry me. That was the story Hilda Clode told me. I couldn't understand what had happened between you and Brownlow—but believing you still loved him, I wanted, if possible, to bring you together again.

“And this,” he groaned, “has been the result of it. Lord! I'd have gladly put a bullet through the man's brain myself—saved you all this misery and torture.”

He turned to her. “Lavinia,” he begged, “can't you—is there no way of—can you possibly give the rest of your life into my keeping?”

Her pent-up feelings were released in a rush of tears. Like a weary traveler who has come to the end of a long journey, she suddenly relaxed in his arms, clung to him. And very gently Raleigh folded her to his heart, stooped and kissed the pale, wet cheeks.

THE END

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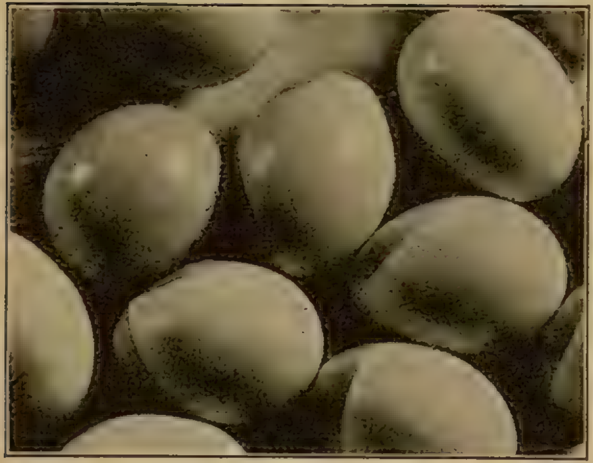

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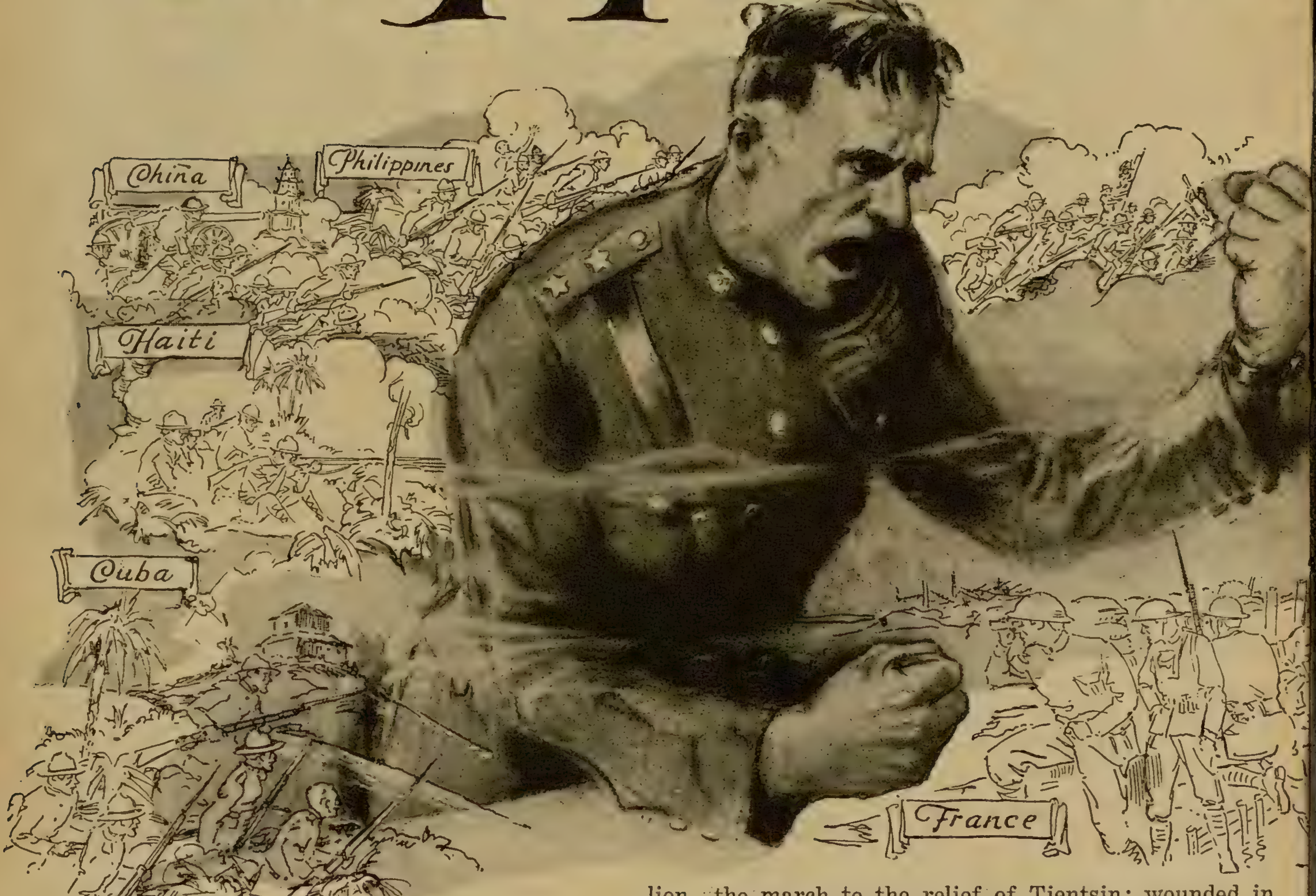


(*Reading time: 30 minutes 20 seconds.*)

A FEW days ago I stood on the sun-baked parade ground of the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Virginia, and watched my command march into the quickly conquering twilight—two thousand bodies moving as one; four thousand heavily clad feet kicking up a curtain of dust; a faint breeze wafting back a refrain from the uncertain voices of *my* Marines:

> "There's a long, long trail a-winding
> Into the land of my dreams . . ."

Something tugged at my heart; a lump formed in my throat. I took a few steps forward, leaving behind, on the "side lines," the distinguished visitors and dear friends who had journeyed to the Virginia hills for this last review. Then I took a few more steps forward—toward the men who were marching away from me forever. It was with difficulty that I restrained myself from moving across the field "on the double" to catch up with my command.

It was my farewell to arms. What if there were tears in my eyes?

For a few moments I stood, alone, on that parade ground for the last time. Memories crowded my mind. Thirty-three years of life in the Marine Corps passed in hurried and tumultuous review before my eyes.

I saw myself as a boy of sixteen in Cuba during the Spanish-American War; I heard my first order to my beloved Marines; the first bullet passing over my head—my baptism of real fire in the jungles of the Philippines. China, during the terrifying days of the Boxer Rebellion—the march to the relief of Tientsin; wounded in battle; the capture of Peking. . . . Hot Panama in the hectic days of the building of the canal. . . . Honduras and the "April fool" revolution there. . . . Nicaragua—jungles and mountains; battles and ambushes and skirmishes with federals and rebels and bandits. . . . Vera Cruz—the landing of my battalion; the battle. . . . Mexico City through the eyes of a spy; adventures and excitement and danger. . . . Haiti, and the days and nights of fighting and suffering; marches in extreme heat and torrential rains. . . . France—the hell hole at Brest; duckboards; fighting disease and dirt and hunger and unrest and unhappiness. . . . Then China again—in command of 5,000 Marines; diplomacy instead of war—fine words instead of bullets and bayonets. . . . And now—only memories and dreams.

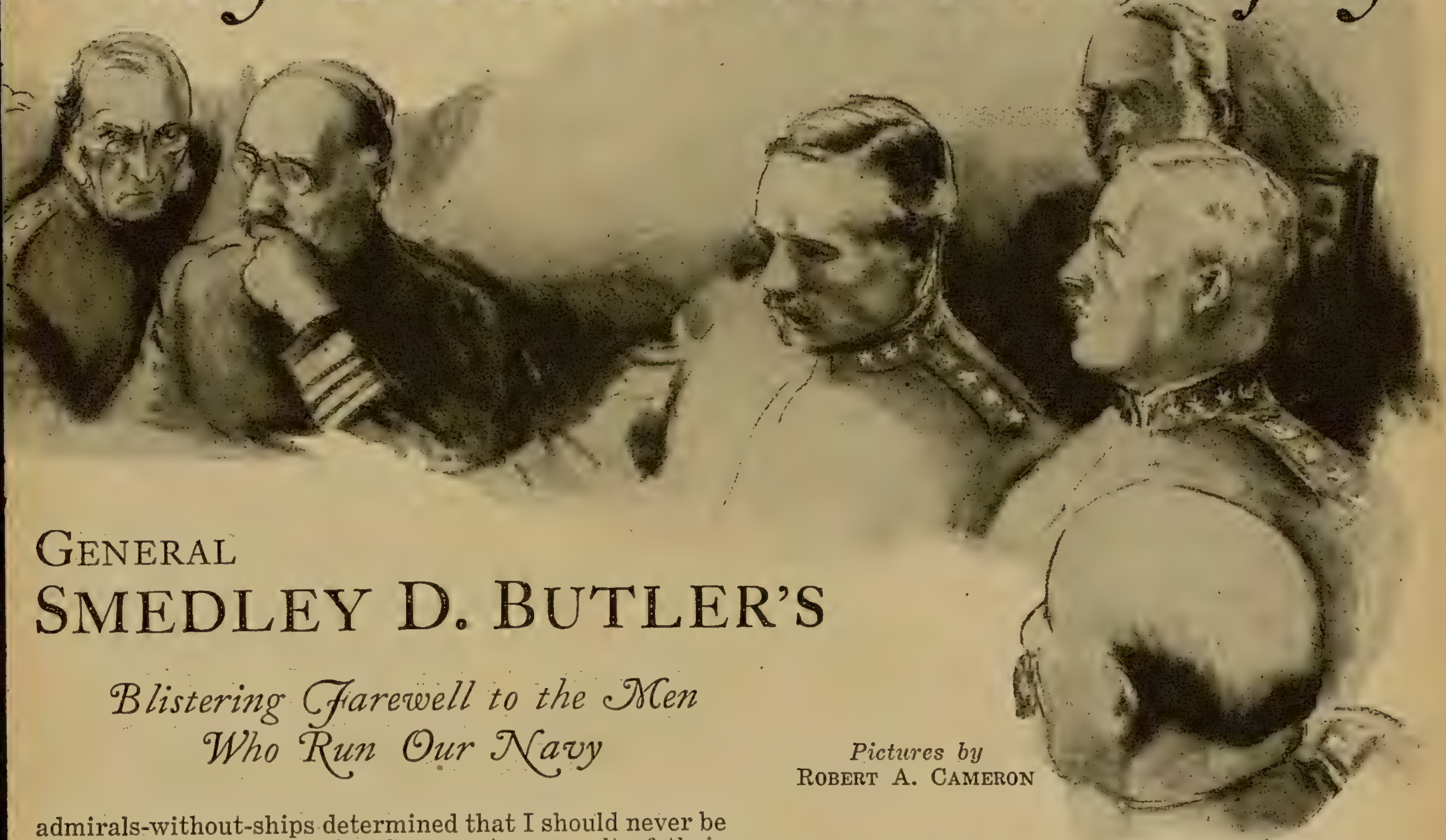
"To err but once is to be undone forever," a playwright wrote in the long ago. I can say, "Amen."

At the very mature age of sixteen, when the spirit of war was sweeping our nation, stirring the blood of the young, I erred most grievously, and now that error has come back to undo me. My grave mistake was in seeking a commission in the Marine Corps in 1898 and immediate action in the Spanish-American War instead of bidding for a Congressional appointment to the United States Naval Academy, where I could have spent three or four quiet years, to emerge an ensign in the navy—with the war over and little likelihood of action. I suppose that even at sixteen I should have had better vision.

Nevertheless, it is because of that error in judgment that I retire from the Marine Corps. I retire because I am not a graduate of Annapolis.

Because I am not a Naval Academy man, a clique of

he Admirals!
Why I Retired at Fifty



GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER'S

Blistering Farewell to the Men Who Run Our Navy

Pictures by ROBERT A. CAMERON

admirals-without-ships determined that I should never be commandant of the Marine Corps. As a result of their efforts, past and present—

I cannot look forward to promotion; I cannot hope to lead an expedition; I cannot be a member of a board; I am never consulted about any corps activities, although previously I was consulted constantly; I am not consulted about affairs at my own post; I even cannot use an airplane under my own command.

So what's the use?

SHORTLY after I was commissioned and received my first taste of action in Cuba in '98, like other youngsters in the Marines, I began to dream of the day when I would become a full-fledged captain, commanding my own company of fighting leathernecks. That dream came true. Then I looked forward most eagerly to leading my own battalion. As a major, I looked ahead to the time when I would command a regiment. That time came. And I hoped for the day when I would be given the rank of a general officer. And that day came. As a brigadier general, I looked ahead with high hopes to the time when I would be permitted to wear the two silver stars of a major general. And that day came. Commissions in the succeeding ranks bear the signatures of four Presidents—McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Hoover.

There then remained but one step before the topmost rung of the ladder would be reached—major general commandant of the Marine Corps.

Naturally, I looked ahead and dreamed of the time when I might become commandant. One whose military efficiency record for more than three decades has been excellent has a right to vision such a future; one whose military record is filled with scores of citations and commendations from superior officers in his own branch and those of the army and navy, from Presidents and members of their cabinets, from diplomatic officers and from the heads of foreign governments, has a double right to dream of a future day when he will be honored with the highest rank.

That this high honor never would be accorded me I suspected long before the post of major general commandant became vacant in 1930. I believed, when my very dear friend and associate, Major General W. C. Neville, died, that, although I then was the highest ranking officer in the Marine Corps, I would not be named to the post.

As I suspected, I was not named.

Before the announcement of the new commandant was made, I had given grave consideration to my future, feeling the honor would be denied me. It was then readily apparent to me that but two courses were open to me for the future—and at fifty I felt I had many years of intensive and productive activity ahead.

I could remain in my beloved corps, continue on duty as commander of the barracks at Quantico for another two years, then move on to the Pacific Coast for four years of duty, then back to Quantico for another four-year term, then finally to the West Coast again for a final four-year duty—all this time with the definite knowledge that no opportunity for advancement or real service would present itself, and then, at the age of sixty-four, be retired, an old and useless man, to await the coming of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

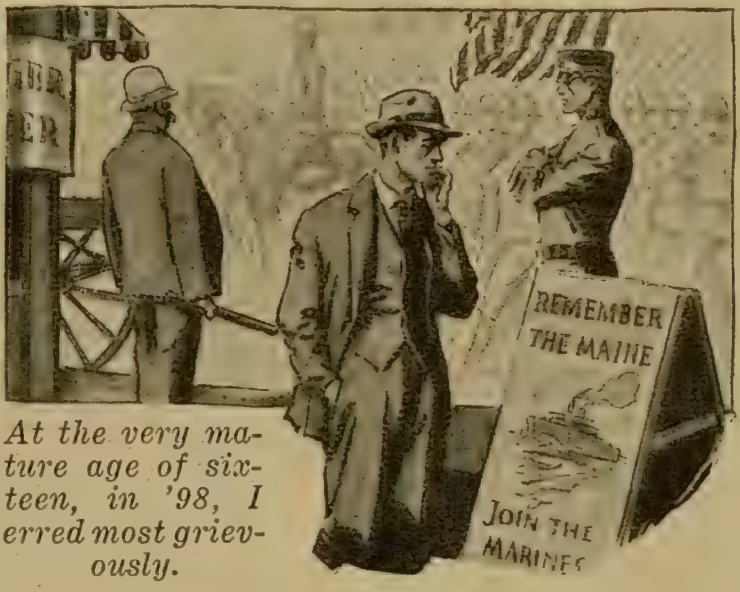
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

caisson that would roll my body to the grave. That, or I could retire while still in the prime of life, begin anew in another field, and vision ahead a new life and a new future.

I chose the latter.

So, even before I was "snubbed by the White House"—as the newspaper headlines put it when I was not named commandant—I had given serious consideration to my future and had made up my mind to retire. At the earnest behest of my friends, who insisted that because of my military record not even the White House could afford to "jump" me, I remained to await the formal verdict. When the discouraging but not unexpected news came, I immediately planned for retirement as of this fall.

. . . . .



At the very mature age of sixteen, in '98, I erred most grievously.

I was one of four men—two major generals and two brigadier generals—who were passed over or ignored by the Administration in the naming of General Neville's successor. The unfairness of the action is in the fact that all of us were slighted, and a man who stood fifth in line named, without anyone in authority taking the time to study the military records of any of the candidates. These records had been prepared by the proper officers at Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington, as is customary when a high vacancy occurs, and had been kept handy for prompt submission to the Navy Department or the White House upon request —*a request that never came.* Of the four men ignored, three had the misfortune, if one cares to call it that, not to have attended Annapolis. The fourth had graduated from the Naval Academy and probably would have been named commandant but for the fact that for the seven years previous he had been High Commissioner of Haiti, and therefore had not been in actual service with the Marines during this period.

The clique of desk-admirals who seem to hold sway in the Navy Department in Washington demand an Annapolis man as head of the Marine Corps. They desire to have the corps an insignificant part of the naval service, a unit directly under their collective thumb. It dismays and appalls them to learn of the heroic deeds of Marines on foreign duty. They feel it detracts from the prestige of the navy. These Washington-admirals do not want anyone in the office of major general commandant who will oppose their efforts to weaken the Marine Corps, to reduce its personnel, and to make of it a small detail of errand boys for gold-braided navy line officers. They want someone who will carry out their every wish and whim, regardless of the effect on the corps. And this group of admirals did everything possible to keep me from being named commandant.

SO, from the time the vacancy occurred—as well as before and since—the poison-gas squad has been at work. Its success has been marked. The fumes seem to have penetrated even to the White House.

Some time ago I was informed by Marine Headquarters at Washington that I had been selected a member of the Inter-Departmental Board of four—one each representing the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard—to work out a plan for equalizing salaries and rank for officers in the four branches. Shortly before the board was to convene, I received the following memorandum from the commandant of the corps:

> The Secretary of the Navy approved your being a member of the Inter-Departmental Board, but the White House sent him a note indicating that you are not acceptable for that detail. Myers has therefore been substituted.
>
> (Signed) FULLER.

About a year ago I asked permission to use a Marine transport plane, then idling at the Quantico flying field, to fly the Mayor of Philadelphia and a group of American Legion officials to Quantico to discuss final arrangements for the Marine command to go to that city for Armistice Day ceremonies. I was informed at Washington that the plane could not be used for such purposes. On the day I had wished the plane, a chaplain at the base flew off in it to some place in New York State to deliver an address. More recently, I telephoned a request to Washington to be permitted to use a Marine Corps plane to fly to Cleveland to address the Ohio American Legion Convention. I was informed that a formal request would be necessary, upon the orders of the Secretary of the Navy. I realized the futility of this, and did not make the request. That day, however, the same plane took a lieutenant colonel on an unofficial trip to Buffalo, without any formal application for the use of the plane having been made.

IN every possible and petty manner have I been annoyed and humiliated. For instance, my aid was detached from me without my having been consulted—an unheard-of procedure in the armed services.

The only blot on my record is there without necessity and was placed there unjustly. That is the reprimand from the Secretary of the Navy in the Mussolini incident. I was placed under arrest by telephone, by direct personal order of the President, restricted to post, my flag hauled down—all to no purpose, for the court-martial was not held and I never was given an opportunity to present my side. The trial was abandoned at the earnest solicitation of the Washington Administration. Only once before in the history of our nation, I have been informed, was a general officer so humiliated, and he had refused to obey orders in battle (in the Civil War). Even in that serious case, the officer was restored by act of Congress.

When the "shoe was on the other foot," however, and the Haitian Minister to the United States insulted me, the State Department accepted a weak and lame excuse and did not insist upon an apology to me as well as to the Marine Corps or the Navy Department.

As some may recall, this diplomat from Haiti said that Fort Rivière (for the capture of which the Congress of the United States conferred Medals of Honor upon me and two of my aids) never existed, except in my very vivid imagination. When pressed for an explanation, this diplomat hedged and said that no one in Haiti ever knew of the existence of such a fort. Finally, he again modified his statement and said that he had never known nor heard of such a fort.

This was accepted by the State Department despite the fact that Navy Department records show that the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, now Governor of New York, visited the scene of the fort shortly after its capture and demolition; despite the fact that President Hoover's personal physician, Captain Joel T. Boone, U. S. N., was there at the time; despite the fact that the then President of Haiti wrote to the Department expressing his pleasure at the capture of this fort, the last stronghold of the Haitian Cacos, or bandits.

And now those officers of the Marine Corps who have been particularly loyal and friendly to me during the past few years are being made to suffer for this friendship and loyalty and are being transferred all about the country and abroad, regardless of the necessities of the service, the wishes of the men, and the usual order of transfer.

For these reasons I say that, no matter how long I might have remained in the corps, the commandancy never would have fallen to me; likewise there was little, if any, likelihood of my heading an expedition. In the first place, unless we, ourselves, become involved in war, a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

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●

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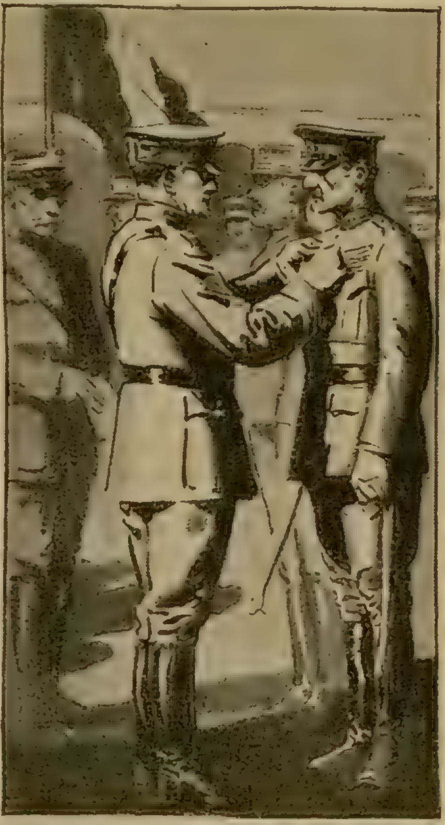
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

division of Marines hardly would be ordered abroad, and it is not probable a major general would be assigned to direct a smaller unit. The navy would see to that. For were a major general to head an expedition, he might outrank the admiral in charge of the area, and the navy never would permit that. They would see to it that a Marine officer junior to the naval officer at the scene would command the troops so that the navy would be the boss.

Frankly, I cannot understand the attitude of these admirals. With many of the men who most bitterly opposed my promotion I have served on foreign duty. Most of them I respect highly and admire greatly. Some of them have been kind enough in their formal reports to the Navy Department to commend my military efficiency most highly. One of the nicest letters that is a part of my official record is from a rear admiral now in Washington, a man who informed a subordinate of mine on one occasion, before the commandancy was filled, that the navy never would permit me to become commandant, because I was not a graduate of Annapolis. Another rear admiral who was extremely friendly when we served together some years ago on foreign duty, and whose formal reports to the Navy Department commended me highly for my work abroad, was reported to me as being a most bitter foe of mine. These things are beyond my comprehension.

Tonight is the eve of my retirement. Tomorrow my flag—two white stars on a field of red—will be lowered for the last time at the headquarters building at Quantico. A small fieldpiece will fire my last salute of thirteen guns. I will turn my command over to my successor. My name will be entered officially on the list of retired officers. My friends will shake my hand and wish me well.

So tonight my spirits are low. Before me, in orderly arranged sheets, is my military record, as compiled under the supervision of Major E. A. Ostermann, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector of the Marine Corps. It is the same record that had been prepared over a year ago for submission to the President and the Secretary of the Navy when the new commandant was to be selected.



I was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

Thumbing through the pages that never were seen by either, I note that more than half of the thirty-three years I have spent in the corps have been on duty outside the territorial limits of the United States—a larger proportion of foreign service than any officer in the corps.

I glance over the first fitness report on the record, dated at Cavite, Philippine Islands, on December 31, 1899, and signed by Commander Charles C. Cornwell, U. S. N. Six questions referring to military efficiency are there, and six answers—all "excellent," the highest rating.

HERE is a report on the operations of the Marines in the Philippines that year. It is signed by Lieutenant Colonel George F. Elliott, commanding the Marines, addressed to the Commander in Chief, United States Naval Force, Asiatic Station, and dated October 12, 1899. As I read it I vision our attack on Noveleta. "I ordered First Lieutenant Butler's company to push up the road, following the advance of the scouts, as heavy fire had been opened upon them. . . . The companies of Lieutenants Leonard and Butler fired some excellent volleys on the right." There wasn't much fun in the fighting there.

I turn the pages and come to the report of Major Littleton W. T. Waller, commanding the Marines in China during the Boxer Rebellion: "I have to earnestly recommend to your notice for such reward as you may deem proper the following officers: Lieutenant Smedley D. Butler, for the admirable control of his men in all the fights of the week, for saving a wounded man at the risk of his own life and under a very severe fire. . . . As for the men . . . they have made history. . . ." Yes, and there was little fun or play for us in China in those dark days.

Here is an extract from the annual report of the Brigadier General Commandant of the Marine Corps to the Secretary of the Navy in 1900—it is a transmission of a report from the commander of the Marines in China: "Recommended for recognition for distinguished service . . . Lieutenant S. D. Butler, for saving a wounded man at the risk of his own life, under a very severe fire; for admirable control and direction of his men in all the engagements from June 2 to June 25; for relieving and saving a platoon of British Indian Staff Corps troops." And again, in the report of Colonel Robert L. Meade, U. S. M. C.: "I desire especially to call your attention to the conduct of . . . First Lieutenant S. D. Butler, who, at the risk of his life, went out of the trench to bring in a wounded man and was shot while doing so. . . . First Lieutenant Henry Leonard, my adjutant, who brought First Lieutenant Butler in to safety and was dangerously wounded."

NEXT, I see a letter from the general commanding British forces, north China, to the officer commanding United States forces, July 15, 1900: "Among many instances of personal bravery in action, I propose especially to bring to notice in dispatches the conduct of First Lieutenant Smedley D. Butler, United States Marine Corps."

And that general wanted the British government to present me with a Victoria Cross, but under the regulations then in force I could not accept a foreign decoration.

Then I turn to the report of Major Waller on the operations at Peking: "I wish to mention the admirable work done by Lieutenants Butler and A. E. Harding on the 14th and 15th. . . . Lieutenant Butler had just recovered from his wound received at the Battle of Tientsin, but marched with his men, bearing the hardships and fatigue, and always ready to jump to any call of duty."

And here, on March 28, 1901, this entry: "Appointed captain, by brevet, for distinguished conduct and public service in the presence of the enemy near Tientsin, China, July 13, 1900. Advanced two numbers in rank on the list of captains for eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle at Tientsin, China." And that was thirty-one years ago, when I was but nineteen.

I leaf through the pages and note the reports from Panama over a period of years: in the hectic days of the building of the canal and later. A fitness report: "Sent to Bluefields, while it was occupied by troops, civil war going on. His command was well handled; much credit is due him . . . a good commanding officer."

And in Nicaragua again, a number of years later, Old "Uncle Joe" Pendleton, noting on my fitness report in December, 1912: "Took part in bombardment of the Barranca and assault of Coyotepe, October 3 and 4, and in mounted expedition to Matagalpa. Duty performed in most efficient and gallant manner."

And the United States Minister to Nicaragua, George T. Weitzel, in a letter to the Secretary of State:

> If it may be without seeming invidious the Legation desires to make special mention of the services rendered by Major Butler. . . . Major Butler was the first commanding officer to arrive here, and by his energy, tact and determination, succeeded in reëstablishing order in Managua and Granada.

In scanning the reports on that expedition, I am particularly pleased to reread a letter addressed to me by the members of the Club of Granada, and bearing some threescore signatures, with this notation: "The above signatures represent the highest social, political and financial standing, not only of Granada, but of the country." These good people were nice enough to write:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

WHEN FUN RUNS HIGH, DO YOUR CIGARETTES KEEP PACE?

... that's when you need the Clean Taste!

When the party's on, when laughter is gay and conversation lively... do you just naturally "top" the fun with more cigarettes? What a time that is for staying "mouth-happy" with Spud's cooler smoke and cleaner taste! What does it matter if the cigarettes follow one another as quickly as the dances... what matter if you are a 2 or 3-pack-a-day smoker? Spud always keeps your mouth moist-cool and comfortably clean. When you discover Spud, you've found full-bodied tobacco fragrance... and the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! Try it out for yourself!

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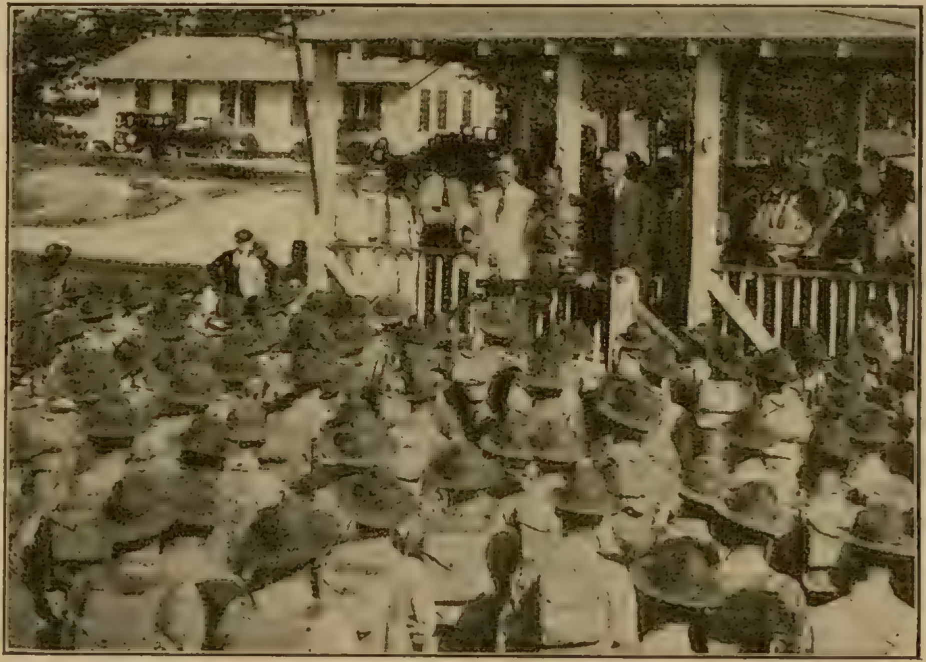
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Granada, October 9, 1912.

Major S. D. Butler, U. S. M. C.
Granada.

We the undersigned beg to address you and express the deep gratitude of the city of Granada for the efficient as well as the brave and opportune intervention of you and your valiant officers and soldiers who came to put an end to the desperate and painful situation in which this city was placed—victim to all the horrors of an organized anarchy. . . .

From this terrible situation and from the anguish that the future held for us, we passed as by magic to a state of complete guarantee for life, property and well-being for all, as soon as the American troops entered the city. The tact and discretion with which you fulfilled your humane mission, so bristling with difficulties, was such that your name will be forever engraved in the hearts of our people. . . .



Wide World photo

General Butler delivering his farewell address to his command at Quantico, Virginia. Beside him, at his left, stands Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania; at his right, Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia.

Where are those good people who say we Marines are bloodthirsty intruders? I do not recall a single expedition in which I participated which, upon leaving, did not go with the good wishes of the natives.

Next, a letter:

From: The Secretary of the Navy.
To: Major Smedley D. Butler, U. S. Marine Corps (Thru Major General Commandant).

Subject: Commendation for efficient service in Nicaragua.

1. In view of information which has been conveyed to the Department, and in compliance with the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet, the Department takes pleasure in commending you for efficient service in the vicinity of Granada and Masaya, Nicaragua.

2. Your participation in the assault upon and in the taking of Coyotepe is considered as a very creditable event in your official career.

(Signed) G. V. L. Meyer.

Here is the formal report from Colonel Pendleton to headquarters:

Major Smedley D. Butler, who commanded the Third Battalion, was most active and enterprising. . . . His conduct of affairs when his train was fired upon when passing through Masaya, and his intelligent and efficient handling of matters in and about Granada must be highly commended. And his judgment and accuracy in exactly timing his march to his assigned position at Coyotepe was mathematically correct. His handling of his battalion during this action and his own personal conduct under fire, were such as could only add to his well known record in the past in this respect.

Good old " Uncle Joe " Pendleton! The old gentleman, now living in retirement in the West, missed a nice little trip East when my court-martial was called off, for he was the only Marine selected to sit in judgment on me —the other six were gold-braided admirals. Well, " Uncle Joe " is a match for any number of admirals.

When, in 1914, I finally left Panama, the Secretary of War, Lindley M. Garrison, was kind enough to write:

My dear Major Butler:

I observe by the reports in the newspapers that you and your command have left Camp Elliott in the Zone. It caused me a feeling of regret, because I realized what it must mean to you and your men to leave the place which was so fully the product of your and their self-sacrificing spirit and service. I was delighted upon my visit to your post, to observe the esprit de co[illegible]ted by your command. Their alertness, skill and proficiency were models for military organizations. . . .

Shortly thereafter came the occupation of Vera Cruz by the American forces, sent there following the refusal of Huerta to salute our flag, and the battle incident to the occupation. In a fitness report I find noted by Lieutenant Colonel Neville:

Major Butler reported to me at 3.25 A. M. April 22nd and was ordered to command part of his battalion on the right of the line. He took part in the advance on the 22nd and handled his men with courage, judgment and skill and his work on the outpost line from April 22nd to date (May 2, 1914) has been most commendable.

A few pages turned and here is a letter from my dear friend, Josephus Daniels, who was Secretary of the Navy then: " The Department commends the courage and skill shown by you in leading your command in action as reported by Rear Admiral F. F. Fletcher."

And a few pages farther on I come across the citation that went with my first Congressional Medal of Honor:

For distinguished conduct in battle, engagement of Vera Cruz, April 21st and 22nd, 1914; was eminent and conspicuous in command of his battalion. He exhibited courage and skill in leading his men through the action of the 22nd and in the final occupation of the city.

The navy hadn't decided at that time that I was a menace, so Commander (now Rear Admiral, Chief of the Bureau of Aëronautics, U. S. Navy) William A. Moffett reported to Rear Admiral Fletcher that he recorded " his appreciation of the readiness, spirit, zeal, promptness, alertness, willingness and in general the high efficiency and preparedness shown by Major S. D. Butler. . . . Major Butler, by his counsel, enthusiasm and high spirit, was of great aid."

Then Haiti. Among the many reports I note one by Colonel Littleton W. T. Waller, a fighting Marine if there ever was one, who commanded the expeditionary force:

While concurring in the recommendation of Colonel Cole concerning a brevet for Major Smedley D. Butler, I further urge that he be given a Medal of Honor for his conspicuous bravery during the assault on Fort Rivière. Two men entered ahead of him, doing so to prevent him from being the first. Theirs was devotion to him, while his action was devotion to duty. . . .

The Medal of Honor was presented to me and to the two men who entered ahead of me, Sergeant Iams and Private Gross.

I think our stay in Haiti during the hectic days of the revolution and our war on the Cacos, and later, when I organized and commanded the Gendarmerie, saw as much action as in any given period anywhere, and under the most distressing conditions. Yet I have nothing but pleasant memories of my stay there. There was my friendship with Dartiguenave, president of the republic, who wrote me a number of letters at the time of my departure. One of them, copied from my record, follows in part:

Office of the President of the Republic
Port-au-Prince May 22, 1918.

Lieutenant Colonel Smedley D. Butler
United States Marine Corps.

My dear Colonel:

". . . Being aware that it is an accomplished fact, I tes-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

G-E RADIO *triumphs in three day tone-test!*

BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS!
NOT A TESTIMONIAL
•
ALL SETS HIDDEN
•
NO TRADE NAMES MENTIONED

MOVIE AUDIENCES HEAR 4 HIDDEN RADIOS AND GIVE G-E TWICE AS MANY VOTES AS NEAREST CONTESTANT

Has any one radio set a noticeably truer tone? Listen to this:

For three days, every audience attending the Darien, Conn. movie theatre compared the tone of four famous radios. The sets were hidden—known only by numbers. Each listener voted for his choice. And when the three-day vote was totalled, here was the score: General Electric Radio 603, Radio "A" 291, Radio "B" 123, and Radio "C" 96.

Believe your own ears! It means little to say a radio has superior tone, but much to let your own ears prove it. You've heard many makes of sets. Now hear the General Electric!

It will give you a new ear-picture of radio reproduction! All the delicate tonal shadings, all the elements of reality, are faultlessly retained. Important engineering betterments make this possible—chief among them the new, exclusive G-E Tone Equalizer in the G-E Popular Console, and Junior Lowboy, which does away with the tendency of a radio cabinet to resonate and boom.

Go now to a G-E Radio dealer. See the many beautifully designed and finished G-E models. Prices step gradually from $37.50 for the G-E Midget to $345 for the Automatic Radio-Phonograph Combination—and all prices mean *with tubes.*

SEND FOR IT! Don't fail to write Section R-5112, General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn., for free copy of booklet, "Believe Your Own Ears". An authoritative discussion of what radio reception is doing to our appreciation of music and what G-E has done for radio.

G-E DE LUXE LOWBOY

Brilliant 10-tube superheterodyne. Two Pentode output tubes. Doubly-shielded chassis. Beautiful brown walnut cabinet of classical design. Price, *complete with tubes*, $164.50.

• • •

"Give to your local welfare and relief organizations, to your community chest or to your emergency unemployment committee, for unemployment relief."

Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every weekday (except Saturday) at noon E.S.T. For the entire family—"Just a Song at Twilight"—every Sunday evening 5:30-6:00 E.S.T.—over a nation-wide N.B.C. network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

FULL RANGE PERFORMANCE

TO HELL WITH THE ADMIRALS!
Continued from page twenty

> tify again my regret to see you obliged to cease your services in this country, the more that I was well pleased with the broad and intelligent coöperation that you have constantly given to the Government.
>
> It is very agreeable to me to note the favorable impression that you received during your stay among us. In return for the *bon souvenir* that you are kind enough to keep of the excellent relations that the members of the Government have always held with you, be sure that, on our side, we will never forget the man the Country learned to esteem in your person. . . .

Later on, President Dartiguenave awarded me the Military Medal of Haiti, and along with it a special citation. And, from the Secretary of State to the Secretary of the Navy, this letter:

> THE HONORABLE
> THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
> SIR:
>
> . . . It is requested that Lieutenant Colonel Butler be informed of the appreciation which the Department of State feels regarding the excellent manner in which he performed his duties as Chief of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, and that the Department believes that Lieutenant Colonel Butler has contributed in a large measure to the success of the United States in its efforts to assist Haiti in that country's rehabilitation.

THEN, for months and months, while the Marines were making history in France, I was kept at Quantico, training men and chafing at my inability to get across. Finally I was ordered abroad and to the pesthole of France—Brest and Camp Pontanezen. It wasn't what I had dreamed—the front with the Marines—but it was a job to be done. This time it was with the army and not the navy.

NEXT WEEK—

Why Not Open the Churches to the Poor?

a challenge to the clergy of the United States

By

Rupert Hughes

also

There Will Be No Dole!

first of a new series of articles on Matters of State

By

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Governor of New York

and

stories and articles by

Beatrice Grimshaw
Bruce Gould
George S. Brooks
H. Bedford-Jones
Robert Benchley

After I was detached, Major General Eli A. Helmick, U. S. A., in command of the area, wrote me as follows:

> 1. It is difficult for me to express to you the regret I feel upon your leaving France where you have worked so loyally, faithfully and efficiently in building and managing the great Embarkation Camp at Pontanezen. I never have served with an officer who worked harder and more continually than you have during the entire time I have had the pleasure of having you in my command. I do not believe any other officer could have done the work so well as you have done it. The difficulties in the early days were constant and unusual. The way you overcame them, the way you managed and controlled the troops, more than a million of whom have passed through your camp, testifies to your ability as an administrative officer.
>
> 2. Of all the complaints made against Brest and the camp at Pontanezen none reflected upon you, and the many letters of commendation from commanders of organizations passing through your camp, are proof of the esteem they have for you and your camp organization. I doubt if any other officer in France holds the friendship and esteem of as large a number of officers and men of the American Army as you do. This alone will go far towards repaying you for the hard work and discouraging conditions you have had to face during your command of the camp.
>
> 3. I hope it will be my good fortune to have the opportunity to serve with you again in the future, and in leaving Brest and the service with the U. S. Army in France, you carry with you not only the good wishes of myself for your future success, but I am sure those also of all others who have had the good fortune of knowing you and serving with you.

By command of General Pershing, I was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, with the following citation:

> *Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, U. S. M. C.*
>
> For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. He has commanded with ability and energy Pontanezen Camp at Brest during the time in which it has developed into the largest embarkation camp in the world. Confronted with problems of extraordinary magnitude in supervising the reception, entertainment and departure of the large number of officers and soldiers passing through this camp, he has solved all with conspicuous success, performing services of the highest character for the American Expeditionary Forces.

The President of the French Republic conferred upon me the decoration of Commander of the Order of the Black Star.

The next major expedition found me again in China in 1927 and 1928.

Upon my return, the following letter was sent me and made a part of my military record:

> The Major General Commandant takes pleasure in quoting for your information the endorsement to the Secretary of the Navy which the Commander in Chief, Asiatic Fleet, placed on your historical report of the occupation of Tientsin by the Third Brigade Marines under your command from the first part of June, 1927, to December, 1928.
>
> The work of the Third Brigade in Tientsin was very unusual and quite different from anything which the Marines usually are called upon to perform. This was particularly the case with General Butler, whose experience in the past had, in general, been the military offensive. As soon as General Butler understood the mission which he and his command were required to perform he undertook the work with that energy and intelligence which he has always shown when he had anything to do. I believe it is only necessary to read over this report to realize how fully he and those under his command, and especially with his leadership, prepared for every possible contingency with the idea that they were to protect American lives, property and interests without incurring the ill will of the Chinese and, if possible, without bloodshed. I would like to state that in my opinion General Butler and his command added one more page to the record of the Marine Corps of our Navy and that this page in their history is one of which the Navy can be proud; and it reflects decided credit on the Marine Corps.
>
> (Signed) W. C. NEVILLE
> Major General Commandant.

THEN, too, there is the letter from John V. A. MacMurray, who was United States Minister to China:

> It is with very keen regret that I regard the departure from Tientsin of you and of the regiments of the Third Brigade that have been on duty there. There has been at all times the fullest and most helpful coöperation with the Legation on your part; and I am convinced that the presence of the Brigade, particularly during the crises of 1927 and 1928 at Tientsin, was a decisive factor in averting dangers to American and other foreign lives and interests such as might otherwise have arisen in the acute situations existing during those two summers.
>
> Not only have the Marines under your command maintained a standard of discipline surprising even to those familiar with the fine traditions of the Corps, but the friendly contacts they have cultivated with the Chinese authorities and people have been such as to make them an asset rather than a necessary liability to the work of the Legation in the maintenance of good relations with the Chinese. I am for my part heartily grateful, as well as proud of the splendid record the Marines under your command have made in the present difficult times

in China, and I take this occasion to acknowledge my appreciation and to convey to you and to the Third Brigade my warmest good wishes for the future.

A few more fitness reports slip through my tiring fingers. Then the one blot on my record—the only smudge among the scores and scores of citations and commendations—the reprimand from Secretary of the Navy Adams in the Mussolini incident.

Tomorrow the final sheet will be pinned to the card—my formal retirement. There the record will close.

Now, having read through this record of mine for the first time, I can smile at the clique of Washington admirals-without-ships and their tactics to keep me from the commandancy. Nothing they may say can change a single sheet in that record; nothing that the Department may do to embarrass me can remove one single line from this volume.

Tomorrow I go out into a new world to carve a niche for myself in a new field. I go as a Marine, looking ahead and not behind, hopeful of victory and success, and, as I go, I am tempted to say to that shipless clique:

"To hell with the admirals!"

NOTE: The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.

(Signed) S. D. BUTLER.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for December?
2—What is common to the names Valenciennes, Mechlin, and Cluny?
3—What novel by Victor Hugo introduces the character Esmeralda?
4—What is dentine?
5—What is a sodality?
6—What is castigation?
7—What are the four time zones in the United States?
8—Who composed The Afternoon of a Faun?
9—What is the English form of the word jail?
10—What is a sybarite?
11—Who was the Sweet Singer of Israel?
12—What is the unit of electromotive force?
13—Of what is plaster of Paris made?
14—What is the capital of California?
15—What is common to sepal, stamen, and carpel?
16—On what river is Rome located?
17—With what game are the terms dribble, pivot, and free throw identified?
18—Who wrote The Forsyte Saga?
19—Who was the father of Pocahontas?
20—What is a monochrome?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

Help Nature to help you fight colds

The "colds" season is now on. Now, more than ever, it is important to keep "regular." The doctor will tell you that keeping the system thoroughly cleansed is most important to avoid colds.

To *cure* a cold is the doctor's business. No laxative can do that. But a mild, gentle laxative can do much to keep your resistance up by "keeping your system open."

The doctor will recommend a laxative such as Ex-Lax. For Ex-Lax is so effective—so gentle and safe—it helps Nature to help you fight colds.

What doctors demand of a laxative

It's important, doctors say, that a laxative shouldn't be absorbed by the system, and that it should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach, which might disturb digestion. It shouldn't over-stimulate and irritate the intestines, thus weakening the natural functions. It should not gripe. And it should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax actually checks on each of these points the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Ex-Lax is safe and gentle —just like Nature

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Yet, concealed in it is one of the most scientific of all laxatives —phenolphthalein . . . of the correct quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

You'll like the easy, complete way that Ex-Lax works.

Its safeness and gentleness make Ex-Lax the perfect laxative for children as well as for grown-ups.

Get Ex-Lax at your druggist's, 10c, 25c, 50c. Or mail coupon below for a free sample.

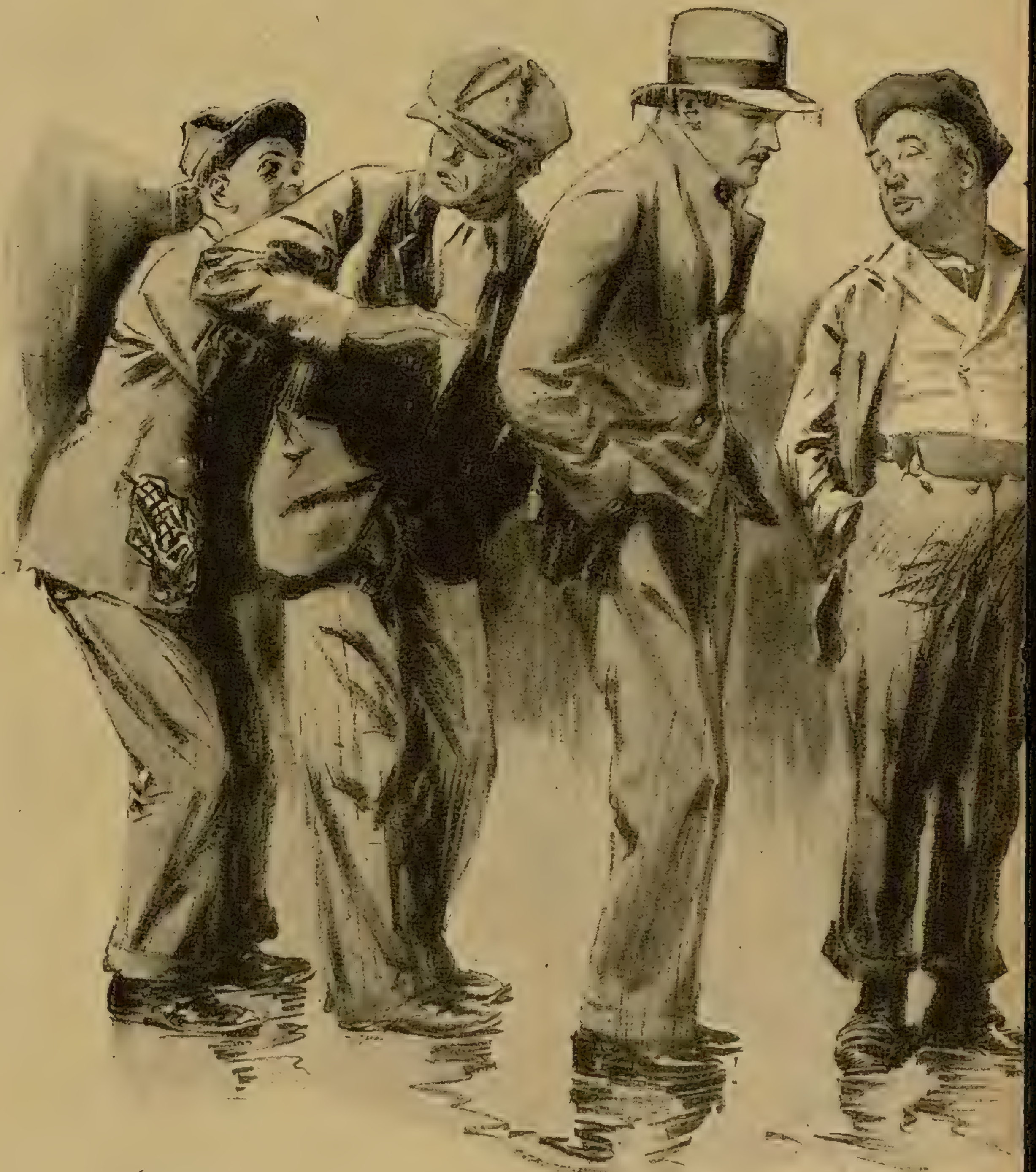
Keep "Regular" *with* **EX-LAX**

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
Ex-Lax, Inc. P. O. Box 170, L-1211
Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... State..........

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

The Well-Bread

The Story of a Bums' Rush on Depression



Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

(Reading time: 30 minutes 19 seconds.)

LOOK quick, Elbert. There he goes now, over towards the theater-ticket stand: the tall young man with the refined look. Cultured? Why, even his shoes speak with a Harvard accent! Of course I'm sure it really is H. Burlington Crews. You don't suppose I been cigarette girl around this Broadway Palace Hotel ever since the first racketeer was shot in our private rooms without knowing every bit of dirt that goes on from the night club in the basement to the roof garden on the thirty-eighth floor, do you? Of course you being on the express elevator, you only know the up-and-down; but a girl in my position gets her news on the level, on account everybody asks for cigarettes, and you don't suppose I developed that slow-motion table-to-table movement of mine strictly to go with my Spanish costume, do you?

How did I come to recognize H. Burlington Crews? Well, what do you think a respectable girl does with her Sunday mornings except read the society columns in the papers? And did they carry pictures of Crews! They snapped him on the sands at Palm Beach, on the ditto at Newport, steering a high silk hat through the Easter parade on Fifth, and among those winning costume prizes at the Beaux Arts Ball. Uh-huh! I knew H. Burlington Crews by sight long before I ever seen him.

Oh, pfrutt, Elbert! I should get stuck on a printed picture of a guy? Besides, everybody knew about H. Burlington Crews being engaged to Rosalie Worthington, the daughter of Mrs. James Collis Worthington, F.F.V., C.D., D.R., E.C.T. And was Rosalie a wow! Theirs was one of the sensational engagements of the social season, and in about half of the pictures I was mentioning Rosalie was with him—both handsome, happy, rich like Creases, and moving in the swifter-moving part of the Four Hundred.

Only a little over a year ago, that was; which was why I got such a shock, Elbert, when I recognized H. Burlington Crews in the bread line.

Yeah, it was on a rainy night, over at Columbus Circle, and I was held up by the traffic on my way here to work, when all of a sudden something made me look at the bread line—and there, not a yard off, was Mr. Crews. And of all people, right in front of him in the line was Mr. Mumps MacDuff, an old bum my pa, who is a cop, used to chase off our block! Mr. MacDuff's talking was what really called my attention to the men in the first place.

"The trouble with eatin' in dese bread lines," Mr. Mumps MacDuff was saying, "is I find it so hard to keep me diet balanced. They don't think enough about vitimes and protems." Mr. H. Burlington Crews tugged at his tiny, well kept mustache with a kinda thoughtful gesture.

"Curious habit, this eating!" he come back. "Personally, I've almost forgotten what it's like."

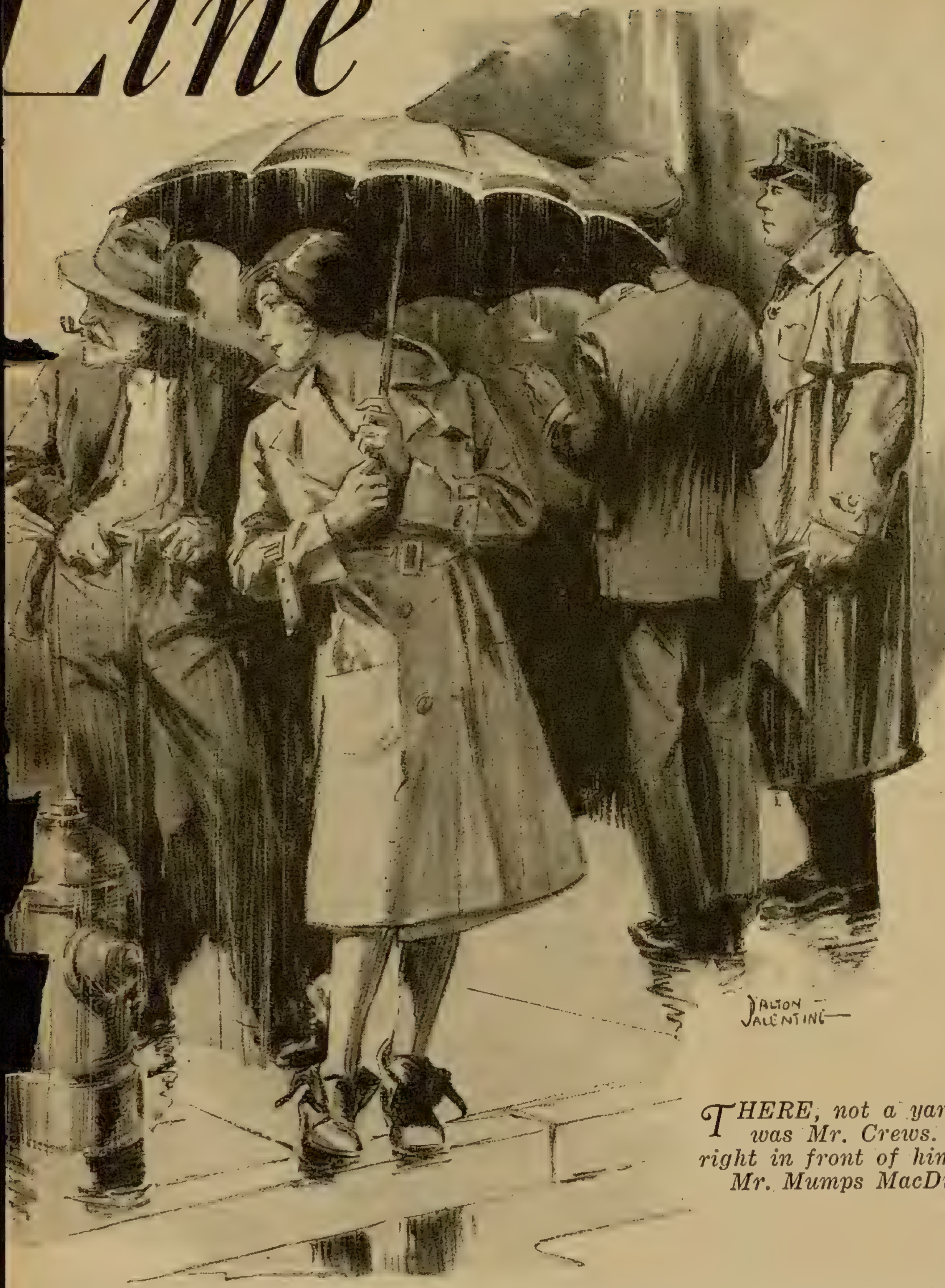
"I ate onct tonight already," says Mr. MacDuff, "Cooper Union. Beans. But I heard they serve stewed fruit up here, so that's what I come for—my fruit and coffee: the real finish to a meal, or so I see by the society papers. You talk like you might be a authority on that. How come you're at our banquet tonight, buddy? The crash?"

H. Burlington Crews give a nod. "Correct!" he said. "I say, what are we likely to get tonight, a thin soup and a bit of sole, perhaps?"

I think Mr. Crews was being sarcastic, Elbert. But whatever comeback MacDuff might of made I'll never know, because the lights changed just then and I started across the street. I'd just seen our mater de hotel, Mr. Dirkhold, dash ahead of me, and I knew what he'd say if I was late to work, so I was trying to beat him to it when,

Line

By
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



THERE, not a yard off, was Mr. Crews. And right in front of him was Mr. Mumps MacDuff.

to my surprise, Mr. H. Burlington Crews jumped right out of the bread line and followed me. At least, I thought he was following me, Elbert, until he brushed past me—and then I realized it was Mr. Dirkhold he was trying to catch.

In the lobby I seen Mr. Crews touch our high-hat mater on the arm, and Mr. Dirkhold spun around like he'd been shot. Everybody was momentarily expecting to get their notice those days, and the hotel employees all either had an edge or was on edge, see? But when Dirkhold seen it wasn't a note from the general manager he broke into his best professional smile.

"MR. CREWS!" he exclaims. "How glad I am to see you! What can I do for you, sir?"

"I'd like to talk to you a moment, Dirkhold," says the boy from Boston. "Are you in charge here?"

"Yes, sir, yes indeed, sir!" says Dirky, with a low bow in his voice. "Will you step into my private office? This way, sir, if you'll be so kind!"

Well, with that he motions H. Burlington up a half-portion flight of stairs to the balcony, and I made a nose dive for the ladies' room, snatched off my hat with one hand, stuck on my mantilla with the other, grabbed my tray of the filthy weed, and hopped up the balcony steps two at a time. I figured the mater's door might be open and I could lounge gracefully near it and maybe get an earful, and I was right.

"Dirkhold," says Crews' voice, "when you were head waiter at the Garden in Palm Beach, did I or did I not overtip you outrageously on many occasions?"

"You did, sir!" admitted Dirky. "Ah, those were the days! To tell the truth, I never thought I'd come down to acting in my present capacity in a second-rate Broadway hotel; not in those days I didn't."

"Come down!" cries our leading juvenile. "Why, man alive, you're eating, aren't you? Not only eating, but ordering huge quantities of food every day for others to eat! Man, you're not down, you're up! You're practically royalty!"

Mr. Dirkhold give a low whistle. "Is it as bad as that with you, Mr. Crews?" he questions. "I read about it when your firm went under, of course, but I'd no idea—"

"And when I followed you in here tonight you thought I was going to give you an order for a party!" said Mr. Crews.

"I did, rather," says the chief. "To be perfectly honest, I hoped so, because business isn't so good."

"But what I came in for," says H. Burlington Crews the society leader slowly, "was to see if you could give me a job. Any kind of a job."

Mr. Dirkhold took a look to see if anybody was listening, and then leaned over kinda confidential like.

"Mr. Crews," he said, "this hotel is shaky as the very devil. Not only did we open at the time of the crash, but we've had a couple of first-class shootings here, and that hasn't helped business any. The directors all have the jumps—everybody's job is hanging on a thread and we all know it. But I am in a position to hire you, and I'll do so if you like, though I can't guarantee how long it will last for either of us. I'm talking as an equal now, Mr. Crews, but I hope you'll understand that."

"Dirkhold, you're a jolly good egg," Mr. Crews remarked. "What do I do, and when do I get my first meal?"

"I was thinking of the publicity and promotion department," said Dirky. "Mr. Gluck, the head of that department, is out of town until tomorrow, but we can fix it up right now. Your social connections, you see, will look

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WELL-BREAD LINE
Continued from page twenty-five

invaluable to him, and your job would be to bring in outside business—banquets, weddings, and private parties. There's forty a week in it and the privilege of entertaining anyone who can help along the business of the hotel. What I mean is, you can have 'em to dinner in the grill and sign for 'em on the house. The last boy we had on the job fed his family for weeks, signing them off as Vanderbilts and what not—which is how the present vacancy occurred."

"I shall be innocent," says H. Burlington Crews, "of any like offense. As a matter of fact, I was beginning to think I hadn't a personal friend left in the world!"

Dirkhold hesitated a second, and then his hand shot out. I could see our new dude employee's hand come to meet it, and for a second the two of them stood in silence.

"We find our friends in queer places these days," says Dirkhold in a kind of funny voice. "If I may say so, sir, I sometimes think this slump has given the country the first real lesson in democracy it's had since the Civil War. But speaking of your friends, would it seem like an impertinence if I asked about Miss Worthington?"

"Miss Worthington's mother hasn't learned the lesson you just referred to," replies H.B.C. in a pretty bitter tone. "When I say I lost everything I mean everything. Mrs. Worthington took Rosalie out West. I wasn't even allowed to say good-by, and my letters have come back unopened."

"That doesn't sound like Miss Rosalie," says Dirkhold. "Mark my words, it's the old lady, sure's you're born! Miss Rosalie's been regularly kidnaped by her mother, that's what!"

"I've got to think so," C. Burlington come back at him grimly; "otherwise it wouldn't be worth while trying to carry on."

And so, Elbert, Mr. Crews become our assistant director of promotion, and was sitting pretty for twenty-four hours, or until Mr. Dave Gluck come back from his week-end.

Gluck, the oily thick-neck, took lunch in the grill with Dirky that day, and I stopped off to part with a package of Putrids to a farmer from Times Square, when right behind me at the next table I heard Mr. Dirkhold's voice.

"That's him!" he says. "Over there by the wall, eating by himself."

"Huh?" says Gluck, parking a huge hunk of pie long enough to take a good stare. Then come one of those silences a person could feel. I felt it right through the Spanish shawl, and turned to see what had struck the talkative Mr. Gluck dumb. He was staring at Mr. Crews, who, occupied by wrapping himself around a small steak with all the indifference of a hungry lion at work, never noticed. But Mr. Gluck's jaw had dropped so hard he had great difficulty picking it up again.

"I'M a sucker," he finally says with a peculiar tone of satisfaction, "if I didn't use to work for that feller!"

"No!" says Mr. Dirkhold.

"But yes, I'm telling you yes!" insists Gluck. "And he kicked me out of his advertising agency good and plenty, too. Claimed he didn't like my methods, see, Dirky? Just on account of a few slight business exaggerations I made—as if it was really possible to exaggerate in the advertising game!"

"You don't mean lies, do you?" says Dirky, who had got his own notice that morning and didn't care what he said to anybody now. He was eating his last free lunch, in fact, which is how he come to be sitting in the dining room, which ordinarily as mater de hotel he could not of done. "You don't happen to mean lies, do you?" he insists.

"Don't act foolish!" says Mr. Gluck, grinning. "Misrepresentation in the interest of the firm. Say, I know more about publicity in a minute than that wet smack knew in a year. And look at the proofs! Here I am boss, and he's broke and working for me and don't even realize it yet. Ha-ha! That's sure a good one!"

"Do you object to his being here?" says the decent old scout Dirkhold anxiously.

"Object?" laughs that pig Gluck. "Object? I should say not! I'm tickled to death at the chance to learn him something!"

"That's no way to speak of H. Burlington Crews!" reproves the respectful Dirkhold.

"Huh!" says Gluck. "He's just Henry B. Crews from now on, and don't you forget it!"

Aw, go on, Elbert! I guess that isn't the first time in the past two years that a guy has found himself working for an old employee and glad to get it. Nor the first time a really smart guy has found himself taking orders from a small-time rat. Sure, that's exactly what Gluck was! Just one of these guys that works a job instead of working at it, see? Oh, he had the directors and the manager buffaloed all right, and of course none of the help was wising them up. We were all too busy making cracks about how long would the hotel last and loafing on the job.

WHY, general conditions was so bad we didn't even bother putting in our off time looking for another job, for jobs were as hard to get as marrow out of a shad bone; so we just hung on where we was and hummed Rock of Ages while waiting for the ship to sink. And after a few weeks Mr. Crews seemed to have fallen into the same habit. Him and I had got quite friendly by then. I'd scraped up against his table until I'd scraped acquaintance, which is something a girl in my line can do without cracking the conventions, and I soon found out that Mr. Crews was pretty darn' lonesome and glad to have somebody to talk to. We chatted a lot at mealtimes, which he generally ate alone, never bringing in any graft guests, but only real legitimate business people, such as the chairman of the Brokers' Luncheon Club or the committee of the White Fox Professional Dancers' Annual Banquet.

And he sold some banquets, too. Not many, because banquets was being economized on the same as everything else, and when he did sell one, the folks generally decided to take the regular dollar dinner, which the boys in the dining room all tell me is really a loss to the hotel. But, anyways, as I was saying, the times he ate alone, I'd stand and talk to him as long as I'd dare, and pretty soon we was calling each other by our first names, and I knew all about Rosalie and how she never wrote, and how old Gluck was riding him and turning down every publicity suggestion he made.

"And darn' good suggestions, too, if I do say it!" he declared. "I sometimes think he doesn't want intelligent help, Viola!"

"Honest?" says I. "Say, Burley, don't you realize it's no pleasure to him to have you think up things he'd ought to have thought up himself? The best thing you can do is yes him and forget to be clever."

"But the hotel is paying me for publicity ideas," he protests. "God knows they are needed. The place will just go to smash if something radical isn't done. But when I suggested circularizing the women's clubs and describing our wonderful play room for the kids, I was told to go out and try to get the Night-Club Artists Supper League instead. But we're too dull for them. And then I suggested . . . But, oh, well, what's the use?"

"Funny, ain't it," I says, "how one sour spot like Gluck in an already weak outfit can just about finish it off? Everybody in this whole organization has sort of gone slump-minded, and I guess it would take dynamite to snap us out of it. What are you going to do?"

"Go out and get good and drunk!" says he promptly. "And loaf on the job, like everybody else. I'm fed up with earnest endeavor. I expect I might just as well eat while I can and spend my money in the nearest speakeasy."

"Oh, don't do that, Burley!" I squeaks earnestly. "What would Rosalie say?"

"If she'd say anything," he comes back bitterly, "I could stand it."

"Hasn't she written yet?"

"Not a word!" says he. "And I've stopped writ
too. What have I to offer her now?"

"Love," says I.

"Starvation!" he says. "She has no money of her own, and if she had I wouldn't use it."

"You have forty a week," I reminds him.

"Yes!" he says bitterly. "Forty a week! What's that? Nothing."

"Hey, feller!" I says. "May I remind you I'm living on thirty a week some weeks, including tips, and living respectable, too? I guess you ain't learned the big lesson of the depression yet, buddy!"

"What lesson?" he says, crocheting his eyebrows in a puzzled fashion.

"That money is the least important thing in the world," I told him. "Practically everybody has had their money taken away. But nothing has as yet removed such things as loyalty, friends worth having, or love. The crash hasn't taken away our kids, if we were lucky enough to have 'em, or our kind mothers, or made it rain every day. Suppose you ain't got much money. Well, what of it? *What of it,* I say? Gee whiz, ain't everybody you hear of in the same boat? What'll money buy you that you ain't got now, except a few possessions to worry over? Don't you know that song number, The Best Things in Life Are Free?"

"Perhaps you're right!" he says. "But Rosalie's mother doesn't seem to think so."

"You're not in love with Rosalie's mother," I points out.

"Look here!" he says suddenly. "Who are you in love with?"

AW, shut up, Elbert, none of your business what I told him! This is Mr. Crews' story, not ours. Well, anyways, he wrote her that night. I know because he flashed the envelope at me before he stuck it in the mail chute. But he also went to the speakeasy. In fact, he commenced going there quite a lot, along with some of the boys from the office. And while all of them still ate their free meal regular in the grill, that come to be about the only regular attention any of 'em gave to the hotel. There just wasn't any business to take care of, see? And I tell you, Elbert, things was pretty critical when the affair about the United Christian Ministers Convention come up.

Everybody, from the directors down to the bootblacks in Tony's parlor, thought it would be a wonderful thing for the hotel if the ministers was to come there. There was to be about a thousand of 'em. And, Elbert, even an elevator boy can understand where a thousand ministers can go a long ways towards counteracting the effect of a few miserable racketeer shootings.

Something had to save the hotel and save our jobs for us, and you can bet, Elbert, there was some plain and fancy praying going on between the basement barber shop and the Mid-Air Patio on the roof.

Then, one day when I knew Gluck was in conference with the directors, and they run out of smokes and sent for me—well, I smelled ministers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

3 *out of* 4 GENERATIONS Smoke *EDGEWORTH*

(But the fourth is only 5 years old)

MR. ROBERT M. GABELER of Gloversville, N. Y., comes from a pipe-smoking family. The Gabelers are men who enjoy their smoking, and Mr. Gabeler's letter printed below will quickly tell you why:

"Gentlemen:

"I have smoked Edgeworth tobacco since 1918, when I first started to smoke. I have never been able to find another tobacco to satisfy me as Edgeworth does. Naturally I have tried several different brands, but there is something lacking in all of them.

"There are four generations in our family and three of them smoke Edgeworth. The only reason that the fourth doesn't smoke it too is that he's only 5 years old!

"When my son becomes old enough to smoke I'll present him with a pipe and a supply of Edgeworth. I honestly believe that Edgeworth contains nothing but the highest grade tobacco."

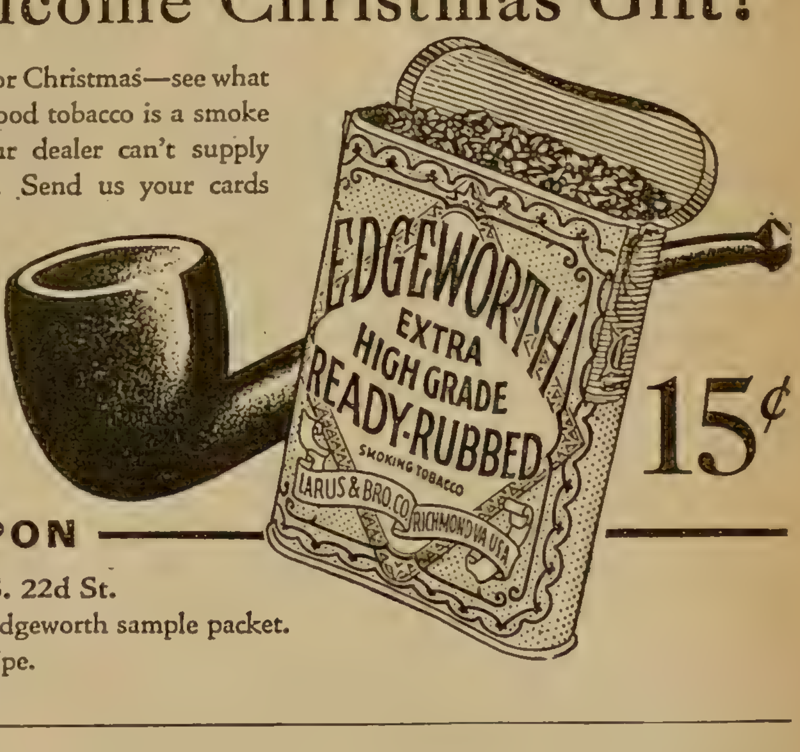
What Mr. Gabeler says about Edgeworth echoes what thousands and thousands of men have found to be true about pipe smoking, and about Edgeworth, too. For full pleasure from smoking, a pipe filled with Edgeworth tops the field.

Just settle down to a good pipe and Edgeworth. You'll have the coolest, smoothest, finest-flavored smoke that a man ever knew.

All we ask is that you give pipe smoking *a fair chance.* Get Edgeworth at any dealer's. Or, if you want to try before you buy, clip the coupon. It will bring you a special sample packet of Edgeworth, free. Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

What a Welcome Christmas Gift!

Give him Edgeworth and a pipe for Christmas—see what a welcome *they* get! A pipe and good tobacco is a smoke a man can really enjoy. If your dealer can't supply Edgeworth gift cartons, we can. Send us your cards and we'll mail the Edgeworth to your Christmas list. $1.65 a pound in glass jar, $1.50 a pound in Humidor tin, 75¢ a half pound. And, if you prefer to try before you buy, the coupon below will bring you a special sample packet, free!



15¢

CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va. Send me the Edgeworth sample packet.
I'll try the Edgeworth in a *good* pipe.

Name__________

Address__________

City and State__________ B-83

LISTEN TO THE DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS AS THEY SING IN THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

THE WELL-BREAD LINE
Continued from page twenty-seven

right away—and I was right. When I came in, the directors and Mr. Gluck paid no more attention to me than as if I was an automat, but picked out their smokes and went right on talking as if I wasn't there. However, the very first sentence, which landed on my ear with a wallop, slowed me up on making change and set me fumbling for the right cigarettes so's to keep myself in the chamber of horrors.

"I tell you, gentlemen, it ain't my fault!" Gluck was saying it with perspiration. "It's all that dumb social egg of a Crews you wished on to me. Don't blame me; blame him!"

Mr. Hirshfield—who they tell me, Elbert, is our biggest stockholder as well as being manager of the hotel—leaned over the polished table and give Gluck a dirty look.

"I cannot understand why the contract hasn't been handled by you personally, Mr. Gluck," he says. "This convention of the Christian Ministers, as I really need not explain to you, is something we have made a particular play for. It was your job to close them. Why did you let this fellow Crews handle it?"

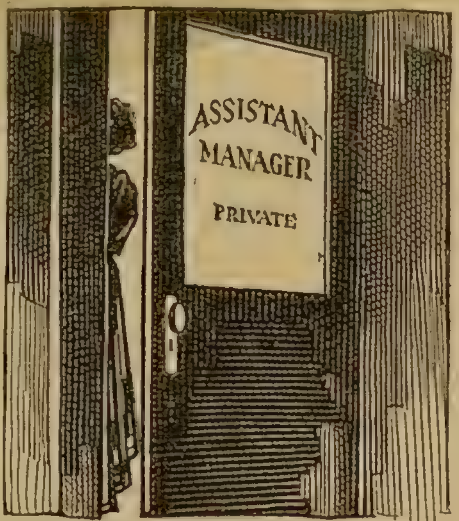
"I laid out the whole campaign!" says Gluck indignantly. "I give him a full line of instruction, and I guess he just antagonized the bunch with his high-hat manner. You know I told you gentlemen already Crews is the wrong class for a hotel like this one. He ain't democratic enough!"

"Get rid of him, then," says a deep voice from the other end of the table. "Give him his notice today. God knows we can't afford to carry any dead wood around here."

Mr. Gluck grinned his satisfaction and made a bow towards the speaker.

"That's a wise idea, Mr. Smith," he says. "And I'll take the convention up immediately in person, myself, with the Reverend White, who's in charge of their committee. I know they've had an offer from the Worlington Hotel, but I understand they ain't closed yet."

Well, Elbert, I didn't wait to hear any more, but dashed out of the room before I commenced to cry. So that dirty Gluck had got his own way, and I thought probably with some justice, judging from how Mr. H. Burlington Crews had been slumping lately! And the very first person I ran into on the otherwise deserted mezzanine floor was Burley himself. He was walking on his toes and whistling softly under his breath, and I went right up to him and dragged him off behind a couple of potted palms where we wouldn't be noticed talking. Then I spilled what I'd just heard. And he whistled again, but in a different way.



"BUT I say, look here, Carmencita, it's not true!" he exclaims. "Gluck has been handling the whole deal himself, and wouldn't even let me have a look-in. He's treated me just like an oil painting!"

"How's that?" I asked.

"Framed me!" says he. "Just as I'd written Rosalie a thesis on how to live on forty dollars a week, too! I wonder," he adds pensively, "if the postman would let me have my letter back? I want to change the four to a zero."

"But didn't you really have anything to do with losing the convention?" I wanted to know.

"Nothing!" he says positively. "All I did was carry the envelope containing Gluck's proposition down to the Reverend White's office at St. Christopher's, like the darn' bell hop that I am." Then he stopped dead still for a moment, except for tugging at his little mustache, and his eyes lit up all of a sudden.

"Venus," he says, "how would you like to be the woman in the case?"

"Nix!" I says hastily. "The woman in the case usually gets bumped off!"

"But no dramatic move is complete without an unknown woman! Do you know any newspaper reporters?" he added for no apparent reason.

"Yeah; there is one comes in here to lunch," I says. "But he's just lost his job."

"But you can work a telephone?" was the next crazy question he shot at me.

"When I have a nickel to spare," I replied.

Burley dug down in his pants pocket and brought up a fistful of change—mostly nickels.

"My entire remaining fortune," he explains, "with the possible exception of forty bucks which will be coming to me with a polite note informing me my services here are no longer required.

"Now," says he, "I propose to squander this vast sum of forty-five cents on the probably unappreciative telephone company. I want you to take it and phone every newspaper office in the city. Make your voice sound dramatic—rather terrified, in fact, and as if you were afraid of being overheard. Get the city editors, and tell 'em you know something terrific is scheduled to take place tonight in the grill room of this hotel, and that they'd better plant a reporter at a table there well before seven o'clock. Refuse to give your name or tell who you are."

"Gosh, Burley," I quavered. "What are you planning to do?"

"HA-HA! It works!" says he, pointing his finger at me and pressing his thumb down like he was firing a gun. "See! You're thinking just what the editors will think! There have been two sensational shootings here and they will naturally anticipate a third, and in a way they will be right—there's going to be a shooting!"

"Oh, Burley!" I says with a sort of smothered yell. "Gluck ain't worth it! If you kill him, they'll get you, sure!"

"I'm shooting, but not Gluck!" says he, making a terrible face at me. "So don't worry, but promise me faithfully to do that phoning—do it now!"

"Of course I will," I says, my heart in my mouth, for the desperate look on his face really had me scared to death. "But who are you going to shoot?"

"The works!" he says grimly, and walks away.

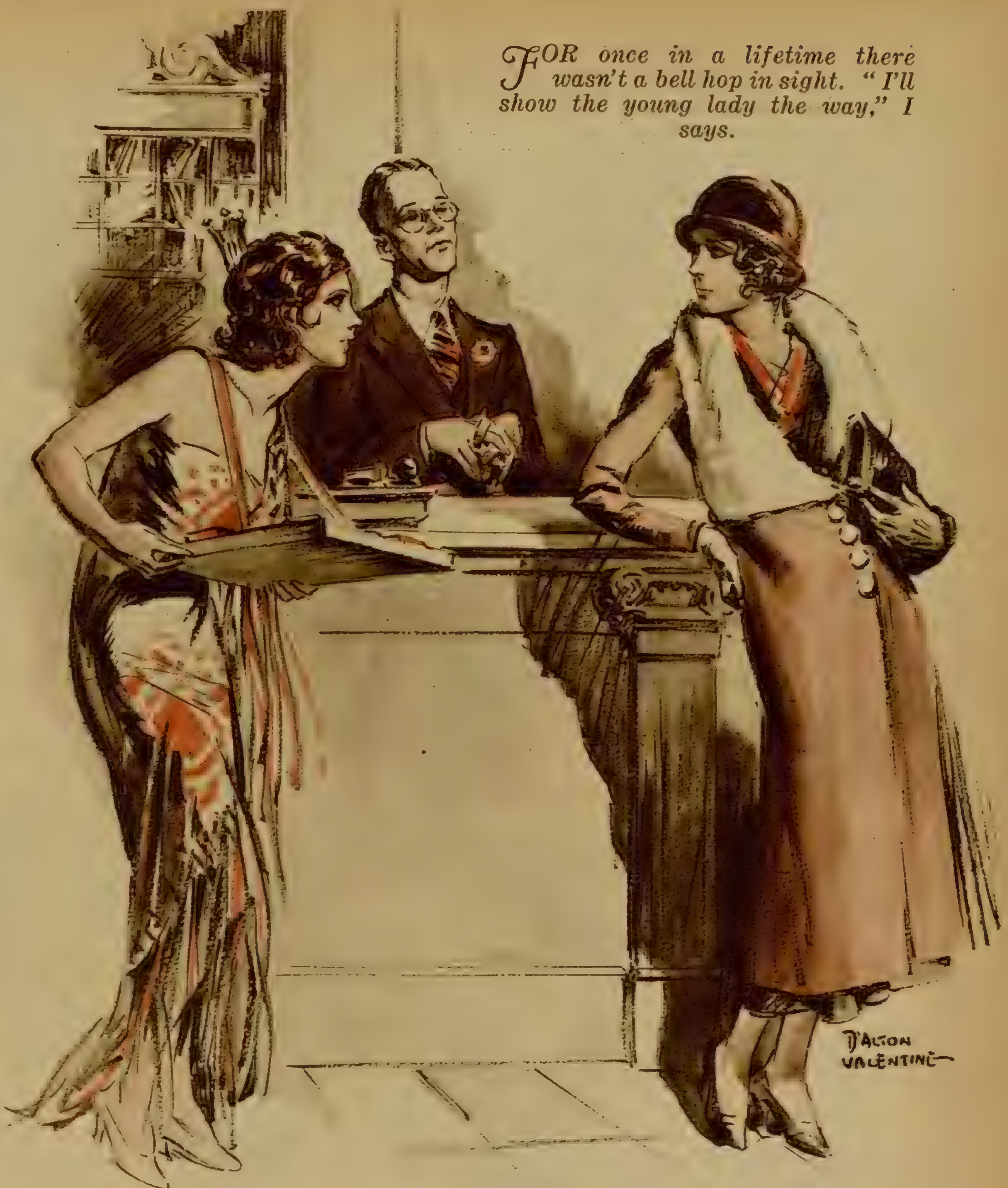
Well, Elbert, I kept my word and phoned, like Mr. Crews had said to. And I don't mind telling you I didn't have to act any in order to make my voice sound terrified. I phoned from several drug stores to make the calls harder to trace, and then put in the three-hour stretch to seven o'clock worrying myself into a state of frenzy pretty near.

Of course poor H. Burlington Crews was just about desperate, and the injustice that went with being fired was undoubtedly the finishing touch which had sent him goofy. Several times I had a good mind to go see the house doctor and tell him to get a strait-jacket ready and ring for the wagon. But something held me back. Desperate men had been doing some pretty peculiar things those days, but, on the other hand, I figured perhaps Mr. Crews would cool off before seven and forget whatever awful thing he intended doing.

Well, I wandered around the tea dansant that afternoon like a woman in a dream, Elbert, and hardly heard the calls for smokes. And then, when at about six fifteen the banquet manager blew in, and I grabbed him to ask had he seen Mr. Crews anywheres, and he says yes, Crews is still over in the speakeasy, getting a skinful—well, I nearly went off my own head! And then at around six thirty the reporters commenced to arrive.

Why, certainly, Elbert, I could tell they were reporters by the way they marched into the grill and ordered on the expense account. People who are paying for their own meals generally take the table d'hôte, but an expense-account orders from the big card in spite of his appearance. Well, anyways, I figured there must be at least six of these newspaper birds in the grill at five minutes to seven, and I sort of hated to even walk past 'em for fear they would recognize my voice. And then all of a sudden the entire atmosphere of the room sort of tightened up. Actually I could feel it before I heard a sound.

My back was towards the main entrance to the grill;



FOR once in a lifetime there wasn't a bell hop in sight. "I'll show the young lady the way," I says.

but some instinct hit me, and I whirled around in the middle of a sale, and of all things, there in the doorway stood Mr. Mumps MacDuff, that old bum I used to know and who I'd seen talking to Mr. H. Burlington Crews that night, weeks ago, in the bread line! The head waiter was trying to keep him out, but that Mumps is a hard one to scare. He was just as ragged and dirty as ever, and just as fat and good-natured-looking, but he was determined to come in.

"Some caviar, me good man!" he says at the top of his voice. "And stewed tripe and onions, if you got any, and gimme my coffee in a deep saucer!"

"I tell you, you can't come in here!" shouts the head waiter, getting panicky and raising his voice, too. "Gaston! Albert! *A moi!* Help me here!"

"I tell you, it's the young gent's instructions!" Mr. Mumps MacDuff shouts even louder. "He told us seven o'clock!"

BY that time, Elbert, I saw what Mumps meant by "us"; for behind him in the lobby was at least a dozen other men, all shabby, dirty in various degrees, and starved-looking. Everybody in the grill—there was ten people, not counting reporters, in a room meant to feed two hundred—was standing up by now, craning their necks. And at that minute Mr. H. Burlington Crews pushed his way through the gang of tramps and spoke to the head waiter.

I couldn't hear what Burley says to him, but it acted like magic, for the head waiter drew back meekly, a scowl on his face, but taking orders from our almost-ex-publicity man. And in come the tramps, rushing by him like a flood. Before I can hardly tell you, there was a hundred and fifty at least. The grill room overflowed with 'em: tramps, down-and-outers, crash victims, and quite a few still decent-looking new recruits to the army of the unemployed.

They grabbed chairs and crowded around every table in the place, and, when there was no more room left, joined the regular guests without waiting for an invitation. Through all the confusion H. Burlington Crews rushed back and forth, helping to get the men seated, trying to make 'em behave a little, and yet with a cheery word for each and a pat on the back for the few timid ones.

"A little patience and a little quiet, please, gentlemen!" he was saying. "Kindly remember you are the guests of the Broadway Palace Hotel! And being our guests tonight, we hope you will behave as such!" Finally he climbed up on a little serving table and had to shout it at 'em. "Remember," he says, "this is a gesture of democratic brotherhood. We have a large room and food, and we want you to get some benefit from it. But we also want a little coöperation from you men, or we will not be able to repeat the experiment. Mr. Mumps MacDuff, I hereby appoint you my lieutenant. Will you please assist me in seeing that everybody is taken care of and that nobody grabs?"

"Cheest, I knew I'd have to woik fer dis meal!" says Mr. Mumps, getting up with a groan.

A roar of laughter greeted that remark, and then all of a sudden there was a blinding flash, a explosion, and the room was filled with acrid smoke. When I opened my eyes I fully expected to see Mr. Gluck's body laying on the floor and Mr. Crews with a smoking gun in his hand.

WELL, Elbert, both were present; but Mr. Gluck, far from being dead, was dancing up and down in front of H. Burlington Crews, and Mr. Gluck's face was purple with rage and excitement, while some enterprising press photographer was busy putting away the flashlight apparatus which I had mistaken for a shooting.

"Whatter you mean by this outrage?" Gluck was hollering. "Call 'em off, get 'em out of here, or I'll put you in jail!" While H. Burlington Crews, instead of shaking a gun at his chief, was pointing a folded paper at his fat nose and hollering back.

"This contract of mine reads that I can entertain any person or persons who can help the hotel!" he says. "I can entertain 'em here in this grill and sign the check. The check is signed and I'm not fired until tomorrow. And if I see fit to entertain the entire bread line, that's my affair until you can prove it's been a detriment to the hotel instead of a help. And now get out of here—you are disturbing my guests!"

Well, say, Elbert, I wisht you could of seen the headlines in the newspapers next day! "Broadway Hotel Helps Needy" and "Broadway Palace Hotel Host to Bread Line." And then the tabs, with "Christian Charity Now Hotel Policy" and "Bums' Banquet Heartens Homeless."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WELL-BREAD LINE
Continued from page twenty-nine

Every one of 'em a boost—a magnificent ad of the first water, Elbert; the kind of stuff money can't buy. And that darned flashlight picture was in, too. Boy, was it a wow! I bought all the papers on my way to work, and several of 'em even had editorials on what a fine thing it was for our hotel to of done and how a lot of our other half-empty caravanserais might do well to follow their example. What are caravanserais, Elbert—a kind of brassière? Well, never mind that just now! Anyways, there was not a knock in a carload. But, even so, I didn't expect to find H. Burlington Crews in the mood I did. In fact, I wasn't at all sure I'd find him at the Palace, his notice having taken effect that morning. But at noontime he turned up. The grill room was jammed to capacity by people who had been reading about it in the morning papers and come there hoping to see some more excitement, and I was in the doorway, getting some air. Well, Mr. H. Burlington Crews was whistling as he come down the corridor; but when he seen me he stopped and grinned.

"HELLO, Pepita, my dear!" he says. "I'm about to have the satisfaction of handing this in and calling Gluck a liar before I leave!" And with that he sticks a document into my hand and motions me to open it up. And, Elbert, believe it or not, what I read was a contract between the Christian Ministers and the Broadway Palace Hotel, signed by the Reverend White himself!

"Gosh!" I says. "How did you get it?"

"Blackmail!" replies Burley calmly. "I went down to the reverend gent's office this morning with an armful of newspapers, and pointed out that in view of this publicity he could hardly afford to go elsewhere. He signed. What's more, he's agreed to give an interview to the press expressing his official approval of our policy and our splendid example in practical Christianity."

"That's swell!" I says. "But, Burley, it don't seem decent, somehow, to force a clergyman like that!"

"Force nothing!" says Burley, his language improving with every sentence. "He's a smart guy and he left the dotted line strictly alone until I'd sold him our ideas on price and service as well."

"Oh, Burley, that's great!" says I. "And maybe Rosalie won't be proud when she reads the papers!" A funny look come over his face at that.

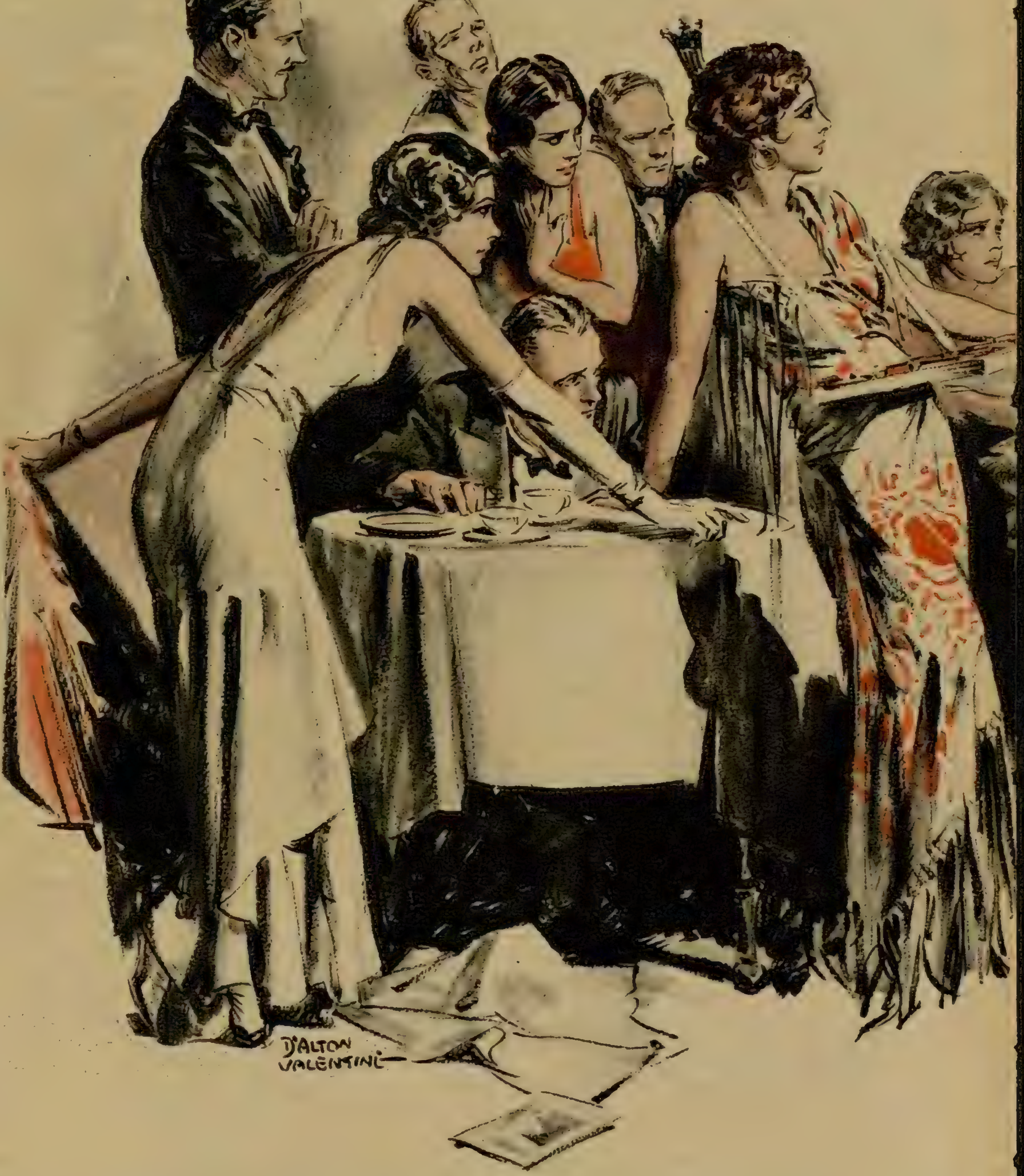
"Not of me, Evangeline!" says he sadly. "Because the newspapers give Gluck all the credit. He's let 'em think it was all his idea, and I'm not even mentioned."

"Gluck?" I says. "I noticed that, but of course you're going to correct the statement, aren't you?"

And what Burley might of answered I couldn't tell you, Elbert, because just then the door of the manager's private office flew open and Mr. Hirshfield, the manager himself, stuck out his head.

"Young man!" he says to Burley in a severe tone. "Come in here. I want to speak to you!"

Well, Elbert, you know that song number about You Came to Me from Out of Nowhere, huh? Say, now listen. This was about a month later, see? The big convention



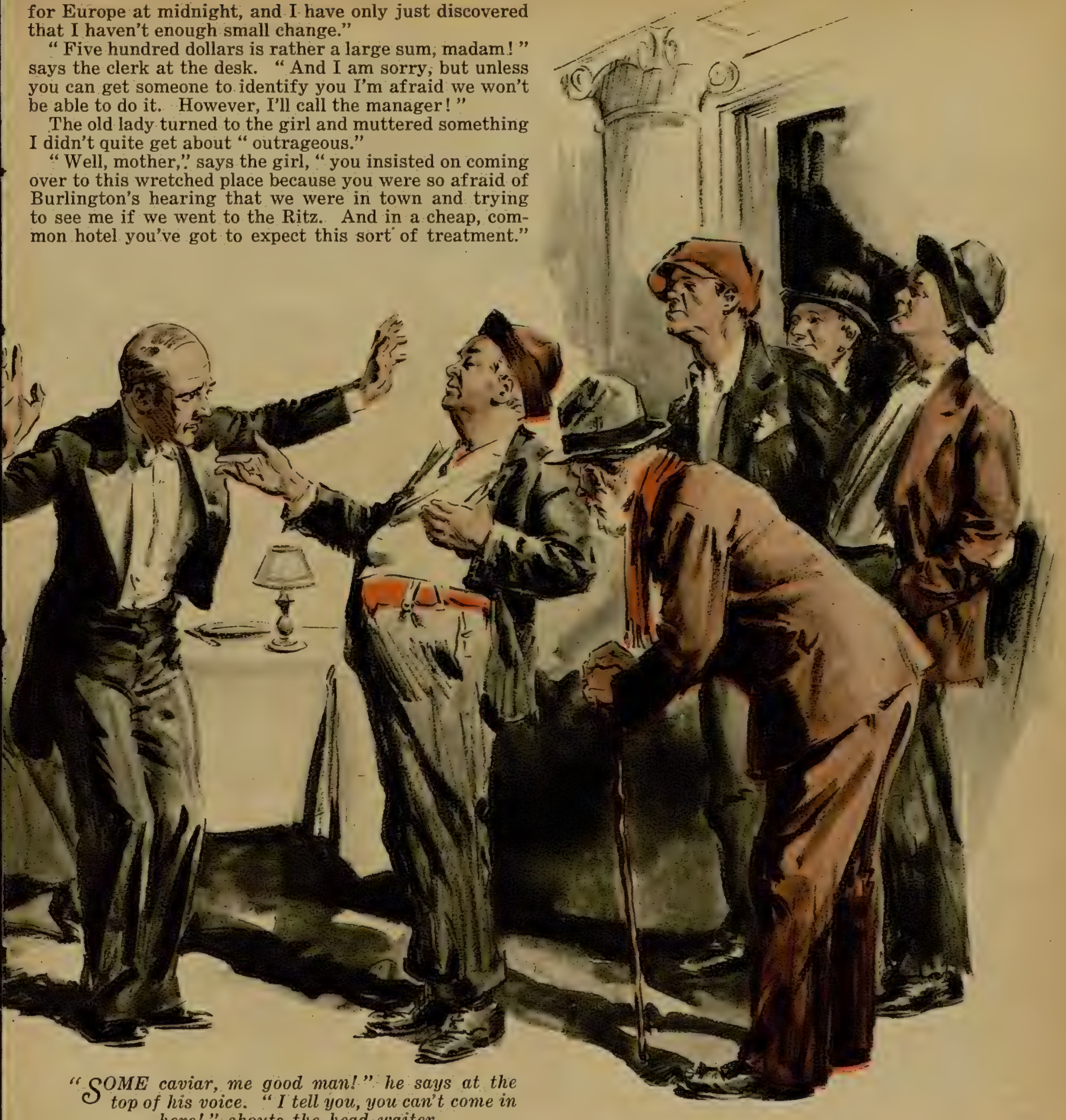
was over, but it had brought other business of the same kind, and the hotel was pretty full, when one evening I was in the lobby and noticed two ladies who didn't seem to belong with us. One was a majestic old dame with white hair and a dog collar of black velvet holding up her dewlaps, and was she sore! The other was a terrible good-looking girl, and right away I knew I'd seen her some place before.

"But I assure you the check is perfectly good!" the older lady was snapping at the desk clerk. "And it is absolutely imperative for me to cash it. We are sailing for Europe at midnight, and I have only just discovered that I haven't enough small change."

"Five hundred dollars is rather a large sum, madam!" says the clerk at the desk. "And I am sorry, but unless you can get someone to identify you I'm afraid we won't be able to do it. However, I'll call the manager!"

The old lady turned to the girl and muttered something I didn't quite get about "outrageous."

"Well, mother," says the girl, "you insisted on coming over to this wretched place because you were so afraid of Burlington's hearing that we were in town and trying to see me if we went to the Ritz. And in a cheap, common hotel you've got to expect this sort of treatment."



"SOME caviar, me good man!" he says at the top of his voice. "I tell you, you can't come in here!" shouts the head waiter.

"Thank heaven we'll be out of it in an hour!" says her ma. "Here, Rosalie, you take the check and attend to it while I go upstairs and see if Marie has everything in that last trunk! Don't loiter, now!"

WELL, the old lady got into this very elevator of yours, Elbert, and the minute she was swallowed by it I got up and walked over to Rosalie. The clerk was by now talking to her.

"Sorry, Miss Worthington, the manager isn't in," said he. "But the assistant manager might be able to help you, if you don't mind stepping up to his office." Then he looked around.

"Front!" he called. "Front!" But for once in a lifetime there wasn't a bell hop in sight. This was my chance and I grabbed it.

"I'll show the young lady the way," I says. And in another instant Rosalie was following me down the narrow corridor behind the desk. Outside the door marked ASSISTANT MANAGER I suddenly laid a hand on her arm.

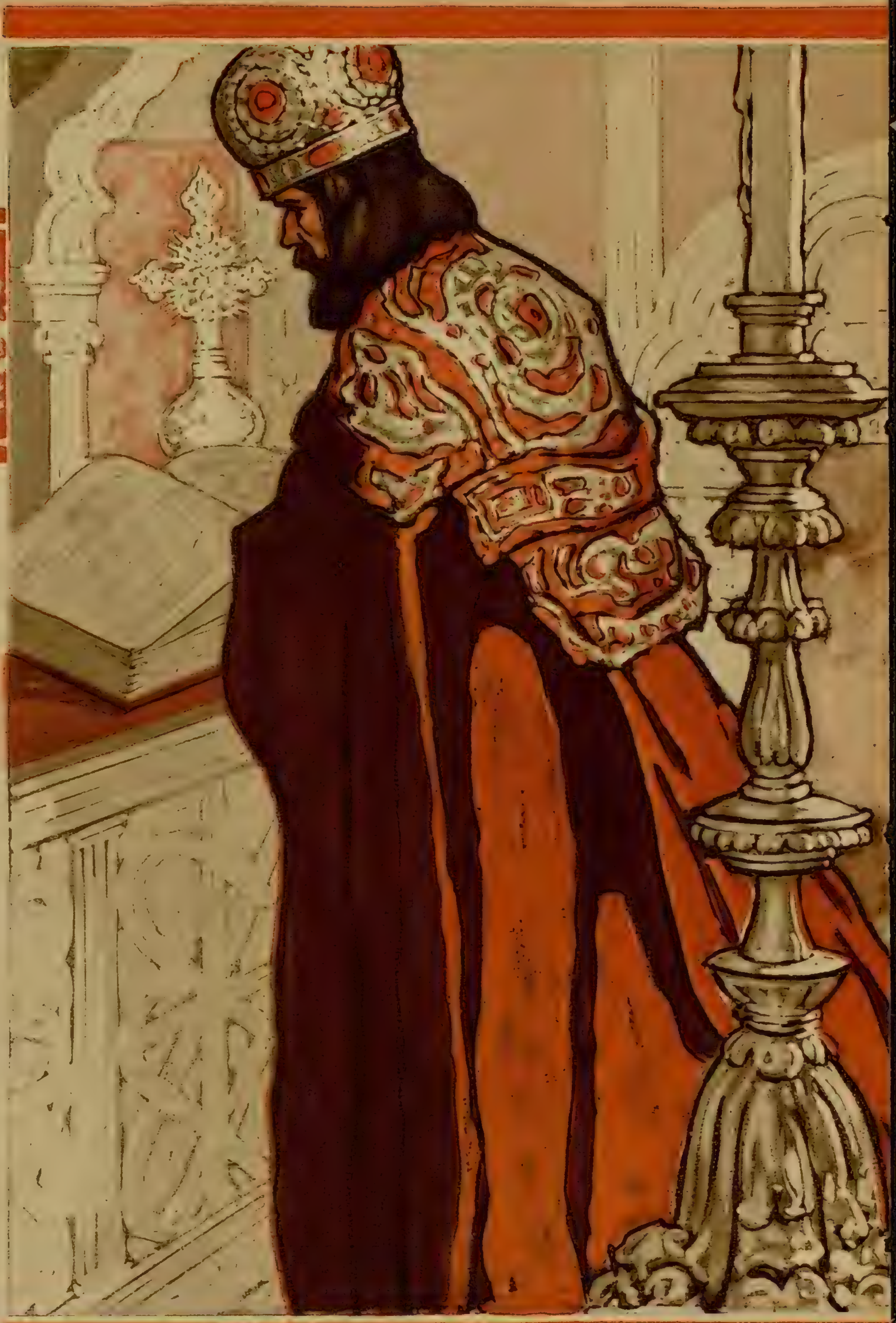
"If you walk out on him this time," I hissed at her severely, "you deserve to lose him for good and all!" Her eyes popped at me—and well they might, Elbert. However, I gave her no chance to answer, but shoved her into the room and banged the door shut just as our new assistant manager H. Burlington Crews got to his feet with a yell.

Talk about casting your bread line on the waters, eh, Elbert? Then I went to the house phone and called Rosalie's ma.

"Mrs. Worthington?" I says calmly. "This is the assistant manager's assistant speaking. Please don't be alarmed, but this hotel is on fire. Kindly leave your room as quickly and quietly as possible and get on the steamer. Your daughter is quite safe and will join you later."

Then I hung the receiver up and completed my sentence. "Maybe!" I added. "Maybe!"

THE END



Educatio

I Reach Paris and Comm
Days—

By MAR

Drawings by
B. Latham Kidder

(Reading time: 20 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE Red revolution in Russia found Grand Duchess Marie, first cousin of the already dethroned Czar Nicholas II, a bride. She had been married to Prince Sergei Putiatin, her former marriage to Prince William of Sweden having been annulled some years before. At the end of July, 1918, after months of hardships and apprehension, with the lives of all the Romanoffs on Russian soil increasingly in jeopardy, Marie and her husband escaped from Petrograd (now Leningrad) to Odessa, leaving their baby son with the prince's parents, who were to follow them.

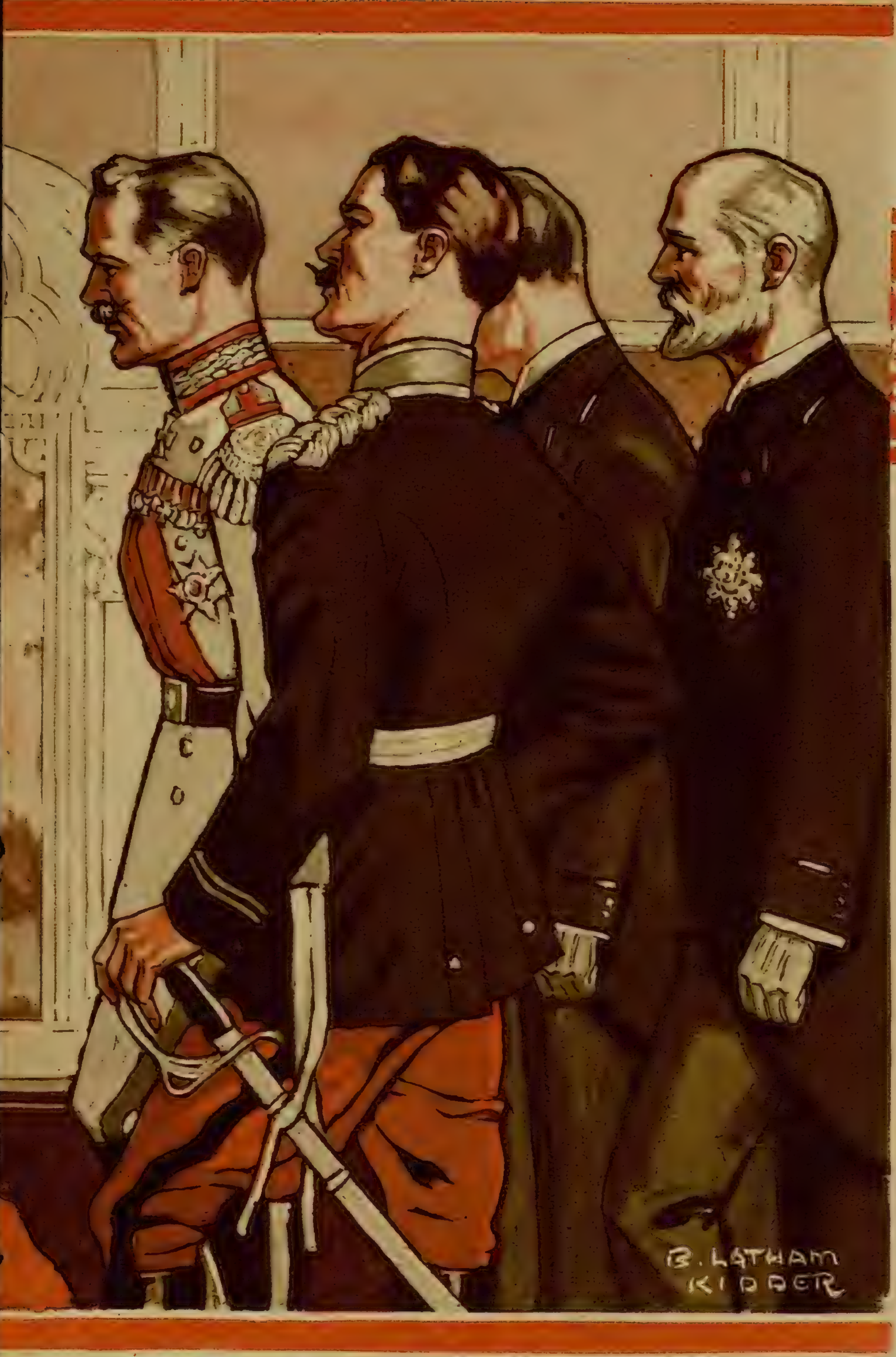
From Odessa, as the Grand Duchess has told in the opening installments of Education in Exile, the couple fled to Kishinev and thence journeyed to Bucharest, where they became guests of Roumania's king and queen. During their stay there, Marie got in touch with her brother, Grand Duke Dmitri, who had made his way into Persia. This was a joyous event for her, but soon her fears for her father, Grand Duke Paul, whom she knew to be a prisoner of the Bolsheviks, were proved only too well founded when word came that he had been murdered. The next piece of tragic news to reach her was that of the deaths of her aunt and foster mother, Grand Duchess Elizabeth, her stepbrother, Prince Vladimir ("Volodia") Paley, and other relatives who had been prisoners in Siberia.

Dmitri being by this time in London, a British army officer, the grief-stricken Marie determined to join him, and with her husband she set out for Paris, there to await the passport visas that would permit them to enter England.

Part Three

IN Paris we did not go to a hotel; it would have been too expensive. We accepted the invitation of a Russian family who owned a house in Passy. My memories of this stay in Paris are particularly sad ones. Before the war I used to come to France only to see my father, and those used to be joyous trips; but now Paris held for me nothing but recollections of him.

In 1902, after having made a morganatic marriage, my father was exiled from Russia by the emperor. Not knowing how long they would be obliged to remain abroad, my father and his wife decided to settle down in Paris, where they bought a house. The property they selected was situated outside the gates of the city in a fashionable suburb called Boulogne-sur-Seine. To reach it you had to drive through the Bois de Boulogne. The house, which stood in a garden, was at first not a large one; but every year something was added to it. My father and my step-



On the emperor's birthday an official Te Deum was celebrated, for which my father would put on his full-dress uniform and all his decorations.

n EXILE

the Ghosts of Happier
r Resented

and Duchess of Russia

mother led in their home the life of private people, saw whom they wished, and did what they pleased. During the years I spent in Sweden, where I was forced to be constantly in the public eye, it was a rest and a welcome change to escape all formality for two or three short weeks; it was a joy also to feel, for a time at least, part of this happy household.

Immediately upon my arrival in Paris I felt the longing to go out to the house at Boulogne. Although I knew what pain the visit would give me, I felt it was also going to be, in a way, an appeasement. For so long had I concentrated my thoughts upon the atrocious circumstances which surrounded my father's last months and death, that the sight of the old home, the once familiar setting, with all the recollections they would bring back, might, I hoped, drive away the pictures my imagination had created around my father's sufferings. I wanted to reconnect his memory with the peaceful life, the pleasant home, the things that still held his imprint. And I went to Boulogne.

NOTHING at first sight had changed there during the five years in which I had not seen the place; from the outside the house and the garden looked exactly the same. The paths were swept, the bushes clipped, only there were no flowers in the beds. I rang at the gate. Old Gustave, the concierge, peeped out of his lodge and recognized me, as did his wife Josephine, who came to the door when she heard the bell. Visitors were rare now, they told me. Dmitri had called several months before, and it was they who had told him that his father was in prison.

"Our poor dear Grand Duke!" said Josephine.

I followed her and Gustave into their lodge, where we sat down and wept. Then we told each other about our troubles. The old couple had also had their share of anxieties: their only son, who had gone through the worst of the war unhurt, was now in a sanitarium with tuberculosis. They were able to give me news of my stepmother. After my father's death, according to them, she had left Petrograd and was now either in Finland or in Sweden. My stepsisters were with their mother.

Then I wandered out into the garden. It was spring and everything was beautifully green and bright; the gravel crunched under my feet; I was plunged immediately into the old atmosphere. It seemed as if the door on to the stone terrace might open and my father,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page thirty-three

wearing his old tweed cape, would come down into the garden followed by the two little girls.

Gustave followed me to the entrance with his keys. The door was opened, I walked in, and then Gustave discreetly withdrew. Everything here was very different from what I had been accustomed to before, even the size of the rooms; they seemed to have grown smaller. All my father's collections and every object of value had been transported to Russia a few months before the war. His banishment had been lifted in 1913. He had started then to build a house at Tsarskoe Selo into which he and the family had moved in the spring of 1914.

The house at Boulogne was now exactly as it had been abandoned five years previously. The glass cases were empty, there were hardly any pictures on the walls, and the furniture stood huddled together under sheets. A dead silence hung over everything. From the hall I went into the dining room. Here nothing much had changed; only the two beautiful Chinese pots were gone from the chimneypiece. It was a small room which could hardly hold more than the family; when my father and stepmother gave big dinners the table was set in the adjoining room. But it was here that we gathered every day for lunch and dinner. The spring sun poured through the tall windows. I stood there looking at the worn yellow silk of the chairs, at the polished round table, and one by one the familiar scenes came back to my mind.

Here was the place at which my father always sat. He was very punctual, and if we failed to be in his study on the stroke of half past twelve he would go to the dining room alone and sit down. Before lunch we had taken a walk in the Bois de Boulogne and I had gone to my room to tidy up. When I joined him in the dining room he would be mildly impatient because it was bad for the Parmesan soufflé to be kept waiting. Beside my father stood his wife's empty chair, and it always remained empty until the middle of the meal. My stepmother could never be ready on time, and he had given her up as hopeless. She was either dressing, up in her bedroom, or shopping in town. After a shopping expedition she would return laden with neatly tied parcels and cardboard boxes, which she flung down on a chair beside the windows. Lunch proceeded. The little girls on either side of their governess tried to be very good. Volodia, my stepbrother, made a lot of noise and asked innumerable questions; any attempt at a conversation in his presence was useless, and it was equally useless to try to silence him.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Grand Duchess Marie as she looked in her early twenties, at the time of her visits to her exiled father at his home in Boulogne-sur-Seine.

AT dinner our party was still smaller, the children having had their supper before us. My father liked us to wear tea gowns. After dinner he would read aloud to my stepmother and me.

From the dining room I went to the little library where we would sit around a small table and embroider while my father read. But it was his study next the library which held most of my memories of him; in this room I could picture him much more clearly than anywhere else in the house. It was a narrow room with three big windows along one of the walls. At the first window, sideways, stood his desk; at the second, his favorite armchair and a small leather sofa. The armchair stood uncovered. There was a dent in its back at the place where he leaned his head. I could see him now, holding up a book with his beautiful tapering fingers and looking over his dark-rimmed glasses to answer a question. Here we used to have tea when we were alone.

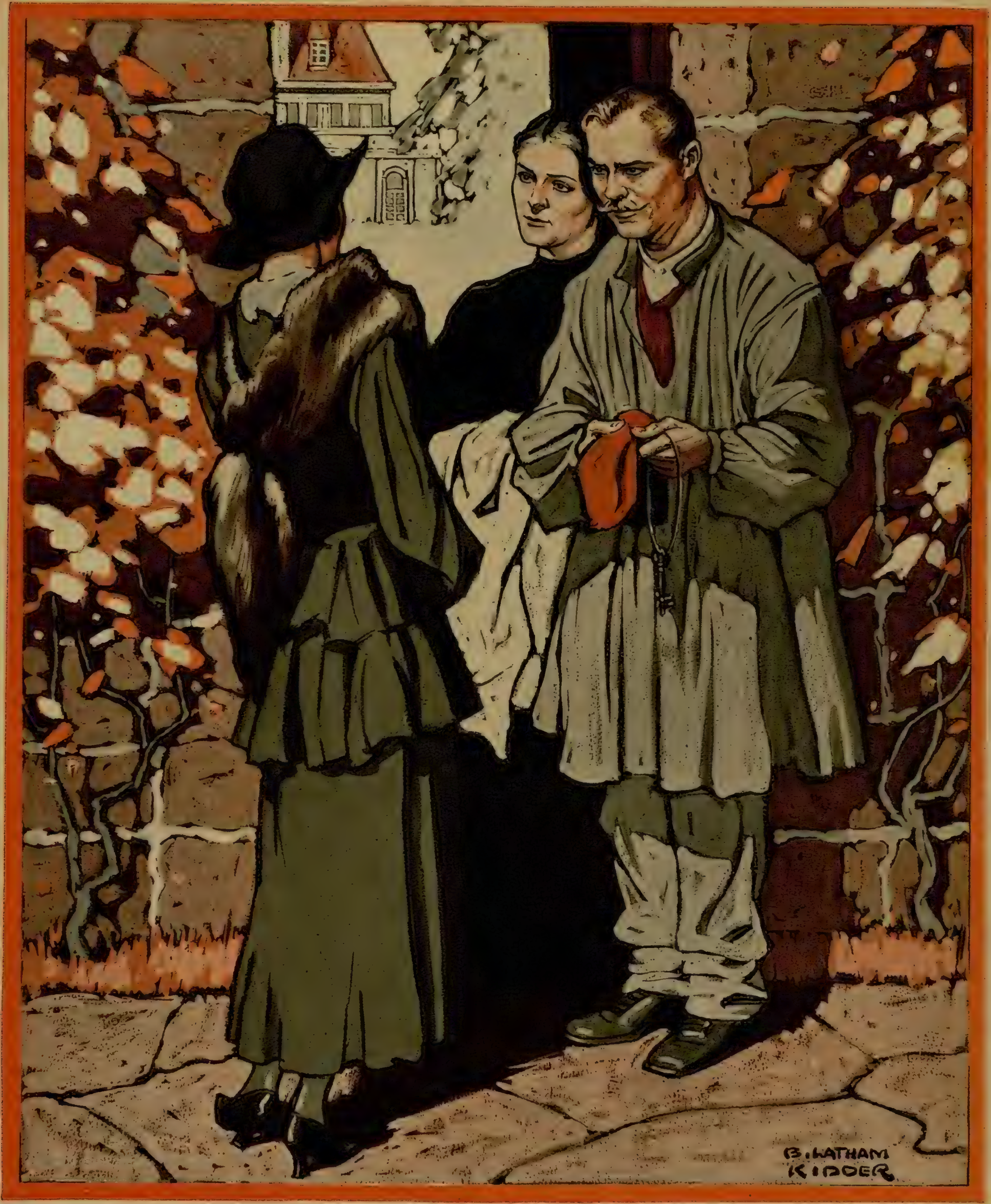
Seating myself now on the leather sofa I plunged deeper and deeper into the past. I saw my brother as a slim youth of seventeen, very proud of his new dinner jacket worn for the first time on his very first grown-up visit to Paris. I remembered my father's amusement at Dmitri's wide-eyed delight in the Paris attractions. Dmitri's satisfaction at being considered grown up did not prevent him from playing me a schoolboyish trick on the very next day. Hiding behind a bush in the garden, he successfully aimed the hose at me, completely drenching me just when I was preparing to take a trip into Paris.

We saw very little of my father from 1902 till 1908, as during that time we were children and remained in Russia with my uncle and aunt. I was married and practically grown up when I began to see him again regularly. He had been afraid that during the years we had lived apart I had grown away from him or been influenced against him. He probed carefully into the depths of my soul to see if the things he had planted there when I was a child had not been uprooted.

IN all, my father spent twelve years in exile, and although he never showed any impatience, at times his enforced inactivity and idleness weighed upon him heavily; his family life was an extremely happy one, but he missed his own country. Although it was the emperor, his nephew, who had banished him from Russia, my father's loyalty to him was perfect and he never expressed any bitterness against him. Many years later my father was still outwardly just as reserved and loyal when everybody else around him loudly criticized the Russian sovereigns; and when his attempts to remedy the situation failed he met the final catastrophe and all it entailed with calm and dignity. . . . But, no! It was to get away from the memory of those awful last months that I had come here.

Between the study and the big drawing-room there were a short passage and the staircase which led up to the second floor. The drawing-room was used only when there were guests. On Sunday afternoons my stepmother was "at home" from five to seven. I have seen many interesting people drop in during these informal tea parties. Once, I remember, I had been sitting beside Paul Bourget, the novelist, and we had been talking about Leonardo da Vinci, in whose life story I was particularly interested at the moment. Paul Bourget offered to send me some books on the subject. He kept his promise, and the next morning sent over several very beautiful volumes. But he evidently soon regretted his gesture, fearing that I could not be trusted with valuable books, and that same evening asked to have them returned, which hardly gave me time to glance at them.

In this drawing-room I suffered the greatest embarrassment of my life. During my time in Sweden, when I was searching for occupations which would consume some of my overflowing energy, among other things I also took up singing. All through one winter I took lessons, and by the time spring came and I went to visit my father I must have imagined myself already an accomplished singer. One evening after a sedate dinner party at Boulogne a very musical young Russian was asked to play and sing, which he did to the entire satisfaction of the audience. During the singing I seated myself behind the piano. When the young man had finished he turned to me and, probably not knowing what else to say, asked me if I could sing. I said yes with such enthusiasm and readiness that he had to offer to play my accompaniments. With the greatest self-confidence, without doubting for a moment my ability, I chose a Schumann song and began. But as soon as I opened my mouth



Old Gustave, the concierge, peeped out of his lodge and recognized me, as did his wife Josephine.

I knew that I had made the most awful blunder. My voice was all wrong—throaty, horrible; the thick carpet, the heavy curtains, smothered the little sound I could produce.

The guests sat stiffly on their chairs and listened politely. I glanced at my father and noticed that he was looking away self-consciously. I don't know how I got to the end of the song. I was ready to die. For the rest of the evening I never dared go near my father. He was generous enough not to say anything to me afterward, but his silence was crushingly eloquent. It is hardly necessary to say not only that I never sang in public to the accompaniment of a piano again, but that in the future I carefully avoided mentioning in my father's presence the subject of my vocal experiments.

At Christmas time Volodia wrote plays for his little sisters to act. A stage was rigged up in the large drawing-room, with screens from the nursery. This recollection made my thoughts turn to Volodia, my talented young stepbrother, who also was no more. I made my way up to his room. Here was his desk covered with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

"A
pe

ean shave is the word in this office”

“I’VE never signed a testimonial and I’m not going to start now. I just want to give you a little inside information and tell you what I think of men who aren’t particular about shaving.

“I wonder if people realize the big part I play in helping callers to see their man. Frequently the decision is entirely up to me. Members of the organization ask my opinion of an unknown visitor before they decide whether to see him or not. When I say ‘not so good’, his chances of getting by are pretty poor. And if a man doesn’t look nice and fresh, if he isn’t clean shaven, ‘not so good’, is the word I pass along.

“You can take this for what it’s worth. In my opinion every man, whether he’s a salesman, a truck driver, a plumber or an office worker, should shave carefully and often.”

• • •

We agree with you, young lady, a man looks anything but attractive with a growth of stubble on his face. Until recently shaving may have been an uncomfortable and sometimes painful chore. Now Gillette offers a new and far better razor blade that entirely changes the picture.

• • •

The new Gillette is a keener blade that glides through beard and shears every hair cleanly without smarting or irritating tender skin. It is especially stropped for sensitive faces—makes shaving a reasonably pleasant and thoroughly comfortable performance. Buy a package of new Gillette blades tonight and try one or two on our guarantee. If every shave isn’t satisfactory return the package to your dealer and he’ll refund the price.

Gillette

RAZORS Gillette BLADES

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page thirty-five

penknife scratches and ink spots. Childish pencil drawings and caricatures were pinned to the walls, his favorite books and note music lay on the shelves. I even opened one of the closets where still hung his outgrown suits. . . .

I spent a long time in the quiet, empty house, and left it with red and swollen eyes but with peace in my heart; my father once again stood before me surrounded by the charm of olden days. Before I went Gustave reminded me that in 1914 I had left a trunk in the pavilion where I used to live when visiting at Boulogne, so I stopped to see my old rooms.

Here I found a box of paints and a few books belonging to me which had remained behind in the spring of 1914. This made me think of the time when, with a streaming cold in my head, I labored over a miniature painting of the Boulogne house as I saw it out of the window of my pavilion. I had it mounted afterward in the lid of a cigarette box and presented it to my father. My venture into this form of art was, it is to be hoped, not quite so unsuccessful as my singing; the cigarette box stood always on the dining-room table.

IT was in this same little living room that King Alfonso XIII of Spain paid me a first and what was intended to be a very formal visit. I had met him and the queen, whom I had known before, at a luncheon party earlier in the day. Etiquette demanded that he should call on me the same afternoon, but I had not returned to Boulogne after lunch. I met a cousin of mine in town who told me that Alfonso had the intention of coming to see me, so I hurried back home and found him getting into his car after having left his card, and probably rather relieved at having missed me. He was now obliged, however, to go up to my room. But no formality could hold out long against our youth and exuberant spirits and we became friends from that afternoon onward.

A few days later I went for a morning stroll in the Bois de Boulogne accompanied by my faithful Moutzka, a very much oversized, wise old fox terrier. Walking along the Allée des Acacias with the Spanish Ambassador at his side and surrounded by police in uniform and mufti, I perceived King Alfonso. Then and there I decided to give the police a fright by coming upon the party unawares. I crossed the drive ahead of them and, keeping behind the trees, proceeded forward carefully. But just as I was going to join them, some deer wandered calmly out of the brushwood. Old Moutzka, who had never seen a deer before in his life, started barking madly, the deer took to their heels, and Moutzka, forgetting his habitual poise, dashed after them into the thickets. As a result, I had to come out of my hiding, and King Alfonso, the ambassador, the police force, and I scattered under the trees and whistled and called until a very excited and heavily panting Moutzka was retrieved.

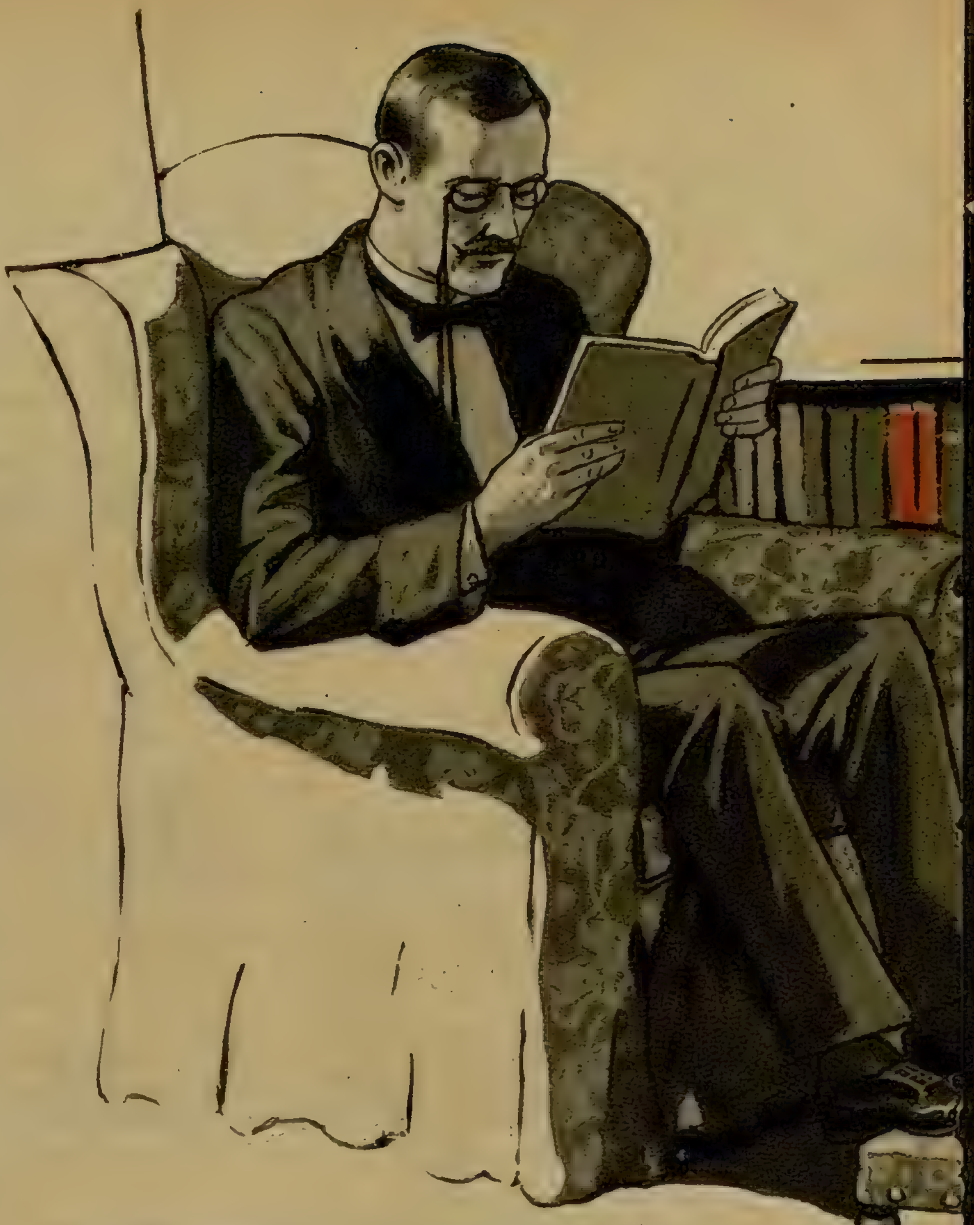
It was also in this little apartment that I had to cope with a new French maid whom I was obliged to engage after my old Russian nursery maid Tania had to leave me temporarily because of ill health. The new maid was a person of formidable dimensions and grim determination. I sent her to my hairdresser to learn how to wave my hair. After two lessons she decided that she knew all that there was to learn.

In consequence, one evening when I was dressing to go out to a party, she armed herself with the curling tongs and resolutely set to work. The waves she produced stood out in bumps all over my head, but she would not be discouraged.

"This coiffure is really very becoming to madame. It is as if you had a crown on your head," she remarked, complacently patting the bumps and surveying the results of her handiwork in the mirror. She was quite indifferent when we discovered that half my hair had been burned off.

Everything I possessed or purchased she criticized contemptuously. Only things she bought for me herself she approved of.

"Now this," she would say, holding up a pair of garters with an air of great superiority, "is really very, very beautiful because it is very, very expensive."



WE would sit and embroider while my father read. I could see him now, holding up a book with his tapering fingers.

At last I got tired of being bullied and told her that in a month she could go. The girl who replaced her was an Austrian. I took her back to Russia with me, and when mobilization was declared she left hurriedly, taking many of my things with her—which in the general excitement was only discovered much later.

Experience, after all, is made of contrasts; there had been plenty in my life, but everything, the joyous as well as the tragical, the important and the futile alike, had been enacted upon another plane. The everyday sides of life were unknown to me; I did not know what the relationships were between ordinary human beings. It was right that I should now set out and see for myself, that I should learn what the new life had to teach me.

AFTER my pilgrimage to the house at Boulogne I made another, this one to the Russian church. In prewar days many of the Russian colony's activities were centered around the church in the Rue Darue.

The services at Christmas and Easter were attended by the ambassador and his staff; a brilliant crowd used to gather on Sunday mornings in the garden surrounding the church. Foreigners went to listen to the beautiful singing.

We also went to Mass regularly every Sunday, but used to enter the church by a side door and stand alone in a little room looking out on the altar, where we could follow the service without being seen by the crowd. (In Orthodox churches the altar is separated from the nave by a high altar screen in which there are doors used by the clergy during the services.) On the emperor's birthday and saint's day an official Te Deum was celebrated, for which my father would put on his full-dress uniform and all his decorations; he would go out into the center of the church, where he stood beside the ambassador. They were surrounded by a group of French officials and foreign diplomats.

The congregation would put on their smartest clothes for the occasion. Through a crack in the door we used to admire the imposing scene.

B. LATHAM KIDDER

At present I did not feel as though I wanted to use the separate entrance, and went directly into the church. Though I knew that almost everyone present was Russian, I was surrounded by unfamiliar faces; only the clergy remained the same. The old priest who had christened my stepsisters and had for many years been the family's confessor recognized me in the throng and gave me a surreptitious greeting. At the time an attitude of suspicion prevailed even among people of the same intellectual standing, and many, although like ourselves in exile, avoided noticing us in public. With the years this mistrust disappeared. But then everything was out of proportion; people were different; even the familiar atmosphere of Paris seemed strange and hostile. Not knowing how they would treat me, I let nobody of our former group of acquaintances know that I had arrived.

ALTHOUGH Queen Marie's life in Paris offered a striking contrast to ours, she was the only person I saw often. She was then at the height of her glory and success and was enjoying them to the fullest extent. A Roumanian flag floated in the air above the entrance to the Ritz, where she stayed, and night and day a police squad stood around on the sidewalks in front of the hotel. Dressed in new Parisian gowns, imbued with her own importance, beautiful, beaming all over with happiness, the queen was a different person from the one I had known at the palace of Kotrocheny. She swept in and out, received guests, gave audiences, entertained, was entertained herself both officially and privately. She was photographed, featured in the papers, interviewed, flattered outrageously, taken advantage of, and talked about everywhere.

The Paris public was delighted. After the drabness of the war years this spectacular creature provided a feast for eager eyes. A crowd would collect everywhere she went and warmly respond to her brilliant smiles.

With old pieces of brocade, Indian embroideries, knickknacks and bibelots, Queen Marie had transformed her hotel apartment into a place reflecting herself. The Paris shops, eager for publicity, would compete with one another in sending their latest and most tasteful novelties for her to look at; her dressing table was laden with a startling array of enormous scent bottles; baskets and vases full of the most gorgeous flowers stood around everywhere.

By that time I had made myself a little more presentable and could show myself at the Ritz, but my mourning was still too deep to allow me to go out in the evenings.

One afternoon in Queen Marie's apartment I came across the Countess de Noailles, a prominent French poetess. She was a small wiry woman with nervous, swift gestures. Her conversation was brilliant and animated, provided that she could guide it, which meant that she alone spoke. Queen Marie was resting on a chaise longue and the countess sitting at her feet when I came in. The queen, thinking that we had met before, did not bother about introductions. Madame de Noailles continued to talk. Presently the conversation turned to Jaurès, the noted French socialist murdered at the beginning of the war, and the countess expressed her sympathy with him and the socialistic theories. After that she began to talk on the subject of the Russian political situation and made a few extremely disagreeable comments on my family, adding that the Bolsheviks were justified in their régime of terror, considering what had preceded them. I could not remain indifferent to remarks of this kind made by a stranger.

"I DON'T think you realize, madame," I said in a trembling voice, "that I am the daughter of Grand Duke Paul whom you all here professed to be so fond of. My father was murdered by the Bolsheviks only three months ago."

My words created a painful embarrassment; the queen tried to save the situation by changing the subject of the conversation.

This incident was an example of what occurred now very frequently. People from the safety of a cultured world would view our situation from afar, casually expressing superficial opinions, forgetting that our families had been practically wiped out, and that we ourselves had barely escaped with our lives; and, without the deliberate intention of hurting, their tactlessness would nevertheless often be cruel.

To face lack of understanding, just as to face the humiliations, required a new point of view. Outwardly the change in our situation had become particularly palpable in Paris. After the revolution in Russia we belonged to a persecuted class everywhere. In Roumania I was the queen's cousin. But in Paris we had now become ordinary citizens living, or supposed to live, an ordinary life, and this "ordinariness" was completely novel to me.

Never before had I carried money or written a check. My bills were always paid by someone else—in Sweden by the equerry in charge of my household, in Russia by the superintendent of my brother's business office. I knew approximately the price of jewels and clothes, but had not the slightest idea about how much bread, meat, milk ought to cost. I did not know how to buy a subway ticket; I was afraid of entering a restaurant alone; I would not have known how and what to order there and what to give as a tip. Although I was then twenty-eight years old, in practical matters I was a child and had to learn everything from the beginning.

When the British visas were finally granted us, besides the anticipation of seeing Dmitri I was delighted to leave Paris. In Paris it was impossible as yet to find the new equilibrium.

Next week's installment of Education in Exile will tell of the Grand Duchess' reunion in London with her brother, Grand Duke Dmitri, of her recovery of her jewels, and of still another piece of tragic news that struck her down as she was trying to begin a new life.

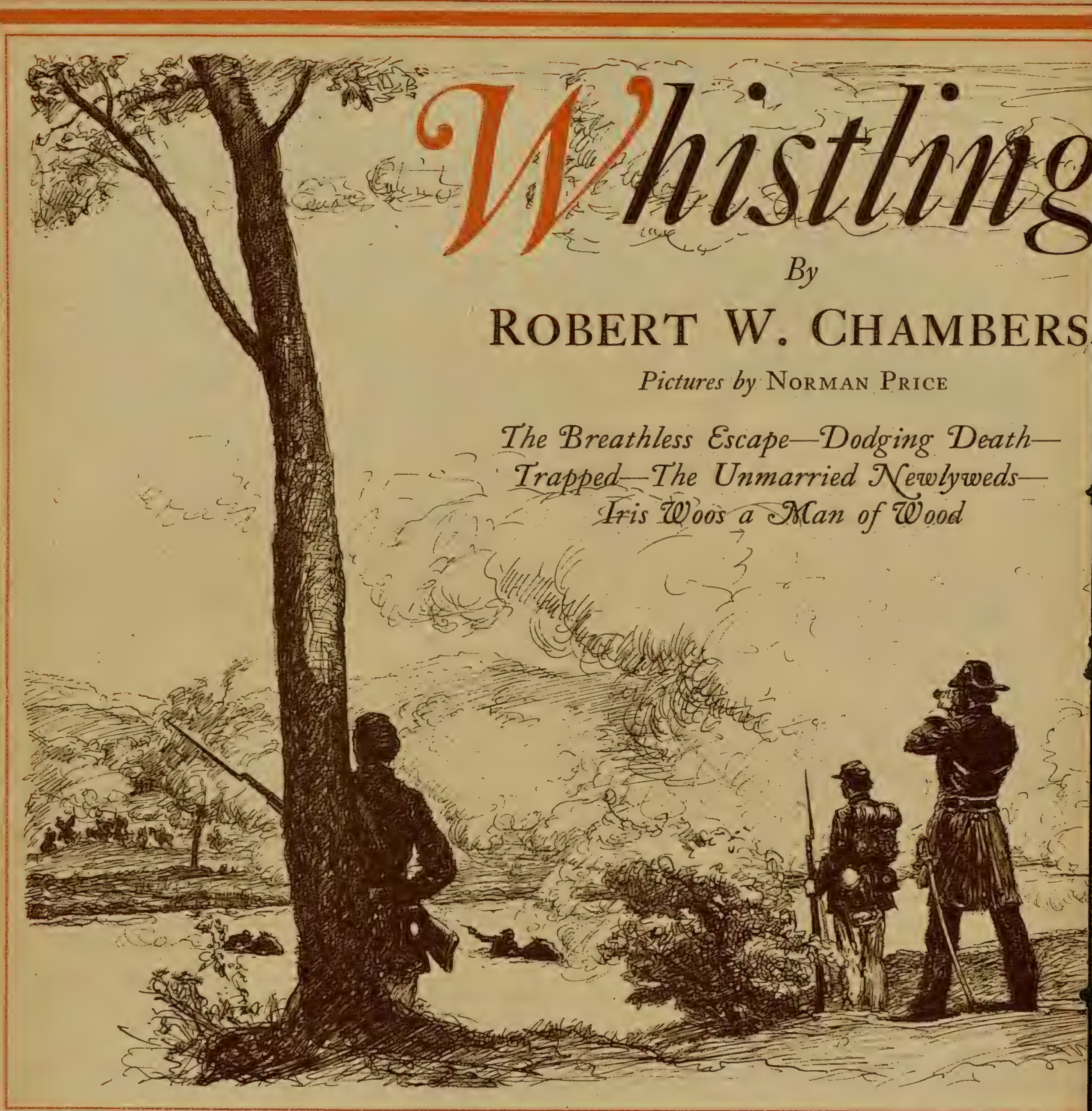
Whistling

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

The Breathless Escape—Dodging Death—Trapped—The Unmarried Newlyweds—Iris Woos a Man of Wood



The train was vomiting bluecoats—spilling them all over the northern bank; an

(Reading time: 33 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is a story of romance and peril during our Civil War, as told by Juan Maddox, a Military Telegraph operator in Tennessee. Iris O'Brien, Juan's former Texas playmate, nicknamed the Whistling Cat, was also a Federal operator. Loving gayety, Iris begged Juan to leave Operator Harrison in charge and escort her to a dance at Rotherwood. Juan yielded, taking Connie Spurlock, a mountain child, as well. Above the fiddles he heard shouts and a woman's scream. "A rebel raid!" he cried.

PART FOUR—DANGEROUS BUSINESS

ON Rotherwood Fort a bugle sounded the assembly, answered by bugles across the river. *Crack!* The air was shattered by the report of a field piece from Solitude Blockhouse, filling the valley with deafening echoes.

Everywhere around us soldiers were running toward Rotherwood Fort, or toward Kingsport, or the river bank. Townfolk and mountaineers, dragging their women and children, stampeded toward saddled mules or horses tied to the hitching rail or to trees or bushes. As Iris caught Connie by the hand, Conway appeared in the torch-lit confusion.

"There's a train just coming in," he said. "Better take the young lady aboard with you."

"Are the rebels at Solitude?"

"Listen!"

A steady rattle of rifle fire came from down the river.

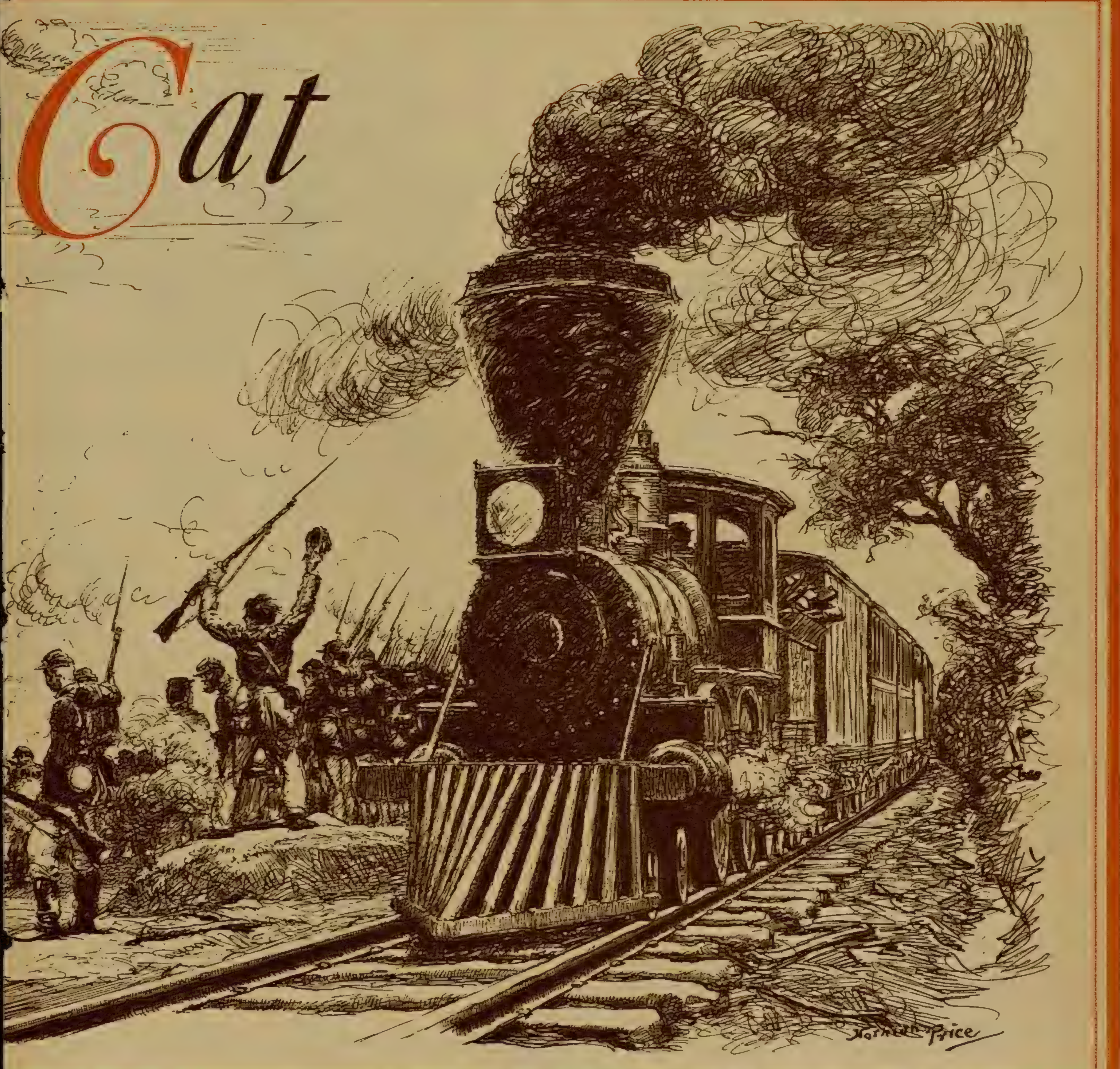
"I've got to go there," said the girl. "Mrs. Camp is there—and all my things!"

"You keep away," said the detective, addressing himself directly to Iris and looking her in the eyes.

"Yes," said I. "They may be guerrillas, and that would be worse than death to any woman."

"Go with him," added the detective, still looking at her. I drew her forward, Connie running along beside her. We came to where my horse stood. I unfastened

Cat



lready their musketry had broken out to right and left of our swimming horses.

the halter and, taking him by the head, and keeping hold of Iris, started running toward the railroad, where a train was just coming in.

I called out to the engineer, who was leaning out of his cab and looking back toward Kingsport.

"WE'RE M. T. operators," said I. "Wait until we can get aboard, will you?"

"What stations?" demanded the engineer—we running to keep abreast of his engine.

"Miss O'Brien from Solitude and Juan Maddox at Golden Brook Bridge. Put on your brakes!"

"All right. You better move lively. The rebel cavalry are at Kingsport and they riddled us with their carbines. My fireman got it. Lies dead in the cab here underfoot," he added with an oath. The door of a box car slid open opposite us, and two scared Negroes looked out.

"Lower your gangway!" I said. "Get this horse aboard!"

As they hesitated, I jerked my revolver free; and they pushed out their cleated planks in a hurry. With a sharp slap on the rump I sent my nag aboard; Connie ran up the inclined plane on bare feet; Iris and I followed; and the gangway was jerked aboard.

"Lawd-a-mighty," shouted one of the Negroes in our car. "De ole King'po't fe'y house bu'nin' lak a ba'bacue!"

Before I closed the door I leaned far out and looked back. Shadowy horsemen were galloping down the railroad track behind us.

I saw Anderson, Military Telegraph operator at Rotherwood, swing himself aboard the caboose. Then I slid the door forward and closed it.

Trying to keep my balance in the lurching, bouncing car, I took hold of Iris by both shoulders and drew her close, striving to make my voice distinct above the clatter and roar of the train:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-one

"You continue on with Connie to Knoxville and report yourself. Can you hear what I say?"

"Yes," she nodded.

"I'm going to try to find Mrs. Camp!" I shouted.

Her lips flattened against my ear. "They'll kill you! It's too late!"

"They can't catch me! I want to be certain she took her cipher key and her instrument with her. Or burned it and destroyed the instrument."

"You are not responsible for her!" the girl cried in my ear. "Don't go!"

"Operator Anderson of Rotherwood is aboard the train," I bawled. "I'll talk to him about it—"

"Juan, you're crazy!"

She clutched me, but I put her aside, pulled open the door, got hold of the iron ladder, and climbed to the top of the car. Back across the swaying car tops I made my way toward the red lantern of the caboose; climbed down to the platform—into the arms of Conway.

"Where are you going?" he asked coolly.

"Well you know," said I, "it's none of your damned business!"—and pushed by him into the caboose, where, amid the huddle, I saw Harry Anderson, his pug nose pressed to the windowpane.

"MOSBY'S cavalry," he said as I laid my hand on his arm. "I guess it's a big raid, Maddox. All our men are aboard."

"What did you hear from Solitude?"

"I called her. Told her to take her stuff down the river in the ferry skiff and be devilish quick about it. . . . Where's that O'Brien girl, Maddox?"

"On the train—if you mean Miss O'Brien."

"Oh," he said, digesting the rebuke.

"What else did you do before you disconnected?" I asked.

"First I flagged this train with a red lamp. Then I called up Solitude Blockhouse and told 'em to skedaddle and not wait to think it over. I got Dan Harrison at Golden Brook—your pet hang-out—and I told him to jump the bad news along. Here's my old machine and the Caton and my key and all! Say, I had to act spry, you bet!"

"Do you think," said I, "that I'd better get off at Solitude and take my horse and look up Mrs. Camp and her cipher key?"

"Aw," said he, "she's on her way down to Strawberry Plains if she isn't a born fool. You'd better not get off at Golden Brook, either."

"Oh, I've got to do that, anyway—"

"Why? I warned Harrison. He won't stay. Neither will the soldiers."

"Did you get your orders from Knoxville to disconnect and leave?"

"Certainly," he replied indignantly. "You don't think I'd desert without orders unless I saw the Johnnies coming, do you?"

"Well, Anderson, I have no orders to quit Golden Brook Bridge."

"You're right," he said soberly.

So that was all there was to it.

I went out to the platform, climbed to the car roof, and made my way forward to the engine cab.

The red-shirted engineer was at the throttle. His dead fireman lay at his feet, the corpse perpetually in motion on the floor of the swaying cab.

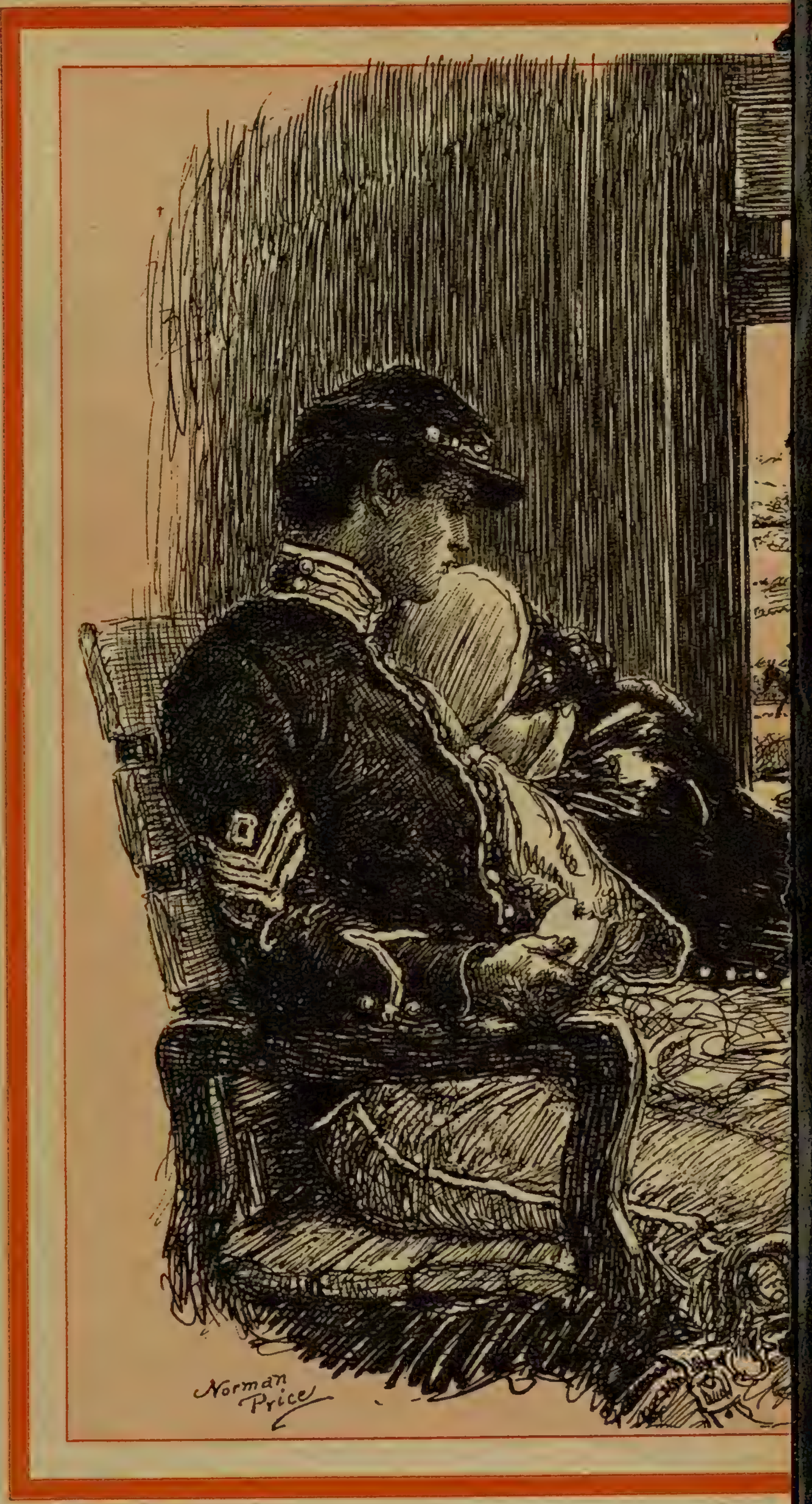
When he learned my identity and my errand: "All right," he grunted. "Sling a little wood for me, will yeh?"

So I lugged wood from the tender and stoked for him until the fire box was crammed with fat pine and hickory.

"All right, son. Say, pull that whistle and talk to Dan Harrison at your station, will you?"

I seized the whistle cord and pulled a screeching warning. Then, in dot-and-dash as well as I was able, I began to signal to Harrison, while the grimy, grim engineer strained his gaze down the river toward where, in darkness, my station ought to be.

Presently he yelled: "They're showin' two red lights and a white one acrost the river!"



"That's Harrison!" I shouted to him. And by whistle I signaled in Morse code: "Enemy at Rotherwood. Am on this train. Pack up and wait for me. Maddox."

Looking out across darkness, I saw the lanterns—saw a white lamp hoisted three times in acknowledgment. I seized the whistle cord again. "Any orders?" I signaled.

The white lamp signaled: "Yes. Hold on till last moment."

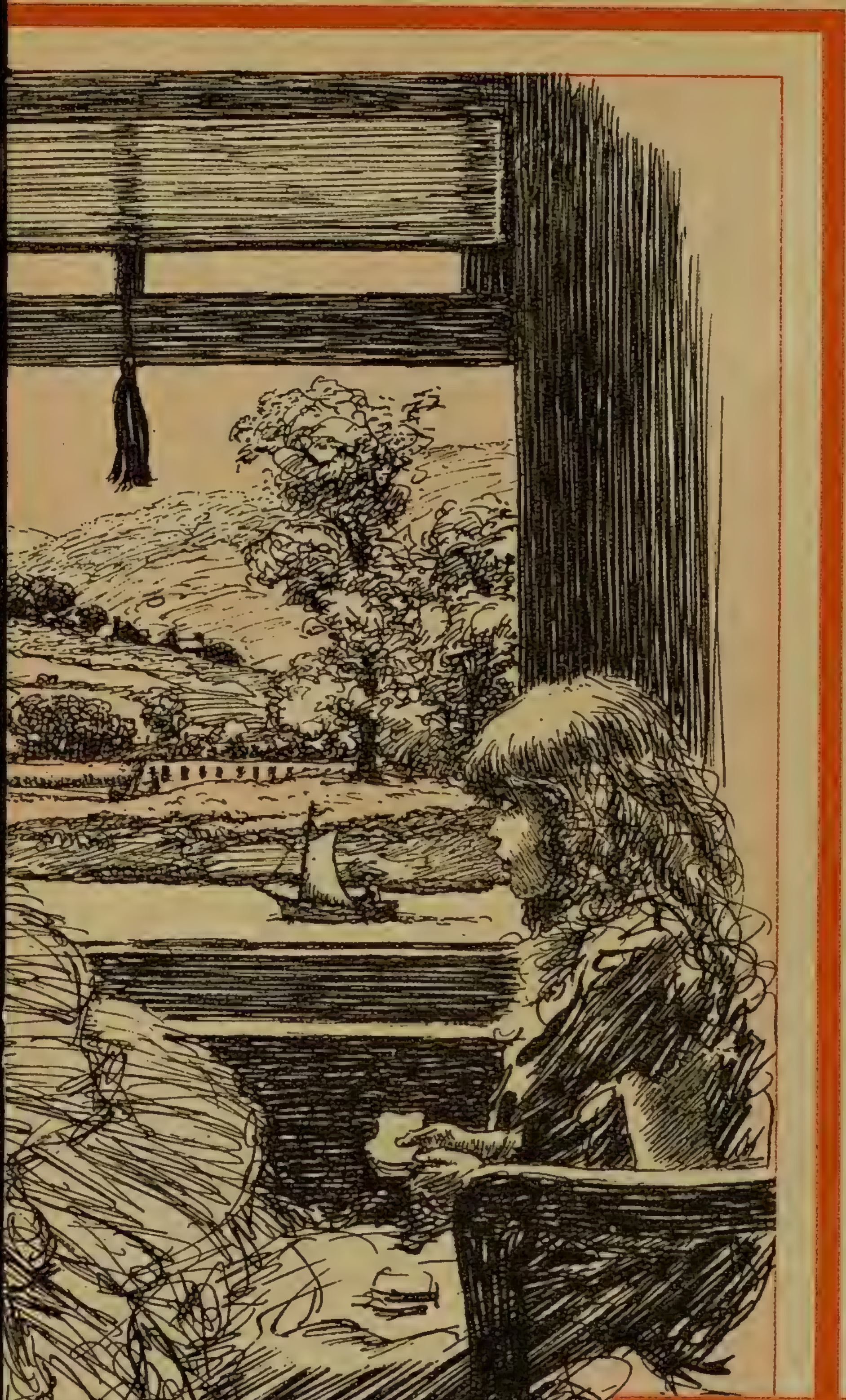
"O. K.!" my whistle screeched.

THE train began to slow up. "G'by," said the engineer. "Send me a nigger to stoke for me."

I stepped over the uneasy dead man, ran out across the tender, climbed the car, and descended the nearest ladder as the train stopped.

A white man jumped down beside me. I told him to go aboard the engine and stoke. He refused, but hopped aboard in a hurry when I pulled my pistol. I did not know which box car was the right one, but the doors of all of them had now slid open, and I ran along the train until I saw Iris leaning wide of a black doorway.

I shouted to the men in the car to run out the gangway and lead my horse down.



She looked so white and weary—and childlike—that I edged over and quietly drew her head over on my shoulder.

A Negro did this for me.

"Don't be afraid," I said to Iris. "You and Connie are perfectly safe now—"

"I'm not afraid!" she retorted angrily. "Where are you going?"

"To Golden Brook. Harrison is still there," I said. "We have orders to stay till the last moment."

"Oh, Juan, don't be such a f-fool!" Her voice broke.

"You know what orders are, I suppose," said I coldly.

"What about mine, then?"

"You haven't any. Your office is afire, probably. The only thing to do now is to go on to Knoxville and report yourself—"

"Could I go to Golden Brook with you—"

"No," said Conway from behind my shoulder.

Infuriated at his interference, I turned on him, and met the coldest menace that any eyes ever had held for me.

"*I* have a few orders of my own," said he, looking me in the eye. "One of them is to see this young lady through to Knoxville."

"What concern is it of yours?" I demanded.

He plucked a lantern from the fist of a train hand, pulled a piece of paper from his pocket, and shoved it under my nose. Iris crouched down in the doorway to look closer. I read:

> Agent 6706, U. S. D. S. S., is given authority to accompany, escort, and if necessary arrest Operator N. T. of the M. T. C. without further warrant or authority.
>
> MAJOR ALLEN,
> Chief of U. S. Secret Service.

"What the devil is this?" I asked. "Is Miss O'Brien under suspicion?"

"Isn't it plain enough," said he, "that Miss O'Brien is under special protection?"

I nodded my relief. Then, looking up at Iris:

"You're being well looked after. I suppose Captain O'Brien has friends at court."

SHE said nothing. She looked once at Conway, then at me. The engine whistled for departure. Connie, kneeling down in the doorway, called me to kiss her good-by, and clasped me around the neck. Then Conway swung aboard the box car and disappeared.

"Good-by."

The cars were moving. I caught a last glimpse of Iris' pale face in the lantern light; of Connie waving her little hand. Then darkness enveloped them.

The temporary military railway followed practically what had been the war trail of the Cherokees a hundred years ago; and the ford was one of their numerous crossing places, and still available, excepting, of course, in time of flood.

Splash-slop-splash, went my good old horse into the darkling water, swirling belly-deep. Out of the water, I touched spur to him and trotted into the flowery meadow, across the stone bridge, and up to the house where Harrison's signal lamps no longer burned. I drew bridle by the darkened window. I heard the clicking of the armature on Harrison's instrument, and presently I saw his saddled horse hitched at the door ring. I called to him cautiously.

"That you, Maddox?" came his cool voice.

"Yes." I dismounted and felt my way indoors.

"Are you all right, Dan?" I inquired in a low voice.

"So far. Hamilton's had orders to quit and he and his soldiers have gone. I sent Fraxinella in their wagon with them. How is it up-river?"

I told him briefly.

"Pretty bad. But they haven't got Cumberland Gap. I was just talking to Charlie Smith. It's cavalry belonging to Longstreet's command. He thinks they are trying to cut through to Virginia."

"What are your orders, Dan?"

"Stay here till the last moment."

I sat down and listened to his rapid writing.

"Darn' hard to make notes in the dark," he remarked. "Take some of this, will you?"

I rested my notebook on the window sill and made the memoranda by starlight. "You're tired, Dan," said I. "Give me your key and go and look out the back door."

As he rose I slid on to his chair. From the back door he called to me: "There's a fire over toward the Paint Mountains — somewhere toward the French Broad. Maybe as far away as Hot Springs. Anyhow, it's a fire."

"Take a look down the river."

He returned, stumbling through the house to the front door. "Nothing!" he said.

Fraxinella had packed our belongings before her flight. Our blanket rolls and haversacks lay on the grass by the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-three

hitching rings. "Have you got our cipher key and papers packed up?" I asked.

"In your haversack. You see, the stove's burning, in case we have to destroy them. But I figure on taking 'em with us."

The operator at Mossy Creek was now asking for information. I gave him what I had and told him to report us O. K. at Knoxville. Then, replying to my 1-3-4, McDonald at Strawberry Plains got on the wire. He said: "You fellows better get out, too."

"Can't go yet. Is your wire working to Cumberland Gap?"

"Yes. Why don't you call Knoxville for orders before you're gobbled?"

"Put me through, then."

"You're through."

I SIGNALED 1-3-4. There was a new operator at the key, but he got me the district boss.

The district superintendent, telegraphing from Fort Sanders, turned a deaf ear to us.

"You stay where you are till the last second and keep us informed," he rattled back at me.

"O. K., sir!"

Harrison, listening, said quietly: "Easy for him, isn't it!"

"Yes," said I. "*He* doesn't have to go to Libby Prison or Castle Thunder—the old goat!"

From the back door Harrison called back to me: "A big fire up the river. . . . You know, Juan, I believe we'd better burn the cipher key and the records! I think it's railroad property: those old barns—you know?—just above us. . . . Yes, it *is!* . . . I've got my telescope on 'em. . . . *There* they are!" he added sharply.

"The Johnnies?"

"Yep! Cavalry! A whole regiment in column. . . . Here they come, Juan! They're galloping! There's a company headed this way now. No, they're pulling up. . . . It's this station they're after! They're coming like hell! You better disconnect and bust up!"

I called Knoxville: "Rebel cavalry burning railroad stores near this station—" I stopped short. "How many horsemen?" I called hurriedly to Harrison.

"There must be five or six hundred! Slam her through and disconnect, I tell you!"

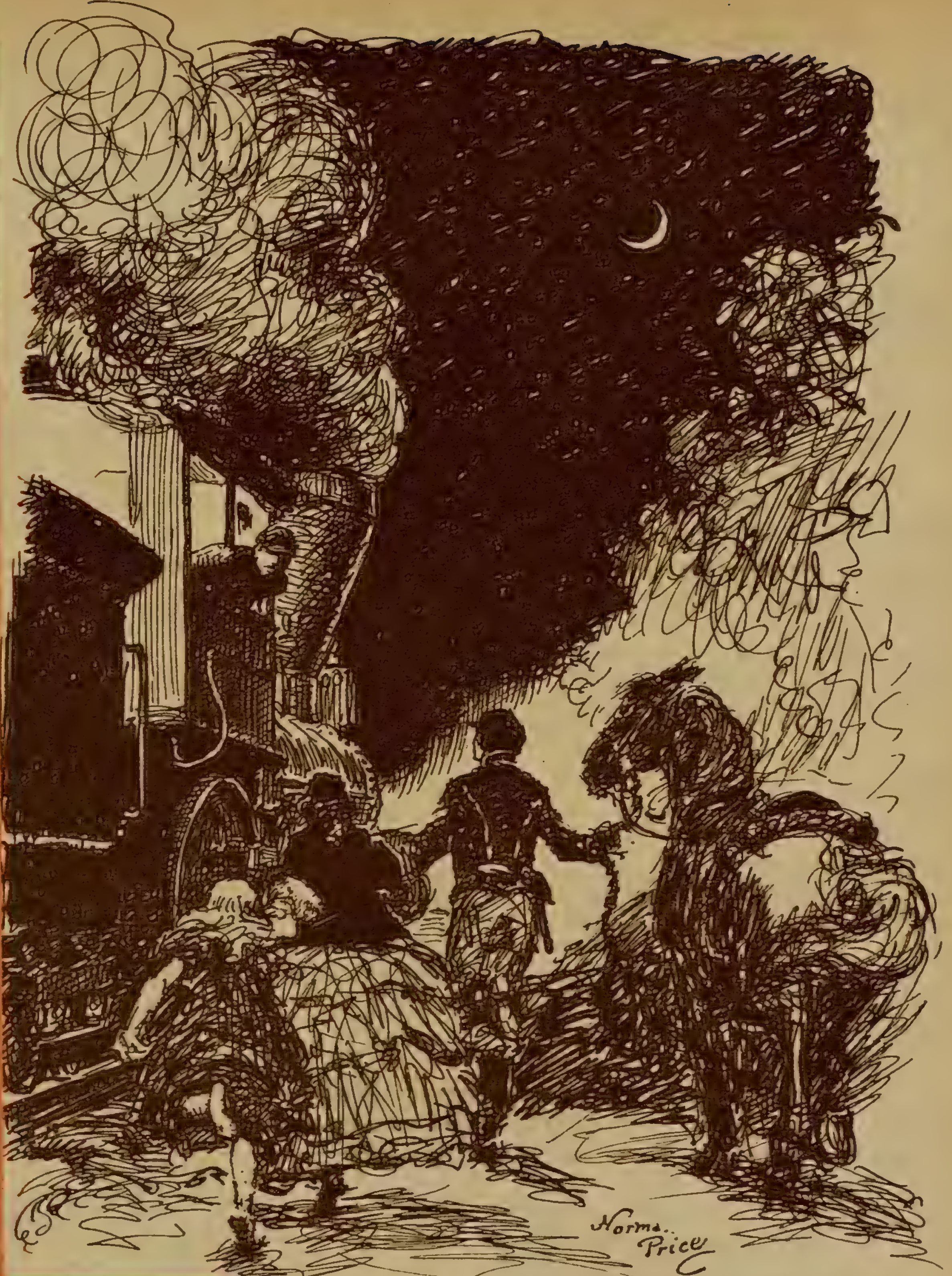
"Five or six hundred rebel cavalry here," I telegraphed. "Very near us now. Am disconnecting. Good-by!"

Harrison cut the wires, wrenched the instrument free, tucked it into his haversack. I seized our ax and wrecked everything in front of me. Then we ran to our horses.

"Bang!" flashed a carbine; and *whee-e!* came the bullet overhead as we slung our blanket rolls and scrambled into our saddles. "Bang! bang!" spoke their Spencer carbines again, the bullets striking the old house behind us.

"Take the east trail to the pass!" Harrison panted.

As we spurred off down the river road the whole meadow swarmed with shadowy horsemen. A tremendous thudding of hoofs behind us warned us that we were being followed.



I called out to the engineer, who was leaning out of his cab and looking back toward Kingsport.

We were riding, now, for our lives. Or believed we were. Maybe they wouldn't have killed us. The regular rebel horse wouldn't have. But we had heard that some ass of an officer in our service had hanged several of Mosby's riders on the excuse that they were guerrillas—which of course was not true—and Colonel Mosby had sworn to make reprisals until this bloody business was stopped. And these might be Mosby's men.

Harrison swung his horse to the left toward the main railroad and the French Broad River valley; and I followed him; and after us pelted the Confederate cavalry.

THEY were fast overtaking us as our horses thundered into the pass. Then, ahead of me, Harrison suddenly reined in, nearly throwing his horse back on top of mine. The narrow rocky way was barred with fallen trees. We were trapped! As I scrambled out of my saddle, intent on pulling my cipher key from my blanket and hiding or destroying it, all around us in the darkness men rose up and shouted at us: "Pull your horses around inside! You fellows can get through here!"

I recognized Captain Hamilton's voice: "Maddox! Harrison! Come through the abatis on the left!"

As Harrison remounted and rode in, forcing his horse to jump a log, into the pass galloped the Confederate horsemen, half a dozen or so, their shrill, exultant cheering filling the ravine.

Almost in my very face Hamilton's ambushed men fired. I heard the enemy's horses scream and crash down, kicking and threshing among the rocks and logs.

A frightful silence followed the infernal roar of rifle fire. Then Hamilton's husky, shaky voice: "That'll teach 'em, I guess. Go out there, some of you, and see if there's anybody alive."

There were no living human beings there among the rocks. There were five dead men, riddled with bullets—gray-jacketed young fellows, very dirty and shabby. One wore spurs buckled over naked feet.

"Shoot the wounded horses," said Hamilton, "and fetch in this good one." And, to Harrison and me: "Do you boys want to go on through?"

"Yes, sir, we'd better," said Harrison.

As we mounted, the tired soldiers, in heavy marching order, opened their dusty ranks, gibing and chanting at us in grim chorus:

"Here comes the Military Telegraph!
Let the Military Telegraph go through!
They'll get us into a fight,
And out of it, too—"

WE slept that night in our blankets, not daring to make a fire. Before dawn we had saddled and pushed on. Fully expecting to be bushwhacked, we rode with pistols free, or swinging cocked when we were obliged to dismount and lead our horses.

Harrison's plan was to recross the hills before we became hopelessly involved, get into the valley again, and ride for the T. & G. at Rogersville Junction.

About noon we got down into the valley, leading our horses. Then we mounted and rode south at a brisk canter; and about two o'clock saw a train on the military railway across the river, loaded with soldiers and puffing solemnly northward. Other trains followed it on ten-minute headway, all crowded with blue uniforms.

So we offsaddled where wild pasturage seemed to be good, made coffee, fried tack and bacon, and ate our fill. Then we watered and saddled our horses and sat down on the grass again with the bridles in our hands, as Harrison thought it might be safer.

"We're a grand pair," he remarked.

"Heroes." I nodded complacently.

"You bet. Medals of Congress for two. I'm just waiting to see that old goat's face down at Knoxville."

"Thinks we're on our way to Libby—" I began, when Harrison jumped to his feet.

"That's where we'll go if we don't skedaddle!" he yelled.

I also saw the gray-jackets as he seized his horse, and was in the saddle as soon as he was and spurring for dear life, the rebel cavalry at our heels.

Just across the river a trainload of our soldiers stopped, the locomotive squealing wild alarm. Harrison wheeled his horse toward the river. I followed; and we crouched flat on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"SOUP TO NUTS"

They Eat Everything Without Indigestion

BOB SMITH and Harry Brown used to eat lunch together every day. Their friends poked fun at them because they had "fussy stomachs." But if they ate many of the foods they really liked best, they suffered with indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas.

Then Bob discovered Tums, the delightful new candy-like antacid mint that prevents and relieves indigestion. He was quick to tell Harry about the wonderful results. Now they laughingly say, "Soup to nuts—we eat everything. One day it's hamburger, the next it's mince pie. Favorite foods such as hot biscuits, cabbage, onions, coffee bring no bad after effects." They enjoy smoking a lot more, too, because there is no fear of discomfort.

Almost everyone (about 7 out of every 10 Americans) is at times distressed by indigestion due to wrong food combinations, hurried eating, nervous strain, excessive smoking, etc. When some favorite food distresses you or some other cause brings on that burning sourness or that nauseating gassy fullness, simply eat three or four Tums after meals—often one is enough.

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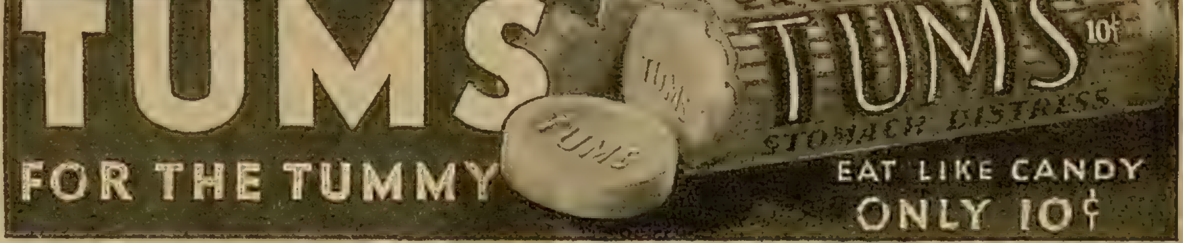

P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

Some Women Always Attract

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Electric Vaporizer

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-five

our saddles as the horsemen behind us began to fire on us, driving us into the water, where I prayed that our horses would swim.

The train, pulled by the hysterical locomotive, was vomiting bluecoats—spilling them all over the northern bank; and already their musketry had broken out to right and left of our swimming horses.

Jaunty in their saddles, thumbing their noses, the rebel riders derided them; shot at them; shot at the train beyond, laughing uproariously.

Some of the blue infantry were fumbling about for a ford as our snorting horses splashed in among them and climbed up over the rocks to the bushy shore, dim in powder smoke, through which flashed a continual flame.

"Hey!" called an officer to me. "Is there any way to get over?"

"Only the way we came, I guess," replied Harrison grimly.

We looked back across the river. The gray-jackets were turning their horses disdainfully toward the hills beyond. There were only about thirty of them.

II

THEY let us go aboard the cars at Rogersville.

I found an operator on the train, named Baldwin, from Great Warrior ford. He said that the raid was merely to distract attention from Longstreet's men, who were cutting through above to join with Lee in Virginia.

He said big events were on the way: that Sherman's three armies were going to Atlanta; that this new man Grant had gone to the Army of the Potomac on the Rapidan, facing Lee; and that his horsy friend Sheridan was prancing around with an entire cavalry corps, looking for the Confederate cavalry with love and kisses.

At district headquarters in Knoxville the gentleman known to us as the "old goat" received us and our reports as nothing extraordinary.

"Harrison," he said, "you are ordered to the Army of the Tennessee, General McPherson's headquarters. An officer of General Sherman's personal staff, Captain Audenried, is leaving in about an hour. Here"—he scribbled something on a railroad form—"give this to the trainmaster and report to Captain Audenried. And take your cipher key and all your records and field apparatus."

Harrison took formal leave of "the goat," then offered me his hand. "Sorry we're not to be together, Juan," he said. "Take care of your hide. Let me know where you are if you can. And remember me to the—to *Miss* O'Brien," he added with elaborate caution.

"I'm going to try to find her now," said I. "Good luck, Dan."

"The goat" then handed me my orders and credentials.

"You go to the Army of the Potomac," he said coldly. I waited.

"—As operator," he added, squinting at a list. "You're promoted from assistant to full operator," he said, "because of your expert service, including speed in writing and in reading."

I thanked him.

When he had squinted at me sufficiently, his fishy eyes returned to the long list in his hand.

"That expert at Solitude Plantation Station—you remember his name?" he demanded.

"O'Brien, sir," I replied cautiously.

"You know him?"

Something told me not to correct him in regard to the sex of the Solitude operator. "Yes, sir, I do."

"He got away, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess he's here in Knoxville by this time. Unless he walked."

I was silent.

"You go out, Maddox, and see if you can find O'Brien. Name's I. O'Brien. Ike, I guess. Something, anyway. . . . So you go out and locate him. Hunt around. Maybe the provost marshal knows. Anyway, he hasn't reported here."

"I could go to telegraph quarters at Strawberry Plains, sir."

"Well, call up first and ask." He pointed to an instrument in his office. Amid the clatter of a dozen other instruments in the big room outside I called the operator at Strawberry Plains and inquired whether Operators O'Brien and Camp had come in from Station N. T.

"Just come in—right here now," he replied.

"Put O'Brien on, please." Then came the rattling writing I knew so well, with its swift inquiry.

"It's Juan Maddox," I replied. "How are you?"

"All right. Are you?"

"O. K. Did Operator Camp save the cipher and records at N. T.?"

"A. S." (All safe.) "Camp very tired. Going upstairs to lie down. I've got to go on to Knoxville to report myself—"

"Wait!"

I turned to the old goat: "Sir, Operator O'Brien on the wire."

HE was a slow, hesitating, clumsy operator, our temporary district superintendent, Larmer.

"One-three-four," he thumped out ponderously. "Operator O'Brien answer."

"N. T. operator writing."

"V-e-r-y w-e-l-l. Y-o-u s-t-a-y t-h-e-r-e. O-r-d-e-r-s g-o t-o y-o-u b-y O-p-e-r-a-t-o-r M-a-d-d-o-x. T-u-r-n o-v-e-r k-e-y a-n-d p-a-p-e-r-s t-o O-p-e-r-a-t-o-r C-a-m-p. M-a-i-l y-o-u-r r-e-p-o-r-t. S-i-g-n!"

"N. T. O. K.!" rattled Iris.

The goat arose, protruded his chest, and strutted a few steps toward me. Then, majestically seating himself, he proceeded to scribble upon several sheets of official paper which he signed and stamped.

"Here you are, young Maddox," said he pompously. "Here's transportation for two to Culpeper—this one. Take it to the trainmaster. And here's your rations. Take it to the assistant quartermaster general's office. And here's your pay—yours and O'Brien's. You know where to cash 'em, I guess. Ha-ha! And don't let 'em give you Jeff Davis shinplasters!"

Convulsed at his own wit, he became slightly purple.

"Operator O'Brien has no horse, sir,'' said I.

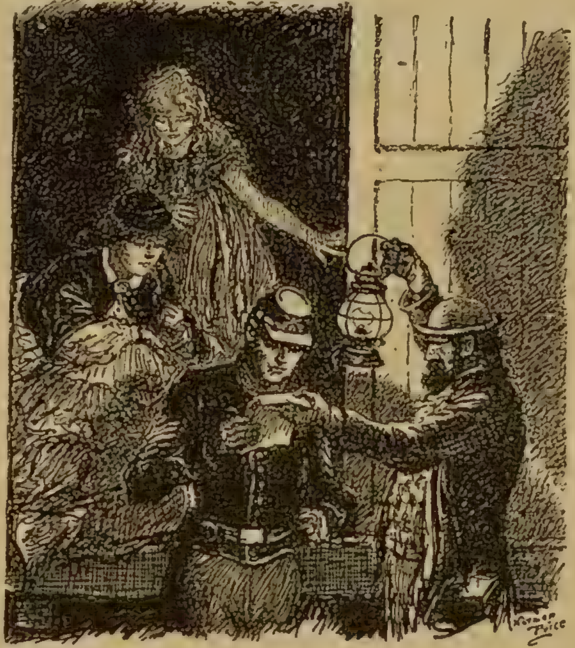
He scowled a moment in deepest thought, then scribbled on another sheet of paper.

"Get what you can," he said, "but I guess it'll be a mule. You know where remount headquarters are?"

"Back of the railway yard."

"Yeah. Well, I guess that's all."

He nodded dismissal.



"What the devil is this?" I asked. "Is Miss O'Brien under suspicion?"

I hooked up my saber, adjusted my blanket roll, went out, and took my tired horse by the head. Before I had gone a dozen steps an orderly came to call me back. On the doorstep stood the goat.

"SAY," said he, "I just heard that O'Brien is a woman!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why the hell didn't you tell me?"

"You are supposed to know everything about this district, sir, are you not?"

He had to swallow the impertinence.

"My mind was on something else," he said. "A man can't keep a million things in his mind. . . . Well, I don't know whether to send her. She's rated A1 expert, though."

"She is the best operator I ever saw, sir."

"Oh, is she though? Good-lookin', too?"

"No, sir; she is red-headed."

"Yeah? Well, I've seen 'em red-headed and good-lookin' too. . . . Well, I got her papers all made out and her pay check—well, I don't care; take her along. They can send her back if she don't suit, I guess."

He waved me away, then called after me: "And you better look out and don't start a line of little M. T. O.s at G. H. Q.!"

The swine!

Through streets jammed with soldiers, teamsters, military police of the provost guard, sutlers, laborers, and Negroes, I led my horse, and after endless difficulties I drew pay for Iris and myself, rations, fodder, and a pistol and blanket for her.

Down at the remount station I managed to get her a recuperated cavalry horse just back from blue grass. Leading the two horses, I went first to the M. P. O. and found a letter from Mother. I read it hastily, then pocketed it for future reading and continued on toward the transportation office.

I got my transportation finally and a through car for my horses—a through car and two seats for Iris and myself in a coach; and a big willow hamper full of soft bread, butter, sugar, real coffee, cold ham, cold tongue, and several roasted chickens. By heaven, I did not mean that Iris and I should starve on the train, or out of it if we had to take to our horses. I had more baggage than a major general.

THE car to which I had been assigned was packed with department and railroad clerks, quartermaster's employees, and other assorted civilians. I believe every one of them was asleep when the train rolled in at Strawberry Plains; and here half their number stumbled up and out of the car, still asleep, and their legs carrying them mechanically God knew where.

In the railroad yard I got hold of my two horses, which a Negro hostler led out, and which all the cavalry horses tried to bite or kick, and by sheer impact forced a way out of the yards and down the street.

Near the bridge, which still showed scars of fire, I hitched my horses at a rail in front of the M. T. O. transit quarters.

Then, as I turned toward the shabby, flimsy wooden structure, a little whirlwind hit me and enveloped me—Connie Spurlock, breathing very hard, stammering with emotion, and clinging like a kitten to a back fence.

The next moment Doggie Doggett was all over me.

"Oh, Doggie Doggett!" I said. "Where's your mistress?" And to Connie:

"My dear, I'm glad to see you," said I, scarcely prepared for such passionate demonstrations.

"Puts me all in a tucker, too," she panted, with her heavenly smile. "Yestiddy I war right skeered we-all war shet o' yuh, kase these hyar gyards say how you-all war daid upriver! Ain't the Johnny Rebs tuk after yuh right pert atwixt Golden Brook an' the mountings?"

"Yes; who told you?"

"Reckon Miss O'Brien say so, suh. She gin mo'n a dollar tuh a nigger tuh ride up yander, ax 'm did yuh-all hev youh neck bruck aridin' downriver, or war yuh-all shot up and 'mos' daid!"

"Where is Miss O'Brien?" I in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-seven

quired, and saw her coming across the street at the same moment, lugging two carpetbags, of which I hastened to relieve her.

"I saw Connie kiss you," she said. "Bend down your silly face!" I bent over laughingly, but the heat of her face and trembling mouth made me uncomfortable.

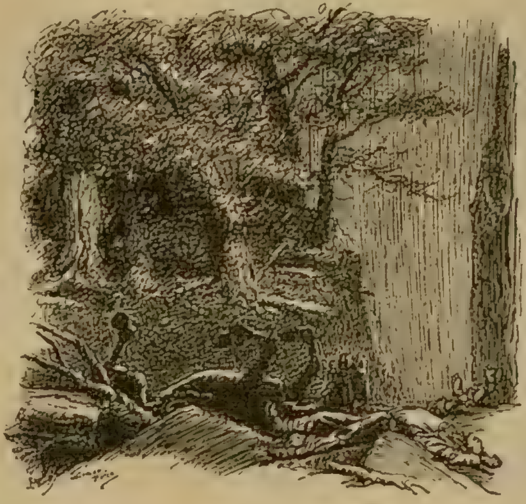
"For heaven's sake," said I impatiently, "did you believe that stuff about our being gobbled upriver?"

She swallowed hard, sniffed, looked aside, her handkerchief in a tight ball under her nose. "You're such a young fool," she said, "anybody could shoot you—"

"That's your usual attitude," said I. "Here are your orders, your papers, and your money. That old goat at Knoxville is sending us both to Culpeper. Come on."

"What about Connie?"

I was thunderstruck. Somehow, I hadn't taken the child into consideration. "Where's Mrs. Camp?" I demanded.


There were no living human beings there among the rocks.

"Upstairs, asleep. But, Juan, that poor sick thing can't take care of Connie. She's sick, I tell you, and they're going to send her to a hospital. I believe she has consumption, or pneumonia, or something."

"Can't Connie go back to her brother?"

"They burned the shanty, Juan. Gilfred has taken to the mountains and is bushwhacking the Johnnies over toward Asheville."

After a silence I looked back at Connie, who was petting our horses. "All right," said I desperately. "She'll have to come with us; that's all."

"Yes," said Iris; "that's all there is to it, Juan."

I looked around helplessly; saw a Negro watching us; crooked my finger. "You take these carpetbags," said I, "and one of those blanket rolls and that hamper, and I'll give you half a dollar."

SO the procession started trainward, I leading two horses and laden with my own paraphernalia; Iris with Connie by the hand.

Doggie Doggett brought up the rear, his spike tail waving guardedly.

The mounted band of the cavalry regiment was now playing.

The regimental bandmaster sat his horse facing the mounted musicians and conducting with gauntleted hand. The melancholy air of Lorena ended. As our embattled procession passed him he looked down at us smilingly; then lifted his arm, waved it; and the mounted band crashed out into The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

A shiver went up my back and neck. I looked at Connie. The child, transfigured, her uplifted face aglow, strode straight in front of us with tremendous childish strides.

"Glory, glory, hallaluja!" sang Connie.

"As though she were in the air with wings on," whispered Iris over her shoulder.

But I seemed to see in the little yellow-haired, barefoot refugee a fearless herald of the newly born who were to come after us and inherit a united land when all this thunderous chaos ended.

Our car was crammed with junior line officers on furlough, officers of Major Myers' Signal Corps and of the army remount service, all *en route* to join General Sheridan's new cavalry corps.

ALL these people were courteous and kind to Iris and Connie—and perfectly civil to me when they learned that I was a full M. T. O. as well as a mere sergeant of voluntary cavalry. They took it for granted that Iris and I were married. Iris did not correct the misunderstanding, probably because the situation embarrassed me.

"Let them think so," said she; "it's convenient; and they'll all look the other way when I go to sleep with my head on your shoulder."

"*When* you do," I retorted.

"Why not? You're as impervious as a straw bolster. I suppose you'd scarcely make a scene before all these men if I laid my red head on your boyish breast—would you?"

"Don't try it, all the same."

"What a human pig you are, Juan!"

I paid her no further attention, having started to reread my mother's letter. And Iris took Connie on her lap and began an insidious undermining of the poor child's Tennessee mountain dialect, with a crafty view of replacing it by the English language.

When the lesson was over, Iris gave her a hug and glanced at me: "What does your mother say, Juan?"

"Red-Paws has been sick, but he's all right now."

"Poor doggie. By the way, you'd better look at Doggie Doggett and our horses next time the train stops."

"I'm going to. Listen; they've taken all the lemons and oranges for Hood's army! The cheek of it!"

Iris shrugged. "After all, they're Texans."

"Yes, but rebels. What's the matter with you?"

She said nothing. I read on for a while.

"Mother writes," said I, "that my father kept a journal when he was in the Mexican War. That's funny. She never told me that. She has it yet, she tells me."

"You're keeping a journal, too, aren't you, Juan?"

"I've kept a journal ever since I went to West Point—"

"Where is it?"

"Strapped up with my cipher key."

"I've seen you scribbling in it," she nodded. "May I read it sometime?"

"Probably not."

"Pig!"

"Oh, shut up! Listen, Iris. Listen to what Mother says: 'I have to live for you in this world, my dear, dear son, but in another world I have your father and God's kind Mother to look forward to. I wish to remain with you, yet I long to go to them. Maybe they will call me soon. *Quien sabe?*'"

I heard Iris sigh.

"I wish I had been loved," she said under her breath.

I remained silent. Then I gave her a friendly look.

"Oh, well," she said, "I don't care a button."

I never could understand Captain Stephen O'Brien, her gay and dashing father. He seemed to adore Iris when he was with her. He lavished all his —and other people's—money on her. And yet he airily abandoned her whenever the fancy moved him to disappear, making not the slightest provision for her.

I gave her another friendly look, cautiously tender.

"When you don't bedevil me," said I, "you're the very best of company."

"You *do* like me, then?"

Here I became wary—having had about seventeen years of Iris O'Brien. I said: "You know darn' well I like you. And you know darn' well how to make me dislike you."

"How, Juan?"

"Oh, you pretend I'm a booby and a muff, and you say and do things to make me embarrassed. You know perfectly well you do."

"What things, Juan?" Her slim hand fell carelessly over mine and remained. But I was not to be codgered with female blandishments by Iris O'Brien, and then jeered and derided as a softy.

"I like you," she said, giving me one of her veiled glances.

"Don't begin *that*—"

"I *do!*"

"You can catch other gudgeons with that bait," said I, "and you've hooked plenty."

"You *said* you'd be my beau. You darn' liar!"

"*You* said it."

"Aren't you going to?"

"I'd as soon fondle a young female ocelot."

"Why, that's the worst wildcat in Texas!"

"Is it?" said I blandly. "I'm going out to visit Doggie Doggett and the horses. Want to come?"

"No," she said sulkily.

I looked at Connie. She lay sound asleep, her curly head on Iris' knees.

The train had stopped at a small town—I don't recollect its name—and a great many soldiers were getting out of the cars to look at the cavalry passing on a dusty road, thousands of them. Somebody said they belonged to General Kenner Garrard.

I went into the box car and saw to my horses and poor Doggie Doggett.

The cavalry were still passing when I came back.

I went back to the station restaurant and bought a can of fresh milk and some barley candy and popcorn balls.

Our locomotive was whistling and the melancholy bell clanging by the time I swung aboard our car and found Iris and Connie eating canned tomatoes and cold tongue.

AS we all sat eating our dinner by the car window, I chanced to glance out, and saw a dusty round hat which looked familiar. The next instant I recognized the United States detective Conway. He was smoking, as usual. He got aboard the forward car.

Iris lay back in her seat and rested her head against the hard wooden headboard.

She looked so white and weary—and childlike—that I edged over and quietly drew her head over on my shoulder.

"What the devil do you suppose that detective is doing on this train?" I blurted out.

"Is he *here?*" she asked faintly.

"I just saw him."

"Where?"

"He got aboard the forward car. I wonder why he follows you around this way?"

Perhaps Conway has good reasons for shadowing Iris. Perhaps her arrest is imminent. When you read next week's installment you'll find out what happens to her.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—Turquoise.

2—They are kinds of lace.

3—Notre Dame de Paris.

4—The substance which composes the principal mass of a tooth.

5—A fellowship or fraternity.

6—Chastisement; pungent criticism.

7—Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific.

8—Claude Debussy.

9—Gaol.

10—A person devoted to luxury and pleasure.

11—David.

12—Volt.

13—Gypsum.

14—Sacramento.

15—They are names of parts of flowers.

16—Tiber.

17—Basketball.

18—John Galsworthy.

19—Powhatan, an Indian sachem in Virginia.

20—A painting or drawing in a single hue.

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Shadow

An Obsolete Secret Serv

Richard Dix and Shirley Grey in a revival of the Civil War drama, Secret Service, which served William Gillette on the stage years ago.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

FASHIONS change—in clothes, in wars, and in dramas. There were years of disillusionment and heartbreak between William Gillette's old melodrama of the Civil War, Secret Service, and the German Remarque's All Quiet on the Western Front, the American Laurence Stallings' What Price Glory, and the British R. F. Sherriff's Journey's End.

The old plays of The Heart of Maryland era had stuffed heroes in gold braid and epaulets. The modern ones have soiled and sweating fighters who suffer, curse, and fear—and aren't afraid to be bitter and cynical about heroism and patriotism.

If you have doubts about how outdated are these old dramas in which the hero rode to the rescue on a couple of coconut shells in the stage wings, go to see Richard Dix in his talkie revival of Secret Service. It's as obsolete as yesterday's newspaper.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ SECRET SERVICE

CAST

Captain Thorne	Richard Dix
Edith Varney	Shirley Grey
Lieutenant Dumont	William Post, Jr.
Arelsford	Gavin Gordon
General Grant	Fred Warren
Mrs. Varney	Nance O'Neil
Caroline	Florence Lake

Directed by J. Walter Ruben.
Produced by Radio Pictures.

The heroic Yankee in love with the beautiful Southern girl. Love vs. Duty. Here the boy in blue is a spy, while the girl is the daughter of a Southern general.

Most of the Civil War takes place in leisurely and polite fashion under the portico of the Varney mansion just outside of Richmond.

Captain Thorne has to get a message through to the Union forces via the tapped telegraph wires, but he magnanimously refuses to let the girl unwittingly help him. A spy, sir, but not one to prey upon the affections of a sweet and innocent flower of the South.

This old play, which served William Gillette on the stage years ago, seems as artificial as a toupee. The dialogue is enough to arouse any audience's laughter. Alas, poor Richard Dix!

★ ★ RICH MAN'S FOLLY

CAST

Brock Trumbull V		George Bancroft
Brock Trumbull VI		David Durand
Anne Trumbull	As a child Grown up	Dawn O'Day Frances Dee
Joe Warren		Robert Ames

Directed by John Cromwell.
Produced by Paramount.

Hollywood's own version of Charles Dickens' novel, Dombey and Son. Dickens wrote of a man's insatiable desire for a son, how he killed to get him—and how he lost him. Also, of this man's daughter, lonely and neglected. Dickens wrote robust situations with no fear of being oversentimental.

These situations, hacked about by Hollywood mechanics, still hold up despite tremendous odds. George Bancroft is the man, now a shipbuilder, who longs for a son to carry on the firm of Trumbull & Son. He has one moving moment: when he sees his boy baby for the first time. Later he emiljannings too much for my taste.

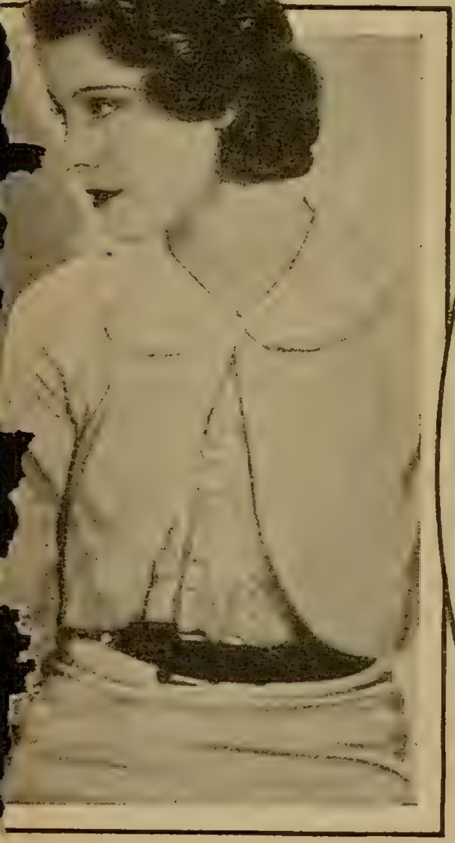
But the honors of this diluted dish of Dickens go to David Durand as the tragic weakling son and to Dawn O'Day and Frances Dee, who play the lonely daughter at various ages.

This Miss Dee can act all around the Sidneys and the Shannons, but Paramount has been slow to discover it.

f a Glorious Past

Hollywood Dickens, Football, and a Love Picture

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH



vid Durand, George Ban-oft, and Frances Dee in a mestic scene from Rich Man's Folly.

Lupe Velez and Lawrence Tibbett in The Cuban Love Song.

Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon go into a huddle in Touchdown.

★ ★ TOUCHDOWN

CAST

Dan Curtis	Richard Arlen
Mary Gehring	Peggy Shannon
Babe Barton	Jack Oakie
Paul Gehring	Charles Starrett
Tom Hussey	Regis Toomey
Mr. Gehring	George Barbier
Pop of Mid-West	J. Farrell MacDonald

Directed by Norman McLeod.
Produced by Paramount.

Based on Francis Wallace's novel, Stadium, this isn't just a football thriller. Wallace knows his college football, for he shows how coaches proselyte for players, how they flaunt the true amateur spirit, and how they are so desperate for victory that they will give an arm for it—anybody's arm.

Dan Curtis is a young coach bent heedlessly upon success. He resorts to all the tricks—but he learns in time to get the girl, though he loses the big game. You will like Richard Arlen as the coach, and you also will like Jack Oakie as his plain-spoken pal and coaching aid. J. Farrell MacDonald is again the shade of Rockne, this time called Pop of Mid-West.

Maybe you won't want to be disillusioned about your favorite sport. Say it ain't so, Mr. Wallace.

★ THE CUBAN LOVE SONG

CAST

Terry	Lawrence Tibbett
Nenita	Lupe Velez
Romance	Ernest Torrence
O. O. Jones	Jimmy Durante
Crystal	Karen Morley
Elvira	Louise Fazenda

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Cock Eyed World, Tell It to the Marines, and Del Rio's The Bad One were pretty good box-office films. Why not combine the best features of each? Why not? Here is the result, with Lawrence Tibbett, the barytone, Ernest Torrence, and Jimmy Durante of the Broadway night clubs as hard-boiled marines out for trouble. Tibbett falls in love with a Cuban peanut vender, otherwise Lupe Velez. Will he marry the girl back home or the rumba cutie?

Tibbett sings frequently, and there are some pseudo-hot interludes between the singer and Miss Velez. I am afraid these events left me cold, however. Even Signor Durante, so priceless as Wallingford's aid, is lost as a leatherneck.

Shorts—

If you are a football fan, watch for Football Forty Years Ago, the first of Christy Walsh's sport series for Universal. Here Pop Warner shows you how gridiron heroes of the '90s labored with mustaches, line bucks, and stuffed sweaters.

Do you know that—

Helen Hayes' new film, reviewed in Liberty as The Lullaby, is being released as The Sin of Madelon Claudet? . . . Madge Evans plays opposite Robert Montgomery in Courage?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy.

The Approaching TERRIBLE WAR in the Stratosphere

An Expert's Prophetic Vision of the Super-Armageddon That May Destroy Civilization

By

COLONEL JAMES C. FITZMAURICE, D.F.C.

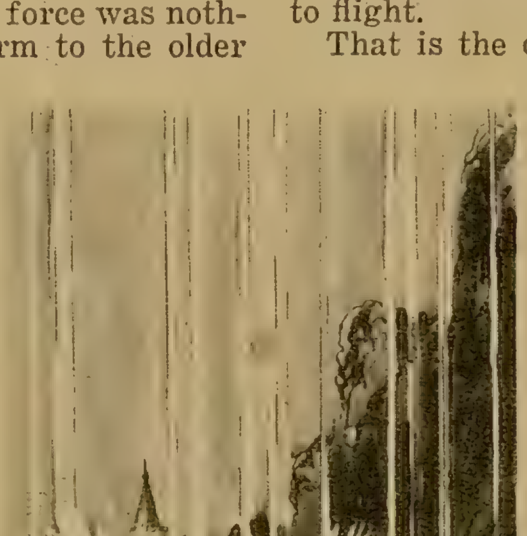
co-pilot of the plane Bremen in the first nonstop flight westward across the Atlantic; previously in command of the Irish Free State air corps, after extensive World War service.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

IN a sense it is deplorable that the World War ended when it did. Had it lasted one or two years longer it would have given the human race a better appreciation of the terrible lesson which aircraft have stored up for mankind. The lesson is still to be learned, and there is no doubt whatsoever but that it will be hurled at us in thunder and flame from dizzy altitudes as soon as the powers forget themselves and have recourse once more to the use of arms for the settlement of their differences.

Until almost the end of the war the air force was nothing more than a very weak ancillary arm to the older combatant services, the army and the navy. The airplane was used for observation in the rear of the enemy's lines, coöperation with the artillery and infantry, and air combat in the war zones in order to obstruct the opponent in the fulfillment of these same functions.

Germany was the first to realize the greater importance of the strategic employment of aircraft to carry the war away from the front and direct it against the centers of population and mass of property in the interior of the enemy states. Here the objects aimed at were the disruption of the flow of supplies to the troops in the field, and the smashing of the morale of the civilian populations. About five months before the Armistice the British formed their independent air force for work of a similar nature. As a result, however, of the casualties sustained by the day bombers, single-seater pursuit ships were used as escort in order to afford protection to the clumsy bombing craft. This was the beginning of the flying fleet of the future, analogous to the naval fleet consisting of the capital ships and the protective destroyers and light battle cruisers.



The shock is appalling. Great buildings totter and tumble.

Immediately upon the declaration of hostilities in the future, huge strato fleets, made up on these same lines, will assemble in the stratosphere and endeavor to attack the enemy's centers of population and industry with high explosive, incendiary, and asphyxiating gas bombs. Defensive scouting and fighting craft will try to intercept these raiding bombing fleets. Should they meet, there will be fought in the stratosphere a dog fight the din of which will shake the very pillars of heaven and put the angels to flight.

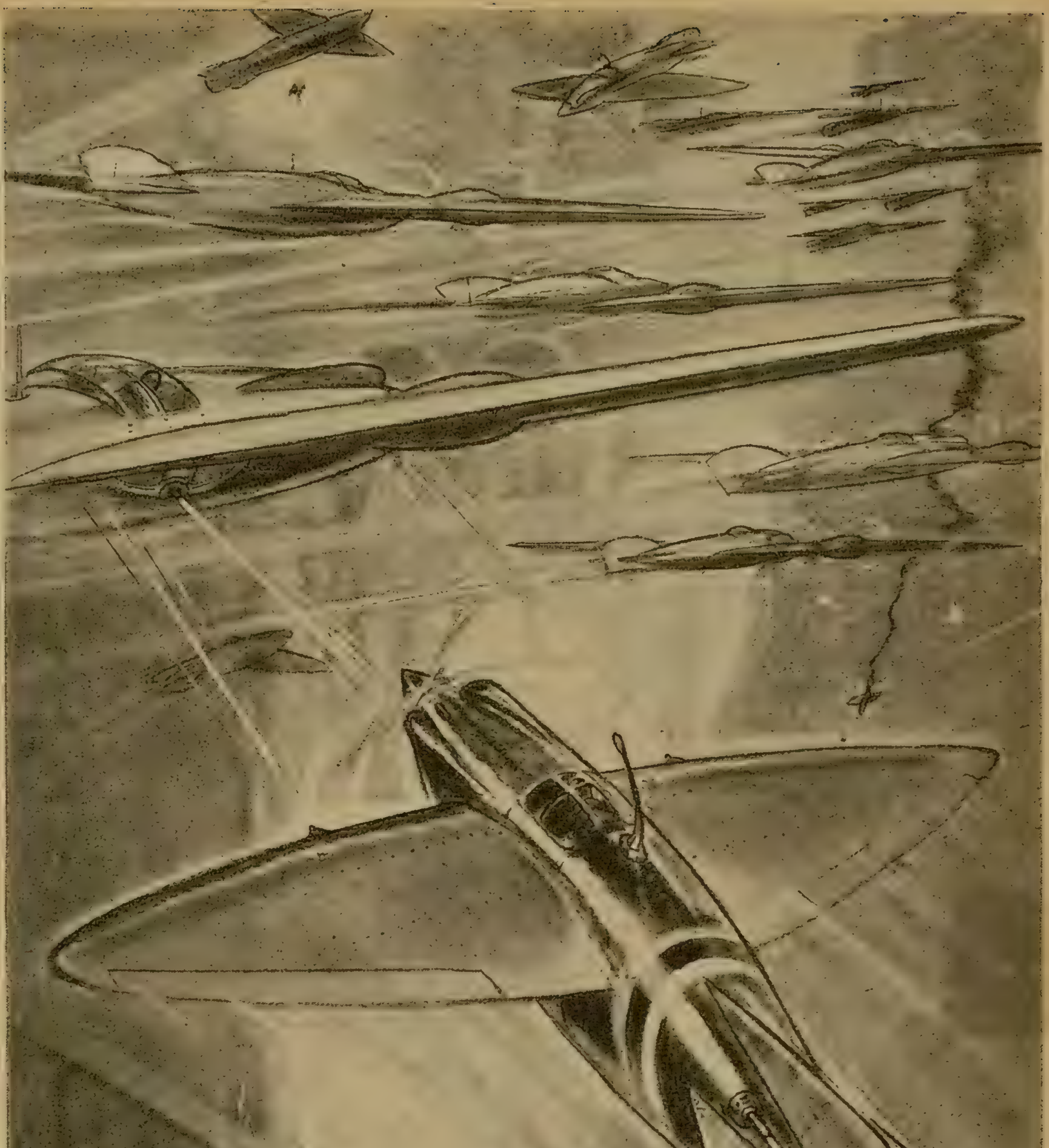
That is the outlook as it is clear today. That is the type of war which perhaps we—perhaps posterity—will have to fight.

The military authorities of all the great powers are fully alive to the importance of this colossal revolution which the stratoplane will bring about in war. Yet our teeming millions concentrated in our cities, who will bear the full brunt of this future war, remain uninterested. People feel secure in the fond hope that the humanitarians and idealists will draft and enforce laws providing for moderation in the use of the stratoplane in war.

Maybe they will. But in considering this possibility, we should not lose sight of the fact that in 1139 the Lateran Council, being terrified of the consequences, prohibited the use of the crossbow in war. In later centuries both Bayard and Marshal Saxe, actuated by similar motives, did everything possible to ban the use of the musket. Finally the Vatican exerted its powerful influence to abolish the use of the explosive shell. Yet the horrors of the last war are still fresh in our memories.

Appreciating this situation, we try

Pictures by
Clayton Knight



Fifteen miles above the earth, two strato fleets have met. The solitude of space is shocked by hails of steel and lead.

to reassure ourselves with the thought that adequate defensive measures can be provided against attack from above. This is most delusive reasoning. If we gleaned any information from the World War—other than an idea regarding the potentialities of the airplane as an instrument of war—it was the fact that defense against air attack is absolutely out of the question. The ground defenses which we used then, and upon which we are still relying, are just about as useful as "the wall which the Emperor Hadrian built in the mistaken belief that, by such means, it would be possible to keep southern Britain permanently free of Scotsmen."

If we were so utterly helpless against the onslaughts of an enemy whom we could see flying—rarely more than 10,000 feet above the ground—how in the world shall we protect ourselves against murderous stratoplanes, hopelessly out of sight and hearing, 50,000 feet or more over our heads?

In strato warfare, more than in any other kind, the best defense will lie in the attack. Our only protection, then, will be the possession of such a force second to none in craft and personnel, capable of carrying out by night and by day sustained, relentless, and ruthless attacks on the centers of the fabric of the enemy state. Cordons of defensive and scouting craft will help us in protecting the centers of our own state. It is very doubtful, however, if we shall be able to give them absolute protection; both the sea and the sky are too open and vast to defend.

The stratoplane is no wild figment of our dreams or imaginations.

The first of these ships—the result of years of laborious experimental work—is receiving its finishing touches at the Junkers aircraft factory in Germany. Tests will be carried out in the very near future. The success of these tests—and there is no reason, in the light of the recent discoveries of Professor Auguste Piccard, to believe otherwise than that they will be successful—will be the signal for the inclusion of this type of craft in the world's air forces.

The make-up of these craft does not involve any revolutionary departure from orthodox aërodynamic principles. Special considerations, however, call for certain modifications of the conventional types of ships used in the lower reaches of the atmosphere. These considerations are based upon the nature and character of the stratosphere.

In the first place, we have to deal there with a complete, or almost complete, lack of oxygen. Without this life-

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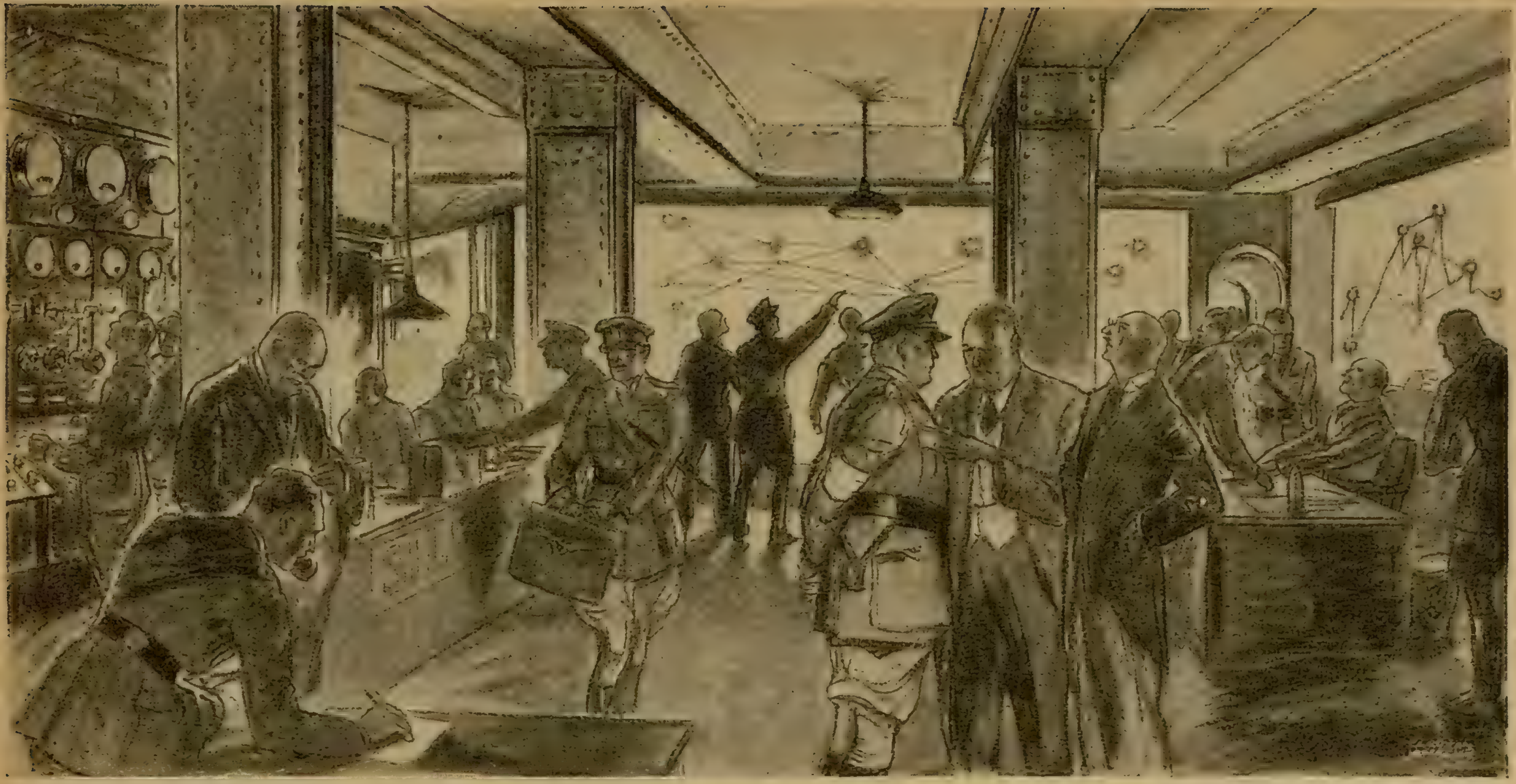

Deep down in the bowels of the earth are the government offices—brilliantly illuminated palatial dugouts.

THE APPROACHING TERRIBLE WAR IN THE STRATOSPHERE
Continued from page fifty-three

giving element man cannot live nor can the present-day motors function.

In the stratoplane the necessary supply of oxygen will be carried under compression in special metal tanks located in the interiors of the wings. It will be fed to the personnel by means of a valve regulated to administer the gas in the correct quantities. It is a simple mechanical step to arrange a similar valve controlling the supply to the engine.

Next to the absence of oxygen the greatest hazard of the stratosphere is the extremely low atmospheric pressure and the subarctic temperatures. These two factors must be considered together, for in order to prevent their adverse physical effects, it is necessary to inclose the crew of the stratoplane in a gas-tight metal compartment.

The temperature at 52,000 feet, the greatest height so far attained by human beings, is approximately 70 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. Comfortable temperatures can be maintained inside the metal compartment during the day by the use of varicolored slides on the outside of the shell to absorb or diffuse, as the case may be, the heat of the cosmic rays. At night electrically heated clothing will counteract the discomfort.

The main necessity for the gas-tight compartment lies in the fact that, at this great altitude, the atmospheric pressure is in the neighborhood of one and one-half pounds to the square inch, whereas our bodies are constituted to withstand a pressure at surface of approximately fifteen pounds per square inch. Exposure to this low pressure would result in violently increased heart action leading to hemorrhages sufficient to cause, if not immediate death, at least unconsciousness leading to death. The gas-tight compartment, therefore, must be so designed that it will maintain a pressure on the inside equal to that to which we are accustomed on the ground.

THIS problem has been complicated by the fact that with a fifteen-pounds-per-square-inch pressure on the inside and a resistance of only one-tenth of that pressure on the outside, the seams of the craft tend to burst. These difficulties have, however, been overcome.

The stratoplane, of which there will be two types, one for bombing and the other for scouting and defensive fighting work, will consist of a gas-tight, highly streamlined, armored metal shell supported by conventional wings and equipped with a retractable landing gear and adjustable pitch propeller. Machine guns will be fitted into the leading edges of the wings, in the front of the nose, and underneath the floor. These guns will provide a field of fire in every direction. Bombs will be carried in special bomb racks let into the underneath portions of the bombing ships. On account of the extremely low density of the stratosphere these ships will be capable of speeds four to five times as great as those obtainable in the lower reaches with the same horsepower.

With all this in mind, let us take a look into the future.

Once more the nations are at war. Split seconds count in the actual commencement of hostilities, for this new war will be fought not on the ground nor in the air but in the stratosphere. The first shocks of the first attacks may spell victory or defeat.

WILDEST terror and disorder reign in the centers of population. Armies of government officials, ignorant of their duties and panicky—hurriedly organized at the eleventh hour—deploy throughout the teeming millions, distributing gas helmets and allocating quarters in the church crypts, subways, and cellars.

Confusion rules supreme. No one knows just what to do or how to do it. But, as always happens in time of panic, the herd instinct prevails, and the utter disorder yields slowly under the mesmeric influence of leaders suddenly arisen. Surrounded by groups of terrified inhabitants they guide the helpless mobs to the shelter and safety of underground refuges.

Man is rushing into the entrails of the earth like a frightened mole, in fear and terror of his fellow man who will shortly climb into limitless space to accomplish his destruction.

Deep down in the bowels of the earth, under the capitals of the nations involved, are to be found the government offices in the form of brilliantly illuminated palatial dugouts equipped with all the latest methods of communication. Grim-faced and silent, the cabinet ministers and chiefs of staffs stand in hesitant expectancy at the nerve centers of the whole systems of the initial operations—the private offices of the air marshals.

On both sides the scenes are identical. In each case the huge walls are covered with massive mechanically operated maps showing the layout of the home country and that of the enemy's. Bright colors clearly mark the centers of population and industry. Flashing lights tell their silent story of the location of every unit of the flying force. One look at the wall, and the master manipulator knows everything.

A host of radio operators listen intently for news of activity.

Suddenly the whole scene becomes shot with action and attention, as a red lamp, upon which all eyes have been riveted, sends a crimson glow throughout the room. It is the signal for the commencement of hostilities.

The radio operators spring into action. Messages are being received and passed to the air marshal. Noting their contents, he continues his study of the wall and its maps.

These maps seem to have absorbed the lively action prevalent in the room. Their workings unfold a tale or picture of the progress of the strato force winging its way at mighty speeds and in small squadron groups to the rendezvous decided upon by the air marshal at the last conference with his subordinates.

Radio beams from the various formations, connecting with the varicolored lamps inset in the massive wall plans, indicate the position of all units at any given time. The right-hand bottom corner of the chart, by a similar arrangement of lamps, indicates the point of rendezvous and shows the locations of the various formations as they arrive and report to the force commander who is circling about in space, fifteen miles above the surface of the earth and 200 miles distant from the air marshal's dugout from which the whole operation is being directed.

Another chart in like manner indicates the disposition and strength of the home defense units. They are patrolling the skies in layers or cordons at varying altitudes to intercept any portion of the enemy bombing force which may break through.

GLANCING at the wall, the air marshal notes that the bombing force is now completely assembled in close formation and making its way steadily and at terrific speed toward the interior of the enemy state.

There are 5,000 ships in all, of which two-thirds are bombers, each carrying a load of about twenty-five tons of gas, high explosive, and incendiary bombs. The remainder of the fleet carries out the duty of beating off possible hostile attacks. Should this huge fleet reach its objective and drop its deadly load of 80,000 to 90,000 tons of bombs on the center of the enemy population, the havoc, destruction, and horror will be reflected immediately in victory.

Col. Fitzmaurice, author of this article.

The ministers of state and war follow closely the indications on the wall map before them. Progress is good. Optimism shows in the tense faces of the spectators. In a short time the fleet should reach its objective. The stratoplanes seem to have evaded the keen eyes of the enemy's defensive legions.

But now another series of lamps flare into life, showing that the close formations have been broken and that the fleet has opened out for fighting purposes. The flotilla has been intercepted at a point about midway between the enemy capital and its own.

The dog fight is in progress. There is no way of seeing the results. Hope and apprehension grip those in the dugout. They stand silent, filled with an ill-disguised impatience, awaiting the arrival of the radio messages which will bring news of the tide of battle.

FIFTEEN miles above the earth two huge strato fleets have met. What is happening there?

The tactics of this new warfare vary little from those of the wars of the Cæsars and of the Middle Ages. The arena and the instruments used are the only differences.

A number of the fighting craft of each force are detailed by radio to detach from the main fleet and engage the enemy's fighting force. Here we see the old game of the cavalry shock to prepare the way for the final assault.

The huge bombers, helpless through their clumsiness, draw close together in a modern version of the ancient military square formation. This maneuver affords mutual protection by creating a massed field of machine-gun fire which means instant destruction to any enemy craft that stumbles within its range.

The mighty solitude of space is shocked by the hails of steel and lead spat viciously from the mouths of the weapons. The vulgar sounds of man's hatreds reverberate throughout its vastness—a hellish staccato music of his machines and lethal weapons. The scene is comparable only to that which would be occasioned by the presence of a foul-mouthed, drunken, hooligan mob suddenly deposited amid the peace, quiet, and shelter of a holy cloister.

Here and there the armor-piercing machine-gun missiles succeed in penetrating the protective shells of the enemy ships. Then death gets in its fastest work. The pressure inside the perforated cabins drops almost immediately to nearly nil. The frail human bodies of the operating personnel, exposed to this inhuman condition, crumple forward over the controls. Vomiting blood, they fade into unconsciousness and their planes plunge down through space like meteors. Upon striking the atmosphere at planetary velocity they overheat, burst into flame, and are dissipated on to the earth below in the form of powder and small fragments.

Collisions are frequent, as machines smashing through space at incredible speeds are unable to avoid one another. The shocks of impact are terrific and the results indescribable. The battle rages fast and furious as the fleets withdraw under the orders of their commanders, reform, and pro-

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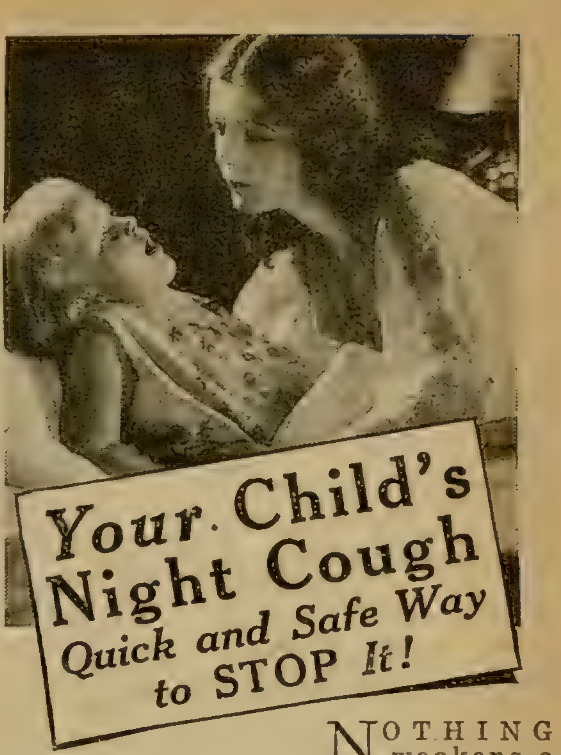

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THE APPROACHING TERRIBLE WAR IN THE STRATOSPHERE
Continued from page fifty-five

ceed again and again to the attack. Meanwhile, as the tide of battle ebbs and flows, the primary objective of the venture is not being overlooked by the invaders. The job in hand is not a trial of strength between the opposing forces—although success or failure in this combat may prove a decisive factor in the main issue. The task is, rather, the more serious one of breaking through the defense and striking at the heart of the enemy's social and industrial fabric. The concussion of the first blow is what counts. The preliminary fighting is carried out to assist or to prevent, as the case may be, the accomplishment of this end.

The superior force—the force possessed of the better craft, the more skilled generals and leaders, and the finer personnel—succeeds in crushing the enemy's defense. On toward the region of space over the opponent's capital city the victorious strato fleet darts.

The commander wheels his force into position. Under the direction of his navigators, who guide the complete unit, he circles over his prey. The armada, now spread out for better effect, completely shadows the point below at which from its lofty vantage it will loose its deadly hail.

The commander shouts his orders through the radiophone. Instantly they are received in every ship, and a host of hands simultaneously press the switches which control the bomb release apparatus.

A HIDEOUS shower of death and destruction falls screeching and screaming through space and atmosphere to the helpless, thickly populated earth below.

The shock of the hit is appalling. Great buildings totter and tumble into the dust like a mean and frail set of ninepins.

That was expected.

But down in the underground retreats, where cringing humanity felt itself safe, sudden death and mutilation brutally dispel this false sense of security. The bombs have penetrated deep into the ground, exploding and blotting out thousands of human lives—male, female, and infant.

The survivors, now merely demoralized masses of demented humanity, scatter caution to the winds. They are seized by a demoniacal frenzy of terror.

They tear off their gas masks, soon absorb the poisonous fumes, and expire in horrible agony, cursing the fate that did not destroy them hurriedly and without warning in the first awful explosions.

The scenes which have been witnessed on the decks of a sinking liner or amid the smoke-filled tiers of an overcrowded cinema theater in flames are the mere frolics of a herd of spring lambs compared with the chaos which here exists.

The mobs get out of hand and proceed in a howling, cursing mass to the entrance leading to the deeply sheltered offices of government.

Pleas, threats, cordons, gunfire have no effect on the frenzied populace. The history of the Bastille is reënacted as ministers and officials are dragged into the light of day and publicly torn to shreds by the infuriated hordes.

The saner inhabitants flee in wild disorder to the safety and protection of the open country. The whole social and industrial life of the capital is paralyzed by one swift, telling blow which has its repercussions throughout the entire land, now reduced to a state of disorder, looting, and anarchy.

Meanwhile the army of the conquering nation brushes aside the demoralized defenders and advances easily into the interior of the enemy territory.

Order is quickly restored through martial law, and action is begun to settle the claims out of which the war arose.

SUCH will be a war in the stratosphere. Will it always terminate so quickly?

If it does we should offer thanks for this new instrument which will write " Finis " to the long-drawn-out conflicts which, we hope, lie buried securely in the mud, slush, and war cemeteries of Flanders.

The slow starvation and colossal butchery of war similar to that of 1914-18 are gone, perhaps gone forever.

The strato war will be terrible in its effect by bringing all war's horrors and evils home to those who in the past have been sheltered behind the cruel sufferings of the armies and the navies. In these days of democratic government, it will impress—by its power of direct action—upon the civilians responsible for the continuance in public office of those who make wars, the fact that the absolute abandonment of war for all time is the only hope for civilization.

There is another consolation. Of the two latest developments of science and mechanics—the stratoplane and the submarine—the stratoplane, unlike the submarine, can assume an angelic rôle and prove to be one of the greatest boons and blessings ever enjoyed by mankind.

As an instrument of transportation it will reduce the time factor of travel to absolute nothingness. It will bring the peoples of the earth closer together, and will fill them with a proper realization that all races are alike, stimulated by the same outlook, ideals, and ambitions.

Thus it will lay the lasting foundations of international coöperation and good will.

On the other hand, the stratoplane may destroy utterly our present civilization.

Who knows?

THE END

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A True Gastronome

Our two-year-old daughter is very fond of barley soup. The other night she was saying her prayers, and ended by saying, " God bless daddy, and God bless mama, and God bless barley soup."—A. E. McDonnell, 204 17th St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

* * *

Only Half Sleepy

Little Jeanne was watching a game of bridge and yawning at intervals of about one minute apart. When asked by her mother if she were sleepy, she replied, " My eyes aren't, but my mouth is."—L. A. Carr, 412 Braniff Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Smoked Out

A Short Short Story

(*Reading time: 5 minutes 7 seconds.*)

By NED TOMLINSON

Picture by CARL PFEUFER

ARTHUR FORBES crawled out from the wreck of his little car with a lacerated scalp, a painfully bruised kneecap, and a sound determination to square accounts with whoever had run into him.

He had been driving home from the office, chugging conservatively along through the early winter dusk, when a high-powered car, roaring past him from the rear, had suddenly cut in front of him, crashed into his mud guard, and sent his machine rolling into the gutter. It was as if a rhinoceros had side-swiped a goat.

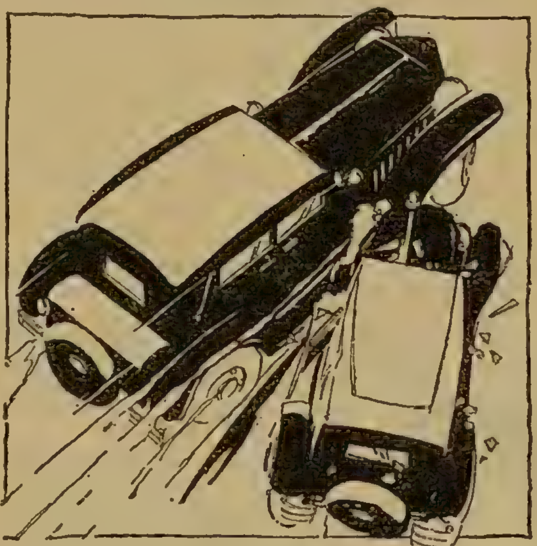
The big car had caromed into an electric-light pole a few paces away and had come to a stop with water streaming from a split radiator. A fur-coated man was standing beside it, swaying drunkenly.

A policeman emerged from the surrounding obscurity. "What's all this?" he asked.

"Arrest that man!" cried Forbes, wiping the blood out of his eyes. "He's drunk. Look what he did!" And he pointed at his splintered car lying in the roadway.

The other lurched forward belligerently, and under the brilliant arc light Forbes recognized his face as that of a local politician—a man reputed to have a strong pull in the neighborhood.

Evidently the policeman recognized him also, for he quickly said, "Aw, there's no sense in makin' a fuss; let the insurance companies fix it up."



Forbes turned angrily. He knew his only chance for redress lay in establishing the fact that the other man was intoxicated. "Look here," he said. "If you don't make an arrest I'll report you. He's drunk, and you know it."

The policeman, after a moment's hesitation, shrugged his broad shoulders. "I guess I'll let the sergeant manage this," he said. "Come on."

In the station house, while the man in the fur coat smiled derisively, Forbes told his story to a heavy-faced sergeant, who heard him through in stony silence.

"G'wan," he growled. "This man isn't drunk. Accidents can happen to anybody. Settle it out of court."

Forbes felt his gorge rise. "I have a right to have this man examined by a physician," he insisted. "I tell you he's drunk and—"

"Get out of here!" suddenly roared the sergeant, rising to his feet. "Go on, now—or I'll give you the works. Be on your way."

And Forbes, inwardly raging, limped out.

The next morning, however, with a bandaged head and a letter from the president of the bank where he was a trusted clerk, he went to headquarters and told the police commissioner everything that had happened. He fared better there. The commissioner listened courteously and promised to have one of his deputies look into it immediately.

Two days later, in response to a telephone message, Forbes went to headquarters again, and was shown into a large office where the deputy commissioner, a gray-haired man, was seated behind a wide desk. In a corner of the room, talking together in whispers, were the sergeant and the policeman.

Again Forbes told his story, ending with the sergeant's refusal to have the man examined for alcoholism and his own curt dismissal from the police station.

When he finished, the commissioner looked inquiringly at the sergeant. "Well?" he said.

The sergeant's face wore a puzzled look. "Mr. Commissioner," he replied, "I never seen this feller before in my life. Maybe it happened in some other precinct. Maybe he's a nut. How about you, Bill?" And he turned to the policeman. Bill waved a large paw.

"I don't know what it's all about," he replied. "I never seen this guy before, neither."

"Do you mean to say," Forbes blurted out, "that I wasn't in your station house last Tuesday night with this policeman and a man in a fur overcoat?"

"Not while I was there," answered the sergeant, with what was meant to be an indulgent smile.

Here the commissioner broke in: "Did you bring the blotter?" he asked.

"Sure," answered the sergeant, handing up a large ledger he had been holding in his lap.

The commissioner studied it a moment. "There is no entry here to indicate such an occurrence as you have described," he said to Forbes. Then, with lifted eyebrows, "Was no one else present?"

"No," answered Forbes between his teeth, "there wasn't." Then he got to his feet. "Just excuse me a moment," he said. "I want to make a telephone call."

FOUR or five minutes after he left, an attendant entered the room and handed the commissioner a folded piece of paper. Immediately afterward Forbes returned.

"Mr. Commissioner," he began, "possibly I've been mistaken—"

But the commissioner was not listening. He was fumbling in his pockets for something.

"Got a cigarette, sergeant?" he asked.

The sergeant jumped forward and held out a cigarette case. The commissioner took it, studied it, and seemed to be comparing it with the paper he had in his hand. Then he pressed a button. A man in uniform appeared.

"These two men," he said crisply, indicating the sergeant and the policeman, "are suspended. Take them downstairs and make out the necessary papers. I'll fill in the charges later." Then, ignoring the gaping sergeant, he stood up and held out his hand to Forbes.

"Thank you, young man," he said. "You have done the force a service. You will be called as a witness at the trial."

And he bowed him out.

The folded paper contained a sketch of a cigarette case, and beneath it, in Forbes' handwriting:

> The sergeant said he never saw me before. While I was talking to him in the police station Tuesday night he took out a cigarette case made of yellow mottled wood with gunmetal hinges. On the outside was a design of two roosters inlaid in red ivory. Ask him for a cigarette.

THE END

Vox

Those Political Speeches

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I don't always agree with Liberty's editorials. But the one called "A Political Speech We'd Like to Hear" happened to hit me just right.

Certainly you wrote something worth writing when you advocated greater freedom for legislators, and urged that they be allowed to change their minds on important questions, unhampered by pledges given their constituents. You said a mouthful when you stated:

"We have sent too many voting machines to the legislative halls—men whose intelligence dictated adherence to a certain plan, but who voted at variance with their own judgment."

FELLOW CITIZENS—
THESE ARE THE PARAMOUNT ISSUES!

Why, it's like inviting a statesman to step on to a platform and make a speech—and then gagging him, and seeing to it that the speech issues from the loud-speaker right next him, and not a word from his own lips.

Yes, we have too many "rubber stamps," as you call them—too many timid politicians with one ear to the ground, afraid to use their own heads on matters which they have studied deeply, and merely repeating the opinions of the less well informed people back in their home states.—*J. Slater.*

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—Your editorial, "A Political Speech We'd Like to Hear," struck me as rather singular. Where, oh, where can you find a candidate for office who is not for or against certain interests?

It matters not what the interests are—they are mostly governed by local demands.

What man has ever been sent to either the national or state capitols with a free and open mind?

Politics, as played today, is not Utopian.—*Asher Frank.*

We Are Always Up in the Air

NASHVILLE, TENN.—All my life I've been an enthusiastic participant in flying. I've had ample opportunity to observe the reactions and diversions of aviators and embryo flyers, and I can say without hesitancy that Liberty is relied on by airmen as well as all air-minded persons to give the *real* epics of aviation.

Flyers have never forgotten your great story, "War Birds," and I have noticed, lately, that it isn't hard to find copies of Liberty around the hangars since Dick Grace's "Lost Squadron" has been appearing.

Keep it up!—*D. T. Carroll.*

Full of Dynamite

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I will say that, sometimes, your Liberty looks as though it were going to be a hit, but, just like a loaded cigar that one hopes to enjoy, it always blows up.—*John F. Louis.*

A Prohibition Pessimist Speaks

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Pitting the brilliant intellect of a writer like Jay Franklin against the efforts of Ella A. Boole was like entering a tugboat and an airplane in a speed contest. He deserved a worthier adversary in debating the important subject of prohibition, if there is any such thing as a worthy advocate of that cause.

The tragedy of it is that masterly discussions like his will do no good. The combined intelligence, wit, and brilliance of all the Jay Franklins in the country will avail nothing in trying to solve this tragic problem. It is the followers of the Boole school of thought who hold the whip of power, and, when they crack it, the nit-wits who predominate in Congress will jump.

Ida M. Darden

Wisdom, knowledge, and sanity have always beaten in vain at the bars of ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance, and the disposition of this matter by the next Congress will prove the accuracy of this age-old rule. To assume otherwise is to assume an unjustified optimism, in view of the brand of statesmanship prevailing in Washington since the last three amendments went into effect. —*Ida M. Darden.*

Index Indignation

CULVER CITY, CALIF.—Dear Mr. President, Chief Editor, Vox Pop Editor, etc. —and if one of these boys is not the one I want, please call in the rest of the staff, including the janitor, as I have just discovered something wrong with my November 7 Liberty.

Here's my kick. In that issue, the whole index was gone!

Just imagine, if you can, my embarrassment when I returned to the drug store and asked for a Liberty that was all there.

"Heh, heh!" sez the clerk. "There *is* no such thing."—*M. E. H.*

Railroad Rumpus

BOSTON, MASS.—Three cheers for Theodore Dreiser's "Take a Look at Our Railroads." He has performed a real service for the American nation, and is to be congratulated on his frankness in exposing the truth about how the railroads in this country have been babied too long.—*College Student.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Theodore Dreiser would have people believe that the inland waterways are not bothering the railroads. Come down south to Alabama and see for yourself.

That article was unfair.—*J. D. Lee.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I knew Mr. Dreiser could write good stories. I knew he could write good novels. But I didn't know he could write such a corking good article about railroads.—*F. M.*

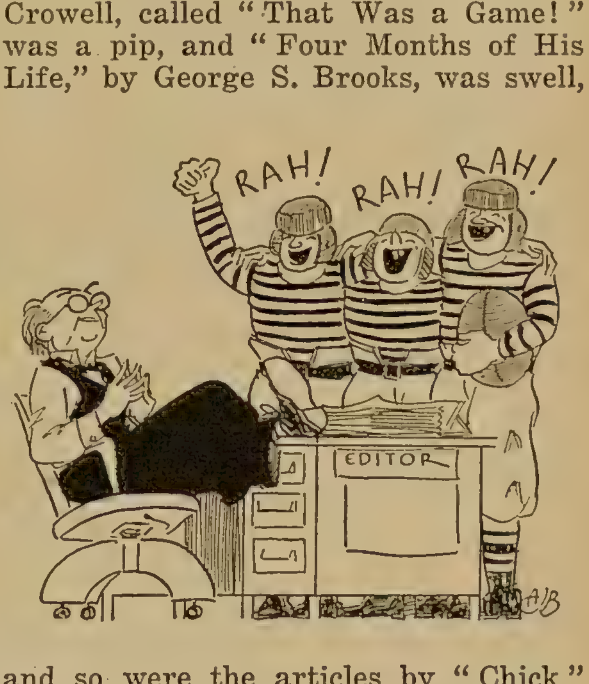
MURPHYSBORO, ILL.—Theodore Dreiser's article was quite facetious.

So anyone can work on a railroad? Huh! I'd hate to ride on a train operated by a novelist.—*T. H. H.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have just finished reading "Take a Look at Our Railroads," by Theodore Dreiser, and wish to say it was the most sensible thing I ever read in Liberty.—*F. J. Jolin.*

Am I Blushing?

BOSTON, MASS.—How come Liberty gets hold of such good football stories and articles? Did the editor play football himself? That yarn by Chester T. Crowell, called "That Was a Game!" was a pip, and "Four Months of His Life," by George S. Brooks, was swell, and so were the articles by "Chick" Meehan.


RAH!
RAH!
RAH!
EDITOR

I play football, and like to read about the grand old game, and when I come to a good part of the story, shivers run up my back and neck.

Several of my college friends play football and like to read football stories just the way I do, and we'd like to come into your office sometime and give the editor a cheer.—*A Football Player.*

Pop

Answering an Answer

AKRON, OHIO—I have just finished reading "A Nurse's Answer to F. P. A.," and have something to say!

I should like to pat that nurse on the back, and shake her hand, and have one of our officials present her with the key to our city. Everything in her article is true. These are facts, not just something amusing at someone else's expense.

I am not a nurse, but have been reared in the atmosphere of hospitals, doctors, and nurses. I, for one, appreciate their efforts. For what would we do without them? When we are in pain, who is it that calms us down, eases our pain, and smooths the sheets? A columnist with his wit and satire? No, just another of that class termed "overpaid, stupid, selfish, and ignorant"—in other words, a nurse.

KEY TO AKRON

We don't mind the money we spend for amusements, luxuries, etc. Why growl over the honest fees of another worker?

Too bad nurses don't work for nothing. That seems to be what some people in the highly paid professions seem to want.—*Just a Housewife.*

CHARLESTON, S. C.—In answer to "A Nurse's Answer to F. P. A.," I would like to state that I, too, disagree with Mr. Adams, who said that nurses are ignorant. They are *not* ignorant. They are well up on the following studies:
1. Drinking alcoholic beverages.
2. Smoking cigarettes.
3. Necking.
4. Stealing other women's husbands.
5. Gold digging.

Aside from this they are O. K.—*Robert H. Calif.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—I was mighty glad to see that nurse's answer to F. P. A.

If I was a nurse and had him for a patient, I'd kick more than his bed.—*Rhode Islander.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was intensely interested in the nurse's answer to F. P. A. Balancing her article against his, it seems to me that neither was wholly right, and neither wholly wrong. There was truth in both of them.—*A Doctor.*

HINES, ILL.—And did the little nurse get F. P. A. told? And many of 'em!

I guess that will hold him for a while. —*Shummy.*

We Don't Stipulate; We Just Estimate

PORTLAND, ORE.—I find the singular formula which you have for some little time used as a preface to your stories—*Reading time: 20 minutes 25 seconds,* or something of the sort—not only distasteful, but actually distressing. My eyes light upon it, return to it, detest it, yet are fascinated by it.

I must acknowledge that I did not take or read Liberty for a while, as this —to me—ridiculous stipulation that one must occupy exactly so long in perusing any article or story repelled me.—*Elderly Reader.*

That Tale of a Turtle

HOUSTON, TEX.—I wish to congratulate Paul Annixter, the author of "When the Turtle Sings," on his ability to produce such a story. I consider it the most fascinating, interest-holding story I have ever read.

I've never read a yarn with so much information in it which still did not become stilted and dry.—*Agnes Cole.*

Planting the Depression

SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.—Could not the army, navy, and marine recruiting offices in the various localities be used also as industrial recruiting offices? That is, anybody requiring work would apply to one of these government agencies and be enlisted in an industrial army. To this industrial army the government would pay about sixty per cent of a normal day's wages.

The members of the new army would then be sent out through the various states where millions of acres are going to waste. They would clear the land and plant timber—that is, pine, oak, spruce, or hemlock, according to the vicinity and type of soil cleared.

This timber would probably require from fifty to one hundred years to mature, and the entire project be financed by long-term government bonds.

James F. Gable

The timber raised would go a long way toward repaying the government loans. Since it would be paid only sixty per cent of normal wages, this industrial army would automatically return to its various occupations as soon as better paying work was offered.—*James F. Gable.*

The Vividness of Mr. Doherty

SEATTLE, WASH.—I've been reading with mixed feelings your articles by Edward Doherty entitled "The Twilight of the Gangster." Never were articles put in print that told so vividly the whole truth of the gangster situation.

They inspired in me such hatred that my blood boiled; they made me wish, fervently, that I was able to annihilate these rats. For the first time, my fingers itched for the trigger of a machine gun.

A few more articles like these, and the American public will fully realize what the nation has been through. At present, I am sure the average citizen doesn't. They make us comprehend that the gangster has been dragging civilization down by sheer, cruel brutality. Such things must stop.

R. E. Gripenwaldt

More power to Doherty—less to the gangster.—*R. E. Gripenwaldt.*

Says You!

NORMAN, OKLA.—Might I suggest that you double the reading time printed above the articles in your magazine? You see, most of 'em are so dumb that one has to read 'em twice to get any sense out of 'em.—*G. P.*

This Is Asking a Little Too Much

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I wonder who Leslie Thrasher thinks he is kidding with a cover such as the one on your November 7 issue. That was the cover showing Gwen and Ulysses spattering themselves with red paint, while Lil, unconcerned, painted a table.

In the first place, no mother is going to be in the same room with such goings on and have such a serene, complacent look. In the second place, no mother with any gumption would let a paint brush fall into kids' hands at a critical time like this. What Thrasher needs is to become a mother, and he wouldn't be so silly.—*An Intelligent Mother.*

HINTS TO MOTHERS

The MASK of

What Happened to a Man Who Made Love to the Wrong Woman

By

ROSITA FORBES

(Reading time: 8 minutes 20 seconds.)

A LONG time ago, before I knew anything about surveys or nationalism or the effect of climate and surroundings on white men who "go native," I was wandering about the Southern Seas with another young woman as ignorant as myself.

The dozen other passengers on board the tramp steamer were flotsam and jetsam from the hemp and tobacco plantations of the ruthless islands. They talked glibly of vanilla and copra and coco as we lay on deck, while the sun crept under the tattered awning and licked worn canvas shoes and glasses that had held "Doctor Funk" cocktails until it reached the white, anæmic faces of those who earn their bread—and drink—in the tropics. But one man talked only of his wife.

He was small and incredibly wizened, with, alternately, the stillness and the quick, effortless movements of a native.

For thirty years he had lived among the Guri Bari tribe outside the pale in New Guinea. When he first established his store somewhere between the Owen-Stanley range and the tropical belt he was the only white man in the region. His predecessor had been eaten with everything but his boots, which were recovered by the punitive expedition after they had been cooked for many days to make them tender.

"Of course it's all different now," explained one of the planters. "I don't say a baby doesn't occasionally disappear off some plantation register, and the only explanation offered is: 'He was sick, so we eat him *kaikai.*' But this little fellow's got his people in hand. You wouldn't think it to look at him, would you? But he's a sort of god up there."

"And his wife?" we asked.

"Madness," said the planters. "What can a woman do in a crazy shanty with nothing but birds of paradise and stark-naked blacks?"

"Is she up there alone now?"

"She's probably running the store—beads, knives, belts, and anything scarlet. That always gets the boys. They like a bit o' color. The place is way beyond most of the plantations, but I did hear there was a young fellow prospecting somewhere in that direction."

Unanimously our fellow passengers advised us to accept the little man's invitation to stay. "You'll see the real stuff—undiluted native," they said; but what sent us to the back of beyond was curiosity to meet the man's wife. When he spoke of her, the storekeeper, who had lived native for so long that his English hesitated, looked happier than any human has a right to be.

When we'd parted from him in the port, the trail through the blue-gum country might have been lit by the excitement in his eyes. He wouldn't wait for a drink in the spider-haunted barn which was then the only hotel. He was off astride a rat of a pony before the other travelers had sorted their luggage.

A fortnight later a buckboard, drawn by two lean horses, took us to the edge of civilization. After that we rode for a couple of days. A woman came to meet us through the long grass, amid which a galvanized-iron roof looked oddly out of place. She wasn't very wonderful. She was just young and sunburnt and blue-eyed. She was also monosyllabic. But what staggered us was the change in the little man we'd known on the boat.

Now he looked as if a candle had been snuffed inside him. Without the glamour of happiness he was just a dried-up little fellow with clawlike fingers and something repulsive about his mouth.

He never referred to his wife. He might not have been aware of her presence. The situation would have been incredible, after his chatter on the boat, but for an incident which occurred the evening after our arrival.

"If that woman weren't utterly stupid she'd be frightened," said my companion. "This place is unholy. Let's get out of it."

We walked away from the house, which looked like a toadstool in the wilderness. As we passed the store we noticed our host surrounded by a crowd of natives. They were sullen and intent. Then a surge of excitement rippled from one oiled body to another.

The grass came to an end on the edge of a ravine. Beyond it, in the gloom of a mangrove swamp, were orchids, hornbills, and mosquitoes. A white cotton skirt showed against the dripping branches. Intrigued, we pursued it—and saw, fortunately from a distance, the storekeeper's wife in the arms of an ordinary young man with rather a pleasant face. We had time to notice that they were terribly in love. Then we fled. Scrambling up the ravine, we said to each other with the portentousness of nineteen and twenty-one: "He knows." And on the top, panting, we added: "And he's plotting something horrible!"

By him we meant the storekeeper.

THE young man came to supper. It appeared that he was the prospector of whom we'd heard and that his hut was only a couple of miles up the stream.

"An odd thing happened this morning," he said, with a cheerfulness that seemed to us singularly out of place in view of our hostess's beatific expression and the silence of her husband. "All my boys went off in a body. There's some sort of celebration on the coast—"

The storekeeper broke in with an explanation which seemed to give him excessive pleasure. "Whenever the *lakatois* [long, open boats, rather flat-bottomed] come back with grain there's a feast. It happens annually, and it used to be a horrid affair—cannibalism and all that. A victim was sacrificed and his blood sprinkled on the grain. The government has put an end to it, of course, and consequently the boys complain of bad harvests."

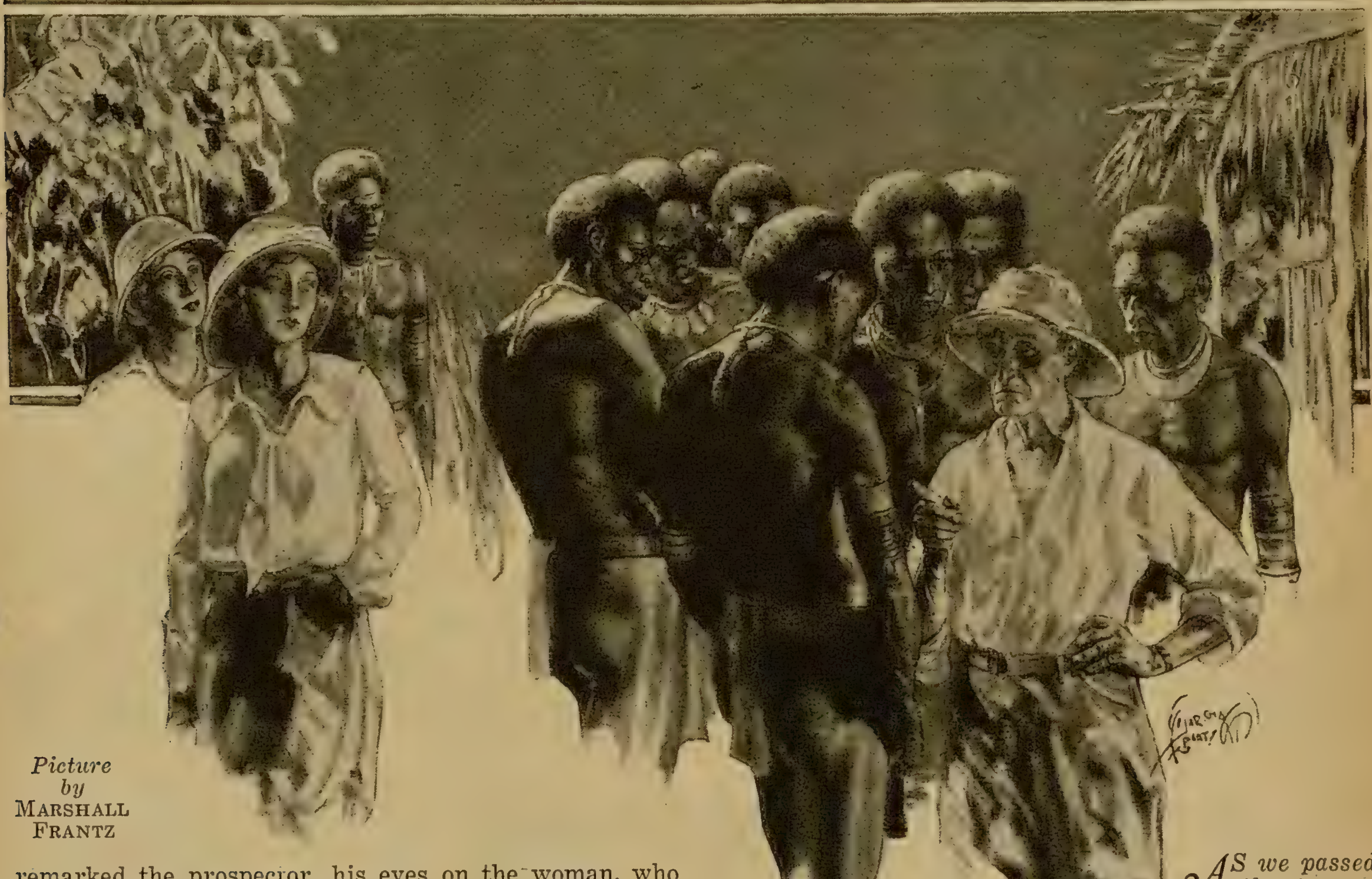
I looked up because I didn't like the complete lack of expression in the face which, on board the tramp steamer, used to be all crinkled up with smiles; and I noticed, among the mats, pottery, and weapons decorating the walls, a mask with a particularly horrible leer.

"What's that?" I asked sharply, because between the flickers of an ill trimmed lamp the thing looked alive.

"It's a totem," replied our host. "One of the old witch men gave it to me. It used to hang up in the doorway of the youth chosen for sacrifice. Rather an honor, I believe. These people think nothing of death. They kill off their own parents as soon as they're too old to work."

"A nasty thing to find served with one's breakfast,"

Leering DEATH



Picture by MARSHALL FRANTZ

As we passed the store we noticed our host surrounded by a crowd of natives.

remarked the prospector, his eyes on the woman, who was no more sensible than himself.

" It would be your last breakfast," retorted the storekeeper. And because I didn't want to look at his tight little face, so blank though it was so full of secret knowledge, I continued to study the mask. It had a peculiar cleft below the right nostril. The knife which had chiseled the horror must have slipped.

Next morning, without any reasonable excuse, we left the shanty, and I imagine that our hosts were no more affected by our absence than by our presence.

" Not exactly a successful visit," I said as we rode between the stunted gum trees. " I had a feeling that something quite impossible was going to happen—at once, or rather sooner."

" So had I," agreed my companion.

By the time we reached the port we were laughing over our imaginative excesses and intent only on seeing the feast of which the storekeeper had spoken. But, for once, officialdom was firm.

"QUITE impossible," said the governor and the judge and various other luminaries. " It doesn't do to excite the natives on these occasions. Left alone, they dance themselves sick and that's the end of it; but they're a deuced suspicious lot, and if they thought the whites were trying to interfere there'd be the devil to pay."

So we were sent off in the opposite direction and comforted with tobacco plantations, and rivers full of alligators, and water villages where the family pig sits in a rudely constructed sty just above the waves and brown babies hang in baskets from any convenient post. When we returned, the port was in an uproar. Something had happened with a vengeance. The Guri Bari boys, easily distinguishable by their coal-black insolence and their hooked noses, were contented. The next harvest would certainly be plentiful; for had there not been a proper sacrifice? No pig or cock, but a man miraculously indicated by their own particular god or devil—and a white man at that! We gasped as the story was poured out, higgledy-piggledy, by an excited half-caste.

Later we dined with a youth who had something to do with the police. At first he was distressingly discreet; but under the blandishments of two determined and not ill favored young women he relented.

" You must keep it to yourselves," he urged, and added, with a smile: " Though every single soul knows it. But the truth is, a prospector up in the wet belt has been done in. He was the victim, all right, at the feast you wanted to go to. And the odd thing is, one of those totem affairs was found hanging outside his hut. We thought we'd made a clean sweep of the lot. There's a heavy penalty for being in possession of such a thing. They were supposed to be done away with, along with witchcraft and cannibalism and all the rest of it."

Eventually he promised that we should see it. So it happened that we found ourselves staring across a number of official papers at the mask which had hung on the storekeeper's wall. There was no doubt about it. The cleft where the knife had slipped gaped under the right nostril. I touched the horrible thing and heard my companion gasp. " Surely—" she began uncertainly. " It's impossible, but—"

I kicked her under the judicial table. " Quite impossible," I said sternly. But all the same it was true.

We heard later that the storekeeper and his wife had removed to another part of the island.

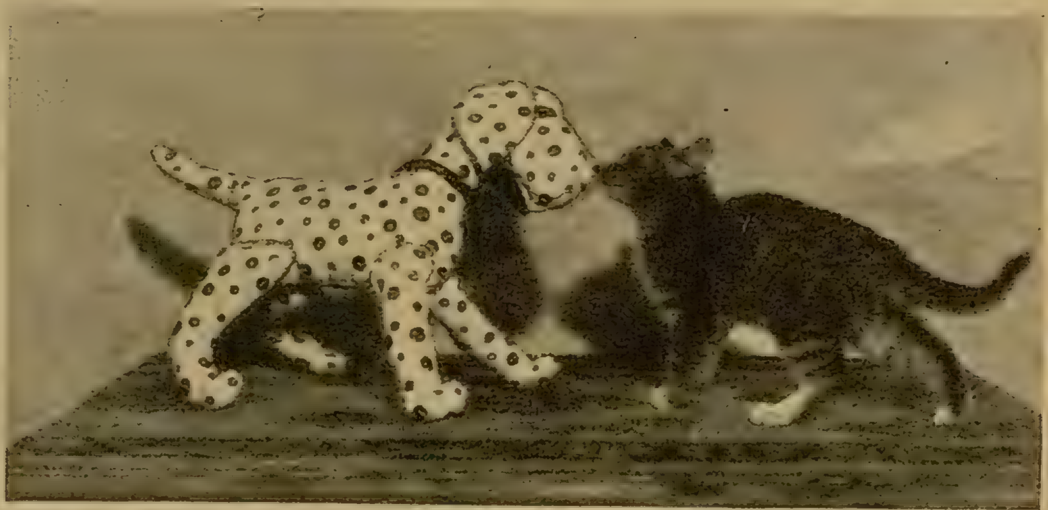
THE END

SNAP A PICTURE
AND WIN A CASH PRIZE

$5,000 *for*
Home Life Snapshots!

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize (Every Week)	$100
10 Second Prizes (Every Week) Each $10	100
40 Third Prizes (Every Week) Each $5	200
51 Prizes Weekly	$400
TOTAL FOR 10 WEEKS	$4,000
Extra, Grand Prize for best snapshot of entire contest	$1,000
TOTAL PRIZES	$5,000



LIBERTY pays cash prizes each week for snapshots depicting home life scenes. Here's a chance to put your camera to work for you. Here's an opportunity to balance your budget! Win the $100 first prize this week. Or win one of the fifty other cash awards. Win the Grand Prize of $1,000 cash at the end of the tenth week. These prizes *must* be awarded to someone. Why not be in line?

It's easy! Just send us a snapshot that tells a story of home life—that captures the spirit of the place that you call home, no matter how small or how large it may be. Perhaps your lens will catch granddaddy playing with one of the youngsters, a picture that will become more precious as the years count up. Possibly there is a household pet which could be persuaded to pose for you.

Mayhap Mr. and Mrs. Nextdoor will drop in for a rubber of bridge and a hand will be dealt that is worthy of permanent recording. These thoughts, illustrated by the pictures on this page, may suggest to you some subject for a prize-winning snapshot.

Any one of a thousand camera records of your home life may be a potential winner of one of Liberty's cash prizes. Read the rules and submit your entry.

CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by non-professional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request, supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

6—The first week's contest closes at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5th, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6th, the closing date of the final contest.

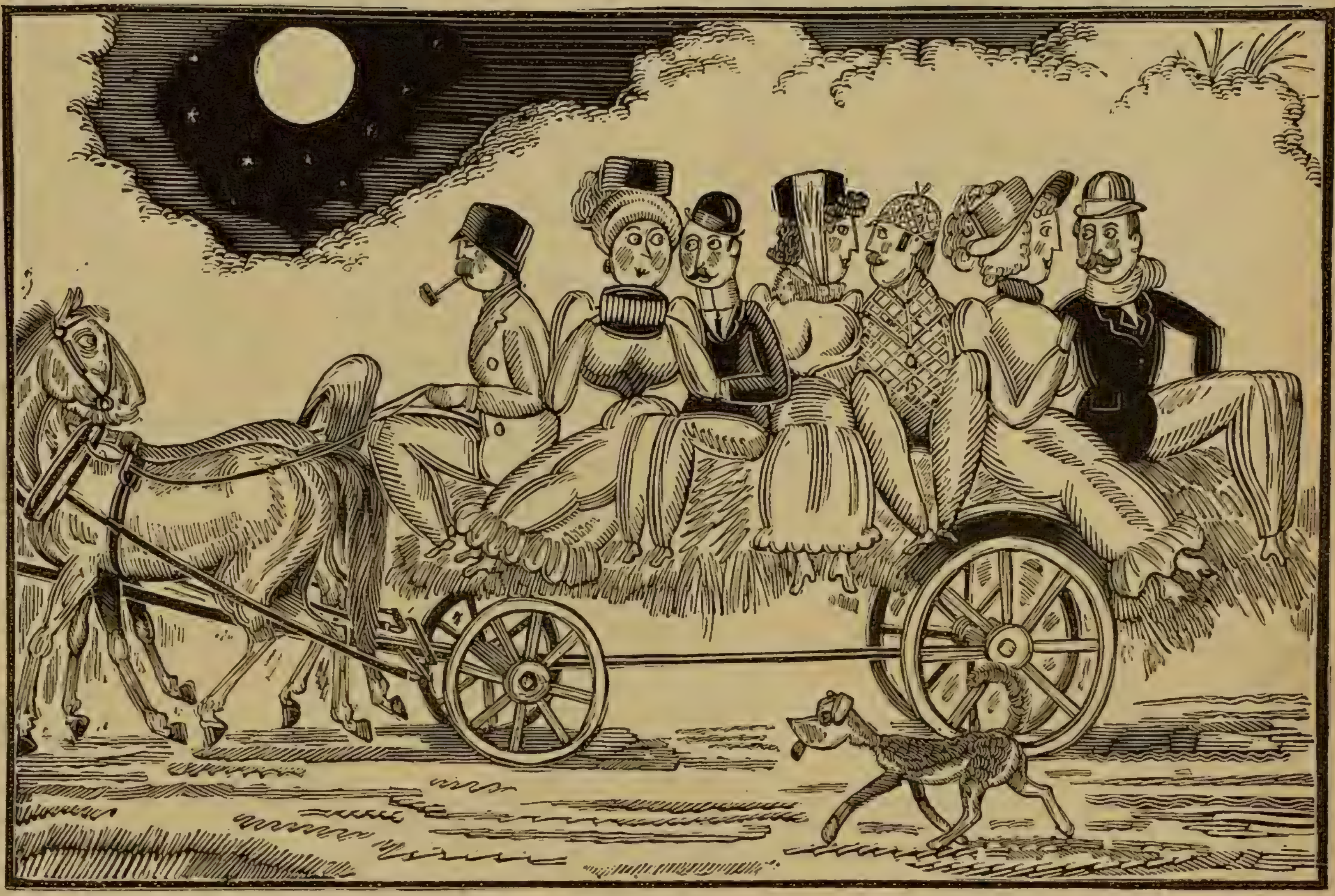
7—Quality of photography does not count except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize, must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of Liberty consistent with careful judging.

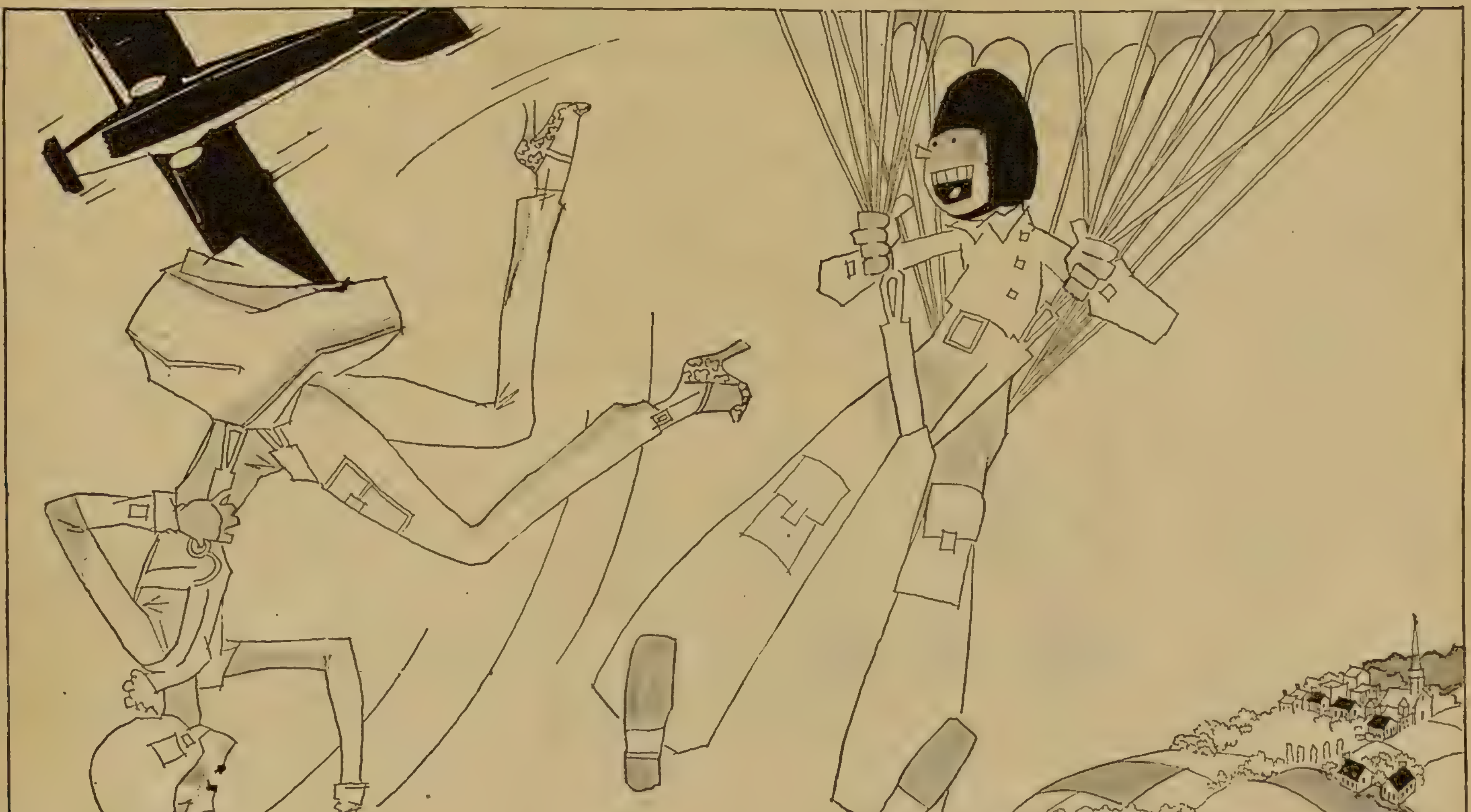
9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

BE SURE TO ENTER NEXT WEEK'S HOME LIFE PHOTO CONTEST

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS *by* John Held, Jr.



Yesterday It Was the Excitement of the Autumn Straw Ride



Today the Delayed Parachute Jump Provides Excitement

Just a Big Mis

A Jab at T
Upon Giving New Y

By WALTE

(Reading time: 8 minutes 30 seconds.)

AMONG other things that get in my hair are those tiresome and timeworn pokes aimed at New York—that city in the state by the same name which has been described as the diamond stickpin on the shirt front of America.

The most recent wrist spanking came from the provinces of course, when a belittler wrote to me and said: "Don't you mean THE GRAVY STAIN on the shirt front of America?"

Did my face get red?

Another provincial, who spent the last decade in London and Paris and who just returned to the United States, went gay in a magazine, groaning that New York was merely a nice place to visit.

In The New Yorkers show, which cost him $100,000 (goody!), E. Ray Goetz made faces at New York and New Yorkers. He called it satire—but from what the critics said about it you suspected it was satiresome.

At any rate, Cole Porter wrote several singable ditties, one of which was called I Happen to Like New York and another named Let's Fly Away.

In the latter number the lyric went on to say: "I've such a hate on Manhattan lately—that I'd gladly die. The days when subways could thrill me greatly—have all gone by. I'm tired of the telephone always ringing. I'm tired of hearing Rudy Vallée singing. I'm tired of the Paramount's gaudy gilding. I'm tired of looking up at the Chrysler Building. . . ." And so on.

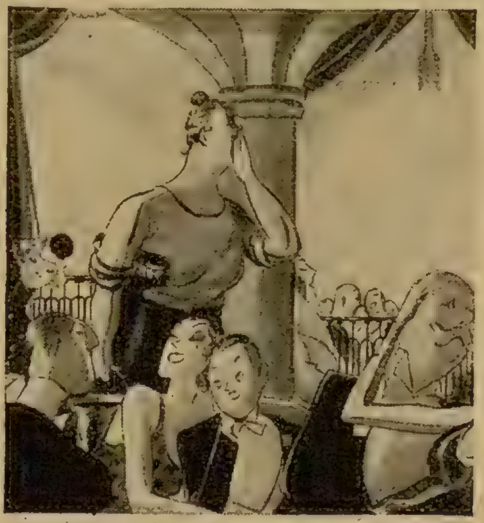
As a matter of reportorial accuracy, Mr. Cole Porter wrote that stanza while baking on the Cannes sands.

Then he went on in this manner: "Let's fly away—and find a land that's so provincial—we'll never hear what Walter Winchell may be forced to say," etc., etc.

Izzatso?

Well, Ah resent his remahks, sah! Ah wish Ah had him heah so's Ah could smack him down, sah! An' chuck this heah mint julep right in his cheeks!

No; on second thought, Ah wouldn't lose mah haid. As an old Southehn (New Yorker) Ah would merely get sahcastic, sah, and remahnd you-all that Mr. Cole Po'tah is nothing but a hill billy from down yondah—Peru, Indiana, to be exact—wich is vy my blodt boils ven I t'ink wot a noive hizz got to make fun of New Yukk. So wot kin you haxpect, hah? A smull-tonn geezer wot iss gattin' frash!



We stay up because so many people die in bed.

I'm afraid the out of towners and others who keep hammering New York and its peasants do not know the real New York.

Oh, don't ask me if I've ever been to the Statue of Liberty. Or to Grant's Tomb. Or to the Aquarium, or Governor's Island, or any of the other well known sight-seeing-bus mentions. For I never have, although I was born in the town on April 7, 1897.

But—ask me if I've ever been to Jean Malin's Club Argonaut—and then watch!

Or to the Hollywood, a rendezvous at Forty-eighth Street along the Hardened Artery, and then hear me toot about the gorgeous phrails that do the "bumps" up there.

Ask me if I've seen the Follies, and have I ever met the loveliest-looking girls in the world.

Go ahead and ask me what speakeasies serve the better fire water and laughing soup.

Ask me about the alehouse down in Astor Place where every third one is on the house!

Or the spots in the latter Fifties, or on Sixth Avenue, in the gay district, where you may sit and swallow as many cocktails as you please for only $1.50.

Boy, you're up against a tough customer now. I know places in New York the police never close up, for then what fun would they have?

Grant's Tomb! The Woolworth Building!

Shucks!

Ja ever hear about the Rubaiyat down in Greenwich Villitch, huh?

I thought not!

Where else can you find a city where tough guys are so tough they even kidnap the ringleader of all the outlaws, and get their ransom coin?

We have a town, brother, a real big town!

We have policemen who wouldn't know a crook—unless the crook carried a pistol and a badge.

We have crimes here in New York that are NEVER solved. That's the kind of a town we have, old boy, old boy!

Gangsters, too, who can have a record this long—and juries who acquit them!

OH, I know we have some awful things happen in New York. I grant you all that—especially when you talk of our front-page favorites.

Now, let's take Harry K. Thaw.

No, you take him!

Well, anyhow, people from outta town keep saying: "New York is so bad; look at the way it raised Thaw!"

Mr. Thaw, if you please, is a Pittsburgher.

Texas Guinan?

Let Waco, Texas, take the blame for Miss G.

Peggy Joyce? Miss Joyce is from Berkeley, Virginia.

Belle Livingstone is from Emporia, Kansas!

Mabel Boll, who threatened to fly the Atlantic and didn't? She's from Syracuse.

Earl Carroll, the man whose sensational bathtub party in his theater made history, is another Pittsburgher!

nderstood Town

o Insist Bad Name

INCHELL

Pictures by
GEORGE Y. SHANKS

Peaches Browning is from Brooklyn, the place we use for the other side of our famous bridge!

Jack "Legs" Diamond is from Philadelphia, the city of Brotherly Love.

Fred Merkle, who once disgraced New York by forgetting to touch second base, is not a New Yorker!

What about our theater managers and producers who seduce all the girls?

Name me one from New York—go ahead!

You have me by the trousers when you mention dramatic critics. But only one of us is from New York, really!

You see, I could go on for pages this way.

Of course I have a reason for complaining about these out of towners who keep putting New York on the spot. The old town has done so much for the better-knowns—who weren't better known until New York cradled them.

George M. Cohan, perhaps, is the only one who helped make Broadway famous. He is from Providence.

O. O. McIntyre (the very odd McIntyre to you!) is always harping on New York—but it's a livin'! The noted Oom is from Gallipolis, Ohio, and was born in Plattsburg, Missouri.

Alexander Woollcott is from Phalanx, New Jersey.

Theodore Dreiser is from Terre Haute, Indiana.

ROBERT BENCHLEY is from Worcester, Massachusetts.

George S. Kaufman is from Passaic, New Jersey, of all places! But he was born in Pittsburgh.

J. P. McEvoy is from South Bend, Indiana.

Percy Hammond, Cadiz, Ohio. Karl K. Kitchen, Cleveland, Ohio. Helen Morgan, Montreal.

F. P. A., the noted paragrapher, who is always making fun of New York, is from Chicago, the big stiff!

George Jean Nathan is a Fort Wayne, Indiana, Indian.

Marc Connelly, McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

Bugs Baer is from Philadelphia.

Sinclair Lewis is from Sauk Center, Minnesota.

Fannie Hurst, St. Louis, Missouri.

Nunnally Johnson, who never said a kind word about New York, is from Macon, Georgia.

Marilyn Miller, Findlay, Ohio.

Zoe Akins is from Humansville, Missouri.

Ben Bernie, Passaic, New Jersey—Joe Cook, Evansville, Indiana—Sophie Tucker, Hartford, Connecticut.

Then there is Fred Stone who recently growled at New Yorkers because his show Ripples was too clean. He is from Denver, Colorado.

Fanny Ward is from St. Louis, Missouri.

Paul Whiteman is from Denver.

Jed Harris is from Newark, and Mary Nolan from Louisville, Kentucky.

Will Hays comes from Sullivan, Indiana.

MARIE DRESSLER is from Canada; Babe Ruth from Baltimore.

Ann Pennington came from Camden, New Jersey, and Rube Goldberg from San Francisco.

Al Jolson from Washington, John Barrymore from Philly, Jesse Lasky from San Francisco, Frank Tinney from Philly, Will Rogers from Oologah, Oklahoma, Harold Ross from Aspen, Colorado, Ray Long from Lebanon, Indiana, and Don Marquis is a Walnut, Illinois, boy.

On the other hand, we have some real New Yorkers, born on Manhattan soil.

Have a look: George White, Alfred E. Smith, Ellin Mackay, Cardinal Hayes, Ruth Chatterton, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Walker, Marion Davies, Elsie Ferguson, Henry L. Stimson, Grace George, Luella Gear, DeWolf Hopper, Lew Fields, Jerome Kern, Joe Weber, Vincent Astor, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Alice Brady, Jack Lait, William Collier, Elisabeth Marbury, Florence Eldridge, Eddie Cantor, Laurette Taylor, and scores of others.

They are genuine New Yorkers, who haven't given the town a bad name.

New York didn't get its off-color reputation from the real New Yorkers.

No, I take that back.

I just thought of some lads who were born in New York who really gave it the bad name it has—the lads being Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie, Walter Winchell, and, of course, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

I know places in New York the police never close.

But there is something about New York you like. What it is I haven't learned yet, but, as Mr. Cole Porter's song goes: "I happen to like New York." It is just a great, big, misunderstood town.

And Mabel Walker Willebrandt, bless her, whose duty once was to clean up Broadway and New York and make the New Yorkers stay out of the speakeasies and night clubs—she wanted to make us go to bed early. She failed.

I wish she could see this piece, for I want to comfort her about that blunder Washington blamed on her. My dear Mrs. Willebrandt—if you are reading—it wasn't your fault. You tried to make us go to bed early, and stay out of the illicit places.

But the sin dens and hot spots, my dear, do not keep New Yorkers up all night.

We stay up all night merely because we found out a long time ago that more people die in bed than any place else!

THE END

To the Ladies!

Picture by
GEORGIA WARREN

By
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

"GANGSTERS are men who hated their fathers when they were boys. Al Capone did—I feel sure of it."

Thus was the mobster mind explained to me by Bertrand Russell, noted English educator, mathematician, sociologist, author of Marriage and Morals, Why Men Fight, etc.

At this writing Mr. Russell is here in New York. We were talking, the other day, about children and discipline. He has strong views on the subject. He believes discipline should not be applied to children.

Bertrand Russell

Discipline, he says, turns to cruelty. Disciplined children eventually revolt. They become "antisocial"—go out in the world and make names for themselves as crooks, thugs, villains. But Mr. Russell thinks such names old-fashioned.

"The terms *wicked* and *wrong* are merely obsolete makeshifts for the term *regrettable*," he said. "A pestilence is regrettable, not wicked. The same applies to immorality. You don't hire a preacher to preach against a smallpox epidemic."

Moral plague, I gathered from the Right Honorable Earl (yes, Mr. Russell is one of those), should be dealt with scientifically. Medically. Or, perhaps, mathematically.

Sounds like a beautiful notion, I thought, but I shifted the talk back to children.

"A child," I was told, "can be disciplined only by another child. Parents should be friendly with their children, should look after their physical requirements; but every child needs freedom. Don't interfere with them too much. Don't direct them. Don't *bother* them. Above all, do not entertain preconceived ideas as to what a child *should* be like."

"What about spanking?" I asked.

"Never!"—emphatically.

"Aren't there times—?" I questioned.

Reluctantly Mr. Russell confessed that correction *is* necessary sometimes.

"If a child shows cruelty toward weaker creatures," he said, "then punishment is necessary. Perhaps even physical punishment. And *at once*."

Mr. Russell himself is the victim of inexorable heredity. He calls himself plain Mister, but he has to sit in the House of Lords, and so, some day, will his son.

CAN you blush? Some girls can't, nowadays. There are times when blushing is still good business, and those of my readers who have forgotten how to do it may be glad to learn the technique invented by a French beauty specialist. He teaches us how to blush at will. Here's his system:

RULE 1. The Romantic Blush. This is the one to play when the boy friend croons, "You're the most wonderful girl in the world!" Resisting that impulse to reply, "Oh, yeah?" you draw in your breath, holding it while you count slowly up to fifty-five. The soft blush of girlish rapture will then be yours. That's what gets 'em. But don't count more than fifty-five. You might burst.

RULE 2. The Blush of Outraged Modesty. This one helps you look shocked when someone tells a naughty story. Don't freeze up. The blush is much more convincing. You can acquire it as follows: While chattering nervously, manage to grab hold of the string of beads you're wearing.

Twist them tight around your throat, insert a nonchalant finger under the beads, press down on your carotid artery—and behold the modest maiden blushing for all she's worth!

Where's the trick artery? Don't ask me.

Now say thank you nicely to the beauty specialist.

"HOW do *you* cook steak in a frying pan?" asked the famous Yale research chemist, fixing me with his scientific eye.

"Fry it in butter," I told him promptly.

At that the professor positively glowed with higher knowledge. Mrs. Professor laughed.

"He's going to teach you the steak lore he discovered this summer up in Maine," she said. "You can't stop him."

I'm glad I didn't try, for, believe me, this State o' Maine steak trick is worth knowing. You don't use butter. You use *salt*.

Here's how you do it:

Cover the bottom of a heavy iron pan with salt—about one-eighth of an inch. Heat the salt well, then lay the steak on it. Sear one side, turn, sear the other side, then lower the flame. When the under side is done, turn again, and spread a little butter on the cooked side. When the steak is cooked, lift out and put on some small bits of butter.

The time necessary for cooking will depend, of course, upon the thickness of the meat.

You will find this a great improvement over steak fried in butter. And it also goes to prove that professors of chemistry can be useful outside their laboratories.

BLUE with brown is the latest color alliance of the fashion world. Patou and Paquin use this new combine in their mid-season collections. One handsome example of it features a thin woolen dress of greenish blue under a brown coat in the dark caroub tone. Brown belt, scarf, buttons.

To wear with brown or beige dresses, blue coats trimmed with brown caracul are extremely smart.

The very newest hat is the good old beret. Not the plain felt one, though. Nothing so simple. The new berets, draped, worn very much on one side, are made of thick ribbed silk, of velvet, or of fur-and-felt combinations.

They are elaborately cut, chic in appearance.

For early spring the two smart colors will be blue and beige. Keep this in mind.

A SENSITIVE woman married to an aristocratic beast. That's the story Robert Hichens tells in his new novel, The First Lady Brendon. You'll like it if viciousness in English high life interests you. (Doubleday, Doran.)

Pirate's Gold

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

LIL couldn't get Ulysses in to supper on time. She called and searched until she found him behind a great big tree in the empty lot a block away.

All of her irritability fled as she studied the absurd little group that greeted her eyes. They were so oblivious to the world around them; they were so lost in the world of fancy.

There, at the foot of the tree, with nary a thought that sitting on the cold ground might bring anything from pneumonia to death, were Gwen and Red and Ulysses. Ulysses was all dressed up in Mr. Hancock's old fishing boots and one of Gwendolyn's tam-o'-shanters on his head.

Something caught in Lil's throat. They were absorbed in the pirate book which had been their bible ever since that day when she had given Ulysses the back porch for a "clubroom."

This week's cover picture.

Obviously they had been digging all afternoon for treasure. She had an odd desire to bury a box of candy or something in a hole near by so that they might come across it. The "treasure" was as real to them as her own problems were to her.

Why did the game of pirates so appeal to children? Did mankind search for excitement and adventure from babyhood to the last long day? Were people forever looking for buried treasure, for that "something for nothing"? . . .

Wasn't that what she herself was searching for? Something for nothing—something easy, now that Sandy was out of a job and she was faced with the first appalling problems of economic strain? Pirates were glamorous legendary figures now—yet they were the racketeers of their own day. Was it possible that some day bootleggers, rumrunners, and hijackers would be as picturesque and thrilling a memory to future generations?

Was it possible that her bootlegging neighbor, the ludicrous Mr. Smithers, would one day be a minor Jesse James? Was it on such a flimsy basis that story heroes of the future were built? Was Captain Kidd in reality as unromantic as Gwendolyn's father? Were the audacious highwaymen of olden times as ill-kempt and unappealing as our present holdup men?

All these thoughts flashed through Lil's mind in a second. Not for worlds would Lil have admitted to anyone that she half wanted Sandy to be a bootlegger; that she wanted—easy money!

And what would modern psychologists say about this game that so engrossed her son? One was supposed to be able to tell a child's future interests by his toys and games. Did that mean that these three kids were going to grow up to be kidnapers and robbers? Absurd!

Nowadays the story of Red Riding-Hood is told without the wolf eating grandma. All blood and death and danger are taken out of the nursery stories—and instead the modern child, from school age on, is fed the thunderous immorality and mad excitement of the modern movies!

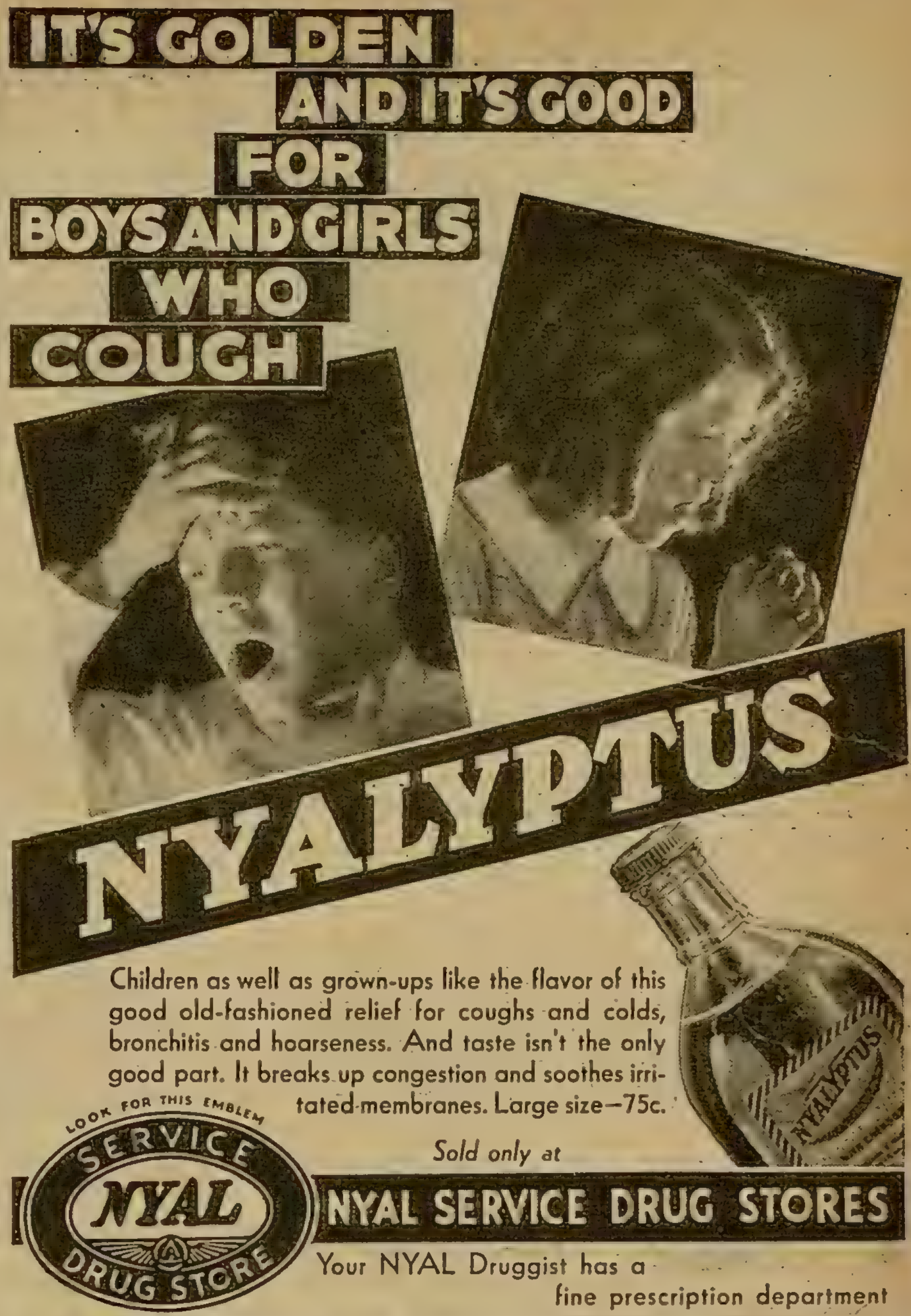
"We'll open our veins and write our pledge in blood!" roared Ulysses, with a vicious hoarseness.

"We'll visit the graveyard tonight and start digging there!" shouted Gwen.

Lil shivered.

"Supper's ready," she called sharply. "And it is all right to look for buried gold, but why steal the Street Department's lantern to do it? Go put that red light back at the street crossing where it belongs!"

(Next week's cover adventure: He Who Runs May Eat)



IT'S GOLDEN AND IT'S GOOD FOR BOYS AND GIRLS WHO COUGH

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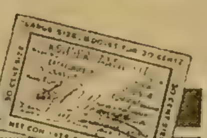

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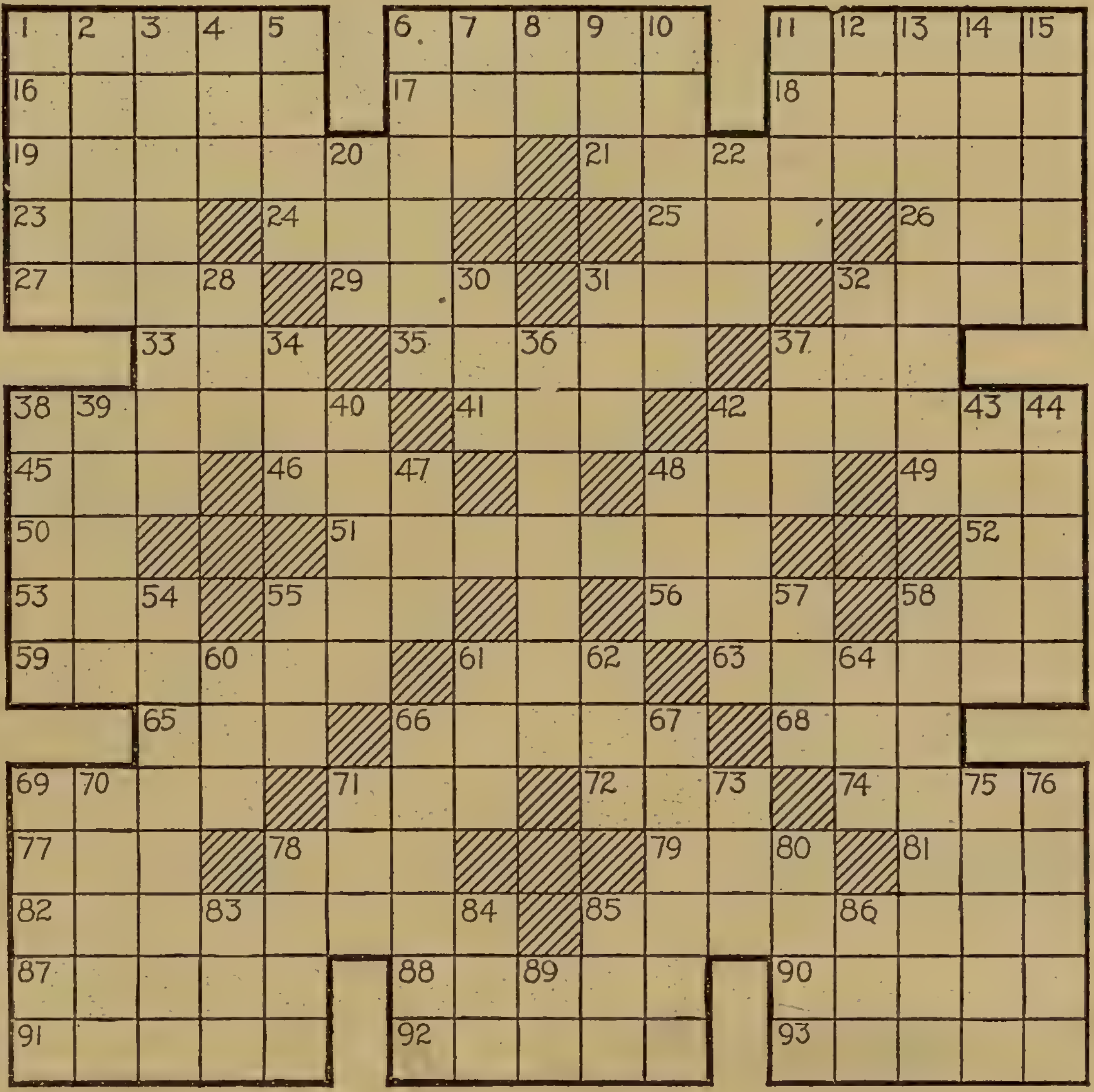
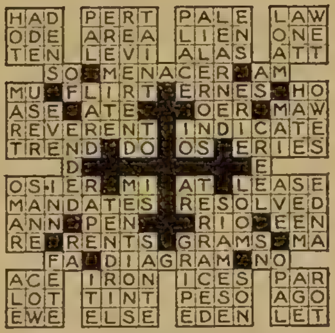
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL
1 Ship's lading
6 Hauls; pulls
11 Make obscure
16 Abreast
17 Size of type
18 Ill-tempered
19 State of uncertainty
21 One who testifies
23 Compass point
24 No
25 Seafaring man
26 Measure of work
27 Dispatched
29 Espouse
31 Table support
32 Otherwise
33 Man's nickname
35 Passenger
37 Prefix: three
38 Applauds
41 Fit of ill temper
42 General course or direction (plural)
45 Coal carrier
46 Edible root
48 Reserved; coy
49 An eternity
50 One indefinitely
51 Arranged in layers
52 Not any
53 Measure of length
55 A coin
56 Yes
58 Because that
59 Groups of three
61 A pronoun
63 Wring from; exact
65 A constellation
66 Military student
68 Teutonic goddess
69 Culmination
71 Horse
72 Your



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HAD PERT PALE LAW
ODE AREA LIEN ONE
TEN LEVI ALAS ATT
  SO■MENACER■AM
MU■FLIRT■ERNES■HO
ASE■ATE■■■OER■MAW
REVERENT■INDICATE
TREND■DO■OS■ERIES
   D■■■■■■■■E
OSIER■MI■AT■LEASE
MANDATES■RESOLVED
ANN■PEN■■■RIO■EEN
RE■RENTS■GRAMS■MA
  FA■DIAGRAM■NO
ACE IRON ICES PAR
LOT TINT PESO AGO
EWE ELSE EDEN LET
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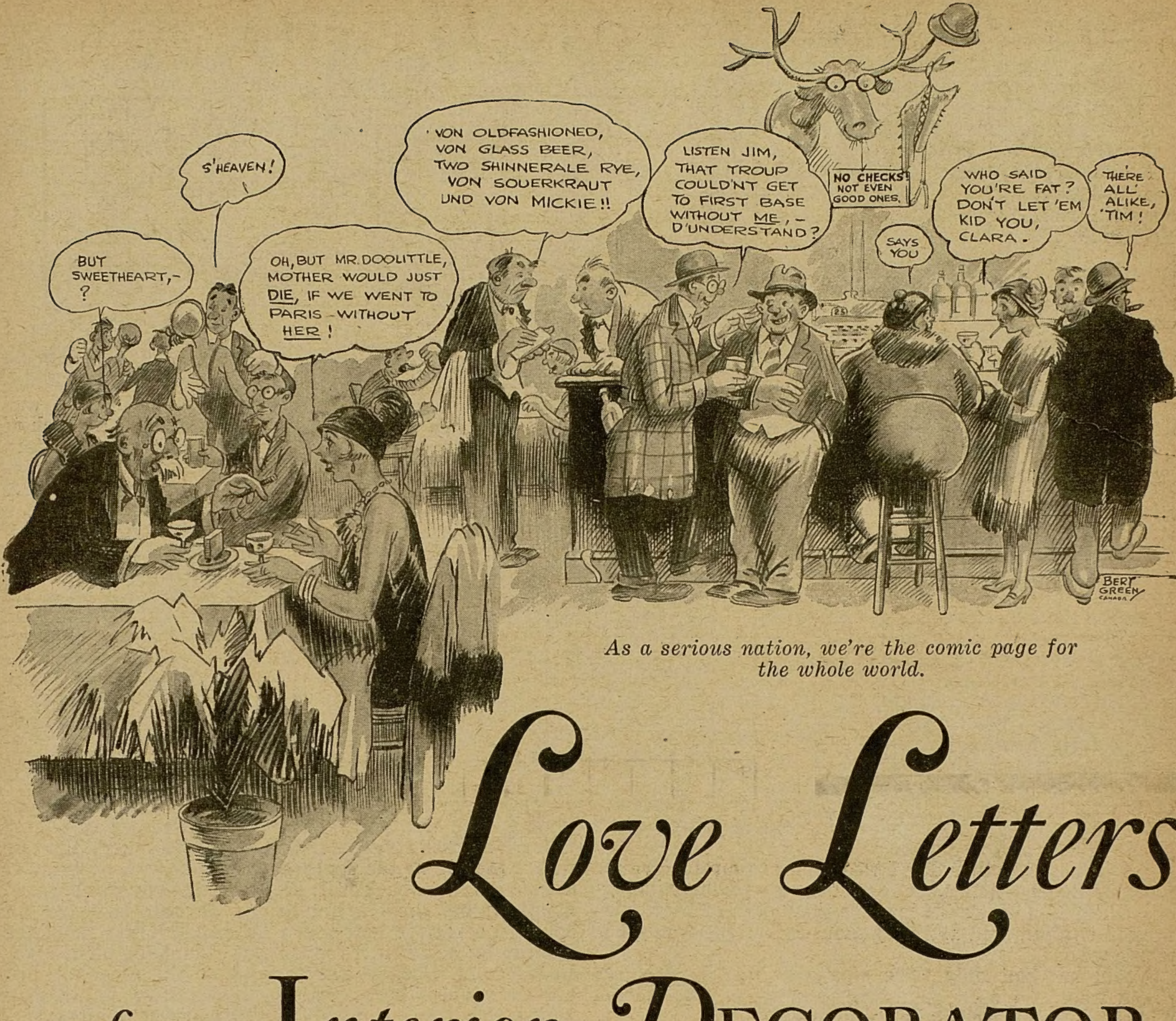
Answer to last week's puzzle

74 Playing card
77 Article
78 Rocky promontory
79 Bear young
81 A sandpiper
82 Coastal region
85 Electrical gauges
87 Avoid
88 Succinct
90 Rest again
91 Yellows from age
92 Paces
93 Fertile spots

VERTICAL
1 Goods containers
2 Villification
3 Felt indignant displeasure at
4 Mountain pass
5 Portent
6 To overcome
7 To mature
8 Note of the scale
9 Greek letter
10 Breed of dog
11 Litter for bearing the dead
12 The bitter vetch
13 Line designating a date
14 Roman highways
15 Absorb
20 In the present
22 Label
28 A mound
30 Immerse
31 Permit
32 Sooner than
34 Lacking moisture
36 Laughed to scorn
37 Essay
38 A map
39 Respect
40 Preserves in brine
42 Cardinal number
43 Giver
44 A nasal sound
47 Entangle
48 Utter
54 Width; thickness
55 Feminine personal name
57 Chopping tool
58 Fortified place
60 Exist
61 Witch
62 Steep; soak
64 It is
66 Measures of weight
67 Subjects
69 A vertebra
70 Onionlike plant
71 And not
73 Sweet potato
75 Eagle's nest
76 Reposes
78 Small children
80 Roman emperor
83 The Italian word for three
84 A tennis term
85 Viper
86 Beverage
89 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue


BUT SWEETHEART,- ?
S'HEAVEN!
OH, BUT MR. DOOLITTLE, MOTHER WOULD JUST DIE, IF WE WENT TO PARIS - WITHOUT HER!
VON OLDFASHIONED, VON GLASS BEER, TWO SHINNERALE RYE, VON SOUERKRAUT UND VON MICKIE!!
LISTEN JIM, THAT TROUP COULD'NT GET TO FIRST BASE WITHOUT ME, - D'UNDERSTAND?
NO CHECKS NOT EVEN GOOD ONES.
SAYS YOU
WHO SAID YOU'RE FAT? DON'T LET 'EM KID YOU, CLARA.
THERE ALL ALIKE, TIM!
BERT GREEN CANADA

As a serious nation, we're the comic page for the whole world.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

Some Thoughts on Our National Hangover

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 6 min. 45 sec.)

Canada.

DEAR MARG,

Well, here I am in Canada,—America's Fillin Station! Yeah, and what *these* people could teach us about *prohibition* would knock us for a row of incyclopeedias. Gee, when I compare Canadas form of prohibition with the JOKE we got in the U. S. A. I cant help screamin out loud.

No foolin, as a serious nation, we're the comic page for the whole world. When Congress told us "*we couldnt make booze, sell* booze or *drink* booze," that was the tip-off for *everybody* to get plastered! After that, we all began tendin bar. People who never drank before in their lives started pourin it in their soup. Every desk sported a gallon. Cripples began kickin the spokes outer the invalid chairs. Grandmas came staggerin home with breaths that would slay a traffic cop. Old maids turned debutante over night. Wives checked the dishes for the neighbors husbands. Young girls kicked the mazdas outa the night clubs. Prohibitionists lectured with a hang-over. Bald headed papas joined the chorus. Whoops my dear! the Land of the Free and Home of the Brave went on the loose!

But here in Canada its different. People are sane, normal an healthy. Prohibition as they have it, comes under government control. Theres no saloons, no speakies, no rackiteers an no monkey business. If a guy wants a bottle of giggle soup, he goes to the Liquor Commissions Office at certain hours and buys something pure and good to the last drop,—you dont need a parashoot with it either. While in America, if you order a drink, theyll slip you a shot of Carpet Bleach that would ruin all the plumbin on a battleship.

Two shots an you wouldnt even get outa the gutter to let the traffic cops flow by.

I'll bet there aint a good stomach left from New York to San Francisco. I know a guy what got four new stomachs from Chicago last week. They come in all sizes, —Pints, fifths, quarts an gallons,—for drunks! They come in all varities too. Theres ulster proof, fire proof, gin proof an air cooled, take your choice!

But here in Canada you dont need nothin like that. Frinstance, if a guy wants a glass of beer or ale with his meals he goes to a place called a Tavern and pays a few cents for something what wont burn holes in a stone. The government tastes it, bottles it, labels it and guarantees it. Theres no headaches, no errors, no hits, no runs.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

Gosh, if we want a bottle of beer in America we have to sneak around the corner to a bum speak to get it. At the same time we run chances of some double crossed rackiteer tattooing a battleship all over our chest with a sawed off typewriter—Then,—after we *do* get the stuff called "*beer,*" they hand us a straight jacket with it to keep us from wreckin the joint!

No kiddin, theres enough ether in one bottle of needle beer to keep a patient on the operatin table for a month. You could grind his valves, remove his carbon, check his bearins and play a round of golf before he even thought of comin too.

Civilization, we call it! Why, if them savages in Borneo did somethin like that, we'd peg em for a bunch of nuts. But in America its different! We're supposed to be EDUCATED! Sure PLENTY! We'd rather pay good money to turn out criminals, shoot kids and build jails than accept four hundred million bucks a year in revenue for makin beer!

As for Canada, she collects that much every year and puts it into good roads. Comb that outa your wave. But *us?* We dont need that dough Marg. Nix! We'd rather let the farmer grow grain so we can stick it in a warehouse or maybe give it to a bunch of Chinks for lee-chee nuts. Whata we care? Besides, whos gonna keep the politicians in cookies if we begin legalizin beer?

Two shots an you wouldn't get outa the gutter to let the traffic cops flow by.

Why, just the other day I was talkin to a fello by the name of Busch—Anheuser for short. He told me that if our Uncle Sammie would legalize the makin of beer, one million two hundred and fifty thousand people would be put to work.

Yeah, and not only that, *eighty million bushels of grain* would be used annually. I suppose that would make the farmer mad as hell, wouldnt it?

I suppose I shouldnt be hollerin about prohibition bein a bootlegger meself, but when I see some of these big shots goin against bum alcohol an braggin about depression when all the time depression is caused by prohibition, I cant help squarkin out loud.

Frinstance, I'm goin to let you in on some of the things I see an hear knockin about night clubs. The other night I wandered into a doody Speak an listened to a coupla drunks up again the bar.

YUHNO, one guy says, I wouldnt be drinkin this lousey scotch if I could get some *real* beer. But everytime I drink that Body Polish I wake up in the cykapathic ward doin hand springs. Honest, pal, its just too bad. Yuhno I used to own a swell house out in Worstchester once. Sure, cost me thirty thousand bucks. Yeah, free an clear. But now? I'm broke! Oh, I got the price of a drink alright but you know,—I'm broke just the same!

You see,—before prohibition,—me an me wife never took a drink before in our lives. No never! But *after* prohibition came in,—the wife stopped makin hook rugs an began brewin some kinda stuff called wine. Sfunny, aint it? Cmon lets have another drink.—Anyhow, she used to make it outa prunes and raisins an grapes an yeast an anything layin loose around the house. Well, after she made it, she began tastin it like this,—! See! An after she tasted it she liked it. Well, the first thing I know I'm drinkin it too! Sure, then we began throwin hectic parties. Oh boy, an how! Honest we were plastered all the time,—both of us! We were swimmin in it! we got so we couldnt eat. We just drank an drank an drank! Sfunny, aint it?

Anyhow, the wife got so bad they couldnt stop her from drinkin. So one day she took sick an died. Yeah, it was very sad. I buried her a year ago.

After that, I lost everythin! House, job, money, an here I am now. *That's prohibition* for you. Sfunny, aint it?

But that same guy only lived a few days later Marg. Somebody slipped him a bottle of bum booze an he folded up. On his grave his pals placed a stone. The words chiseled on it read,—

HERE LIES

FULLER D. BOOZE

———

THIS ONE IS ON ME!

Of course liquor effects some people different. F'rinstance, a fello I know was givin a blow out to a bunch of guys before he shoved off into holy wedlock. Well, everything rolled along great until the host started turnin green an white an yeller. They thought he was gonna die. So finally somebody came runnin in with a stomach pump an went to work on him.—In about two hours he came to. He looked around for a minute and says—Why, theres that corkscrew and them two collar buttons I've been lookin for for two years!!

I was over in another Speak last Tuesday an listened to a dope ravin to his step out, enemy or whoever about liquor. She was a red headed dame dressed in one of them Princess Hygene hats. You kno Marg, the one where they have the derby cut down with a fly swatter stickin outer the back of it. Anyway, this guy was braggin about his big capacity for booze. He said he never got soused no matter how much he drank. Just then, the waitor, by accident, dropped the cellophane off a cigar in his drink when neither one of em were lookin. For fifteen minutes he stirred the cocktail an nothin happened. Then he turned to the red headed frail an says,—Theyre makin swell ice these days. No matter how much you stir it, it lasts all night!

No foolin Marg, if you mixed up Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Mc Sennett, Laurel and Hardy an all their gag men, they couldnt produce a comedy as funny as PROHIBITION in the U. S. A.—Honest, as a Noble Experiment, its a National Hangover.

Listen Kid, before I sign off I'm gonna hand you a hot one about that big hearted brother of yours. It seems that him an another goof by the name of Doyle took a joy ride up to Canada.

They got nicely lushed. Yes and they stayed that way for about a week too. Finally, Doyle developed the leaps. He started hollerin an actin queer. So your brother got worried and called up the doctor.

Hey Doc, he says, I wish youd rush right over here an see my pal! He's very sick. He's been drinkin, he's hollerin terrible!

Oh, said the Doc, I suppose he sees pink elephants, an snakes, an green eyed monsters,—things like that, eh?

No, thats just the trouble, answers your brother shiverin. *The room is full of em,* but the poor sap *dont see nothin!!*

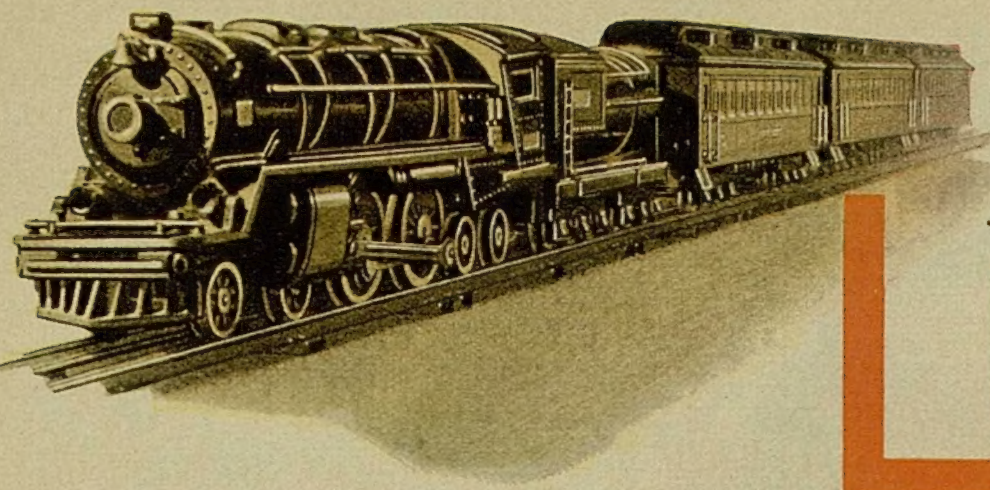
Well, I gotta go; wishin you the same,

Yours trooley

MIKE SHEA.

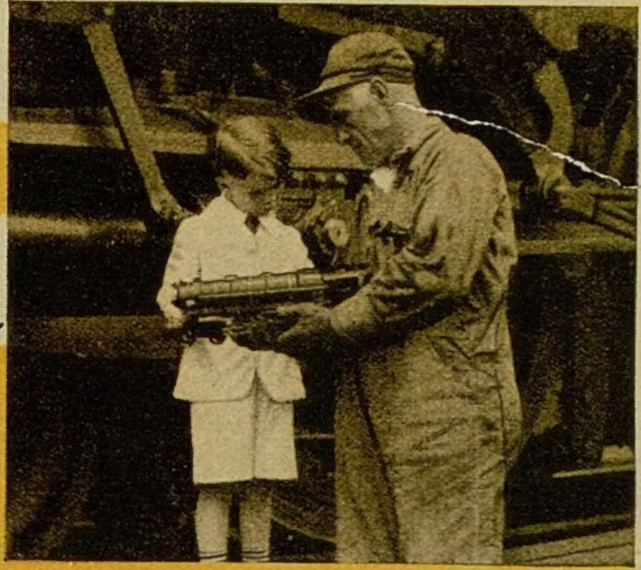
P. S.—Keep your eye on the next election Marg! Prohibition is gonna get a flock of bad news.

Some further news from Mike will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

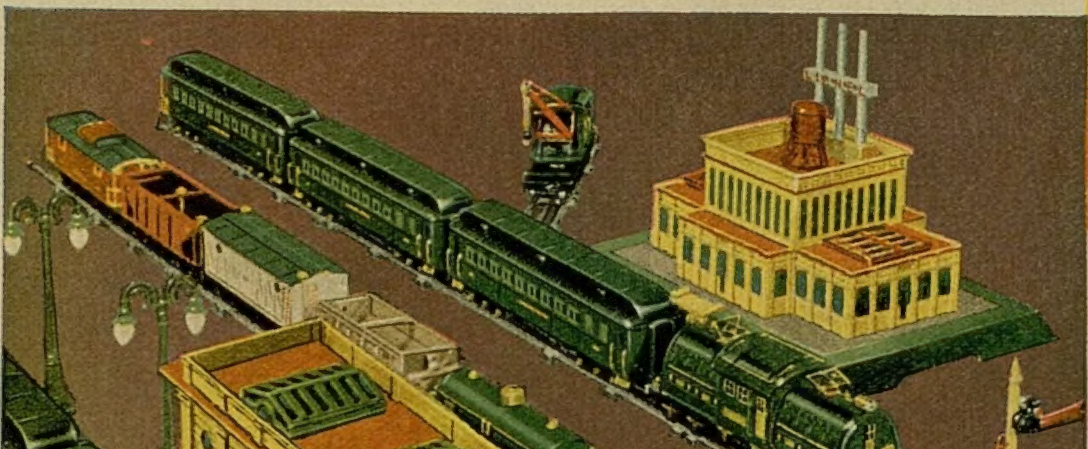


It's a LIONEL

"the Trains that Railroad Men Buy for Their Boys"



Here is Bob Butterfield, Engineer of the 20th Century Limited, with his grandson, Bob Butterfield, 3rd, and Lionel's latest giant steam type loco No. 400E.



We asked Bob Butterfield and many other famous engineers what railroad trains they bought for their boys—and they replied: *"Lionel Model Electric Trains."* These are the trains you should choose for your son this Christmas. They are life-like, sturdy, strong, swift—and beautiful. Not alone do they provide your boy with thrilling fun and excitement, but they develop his mind as he plays. All good stores feature Lionel trains. Lionel trains priced as low as $5.95.

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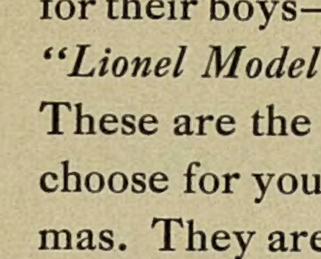

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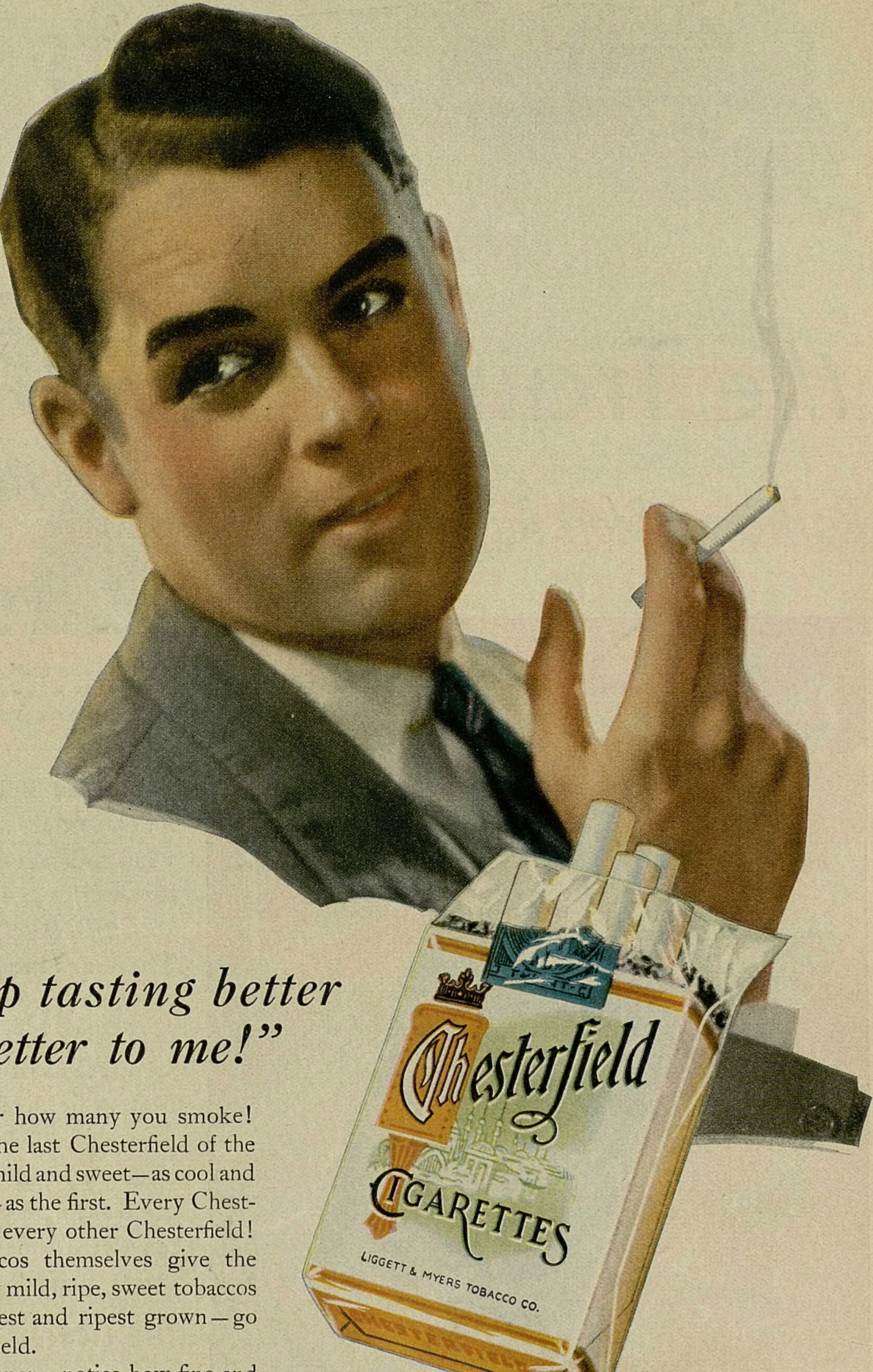

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